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CROSS-COUNTRY RIDING.

BY FRANCIS FENELON ROWLAND, M. D.

TO THE admirer of the beautiful in nature and the lover of a good saddle-horse there is no more ideal spot to enjoy both than in Southern California during that season very inappropriately called winter; for, as a matter of fact, winter may be said to be unknown here except what is seen and experienced on the distant snow-crowned peaks of the Sierra Madre Mountains. The average Californian of the south will always claim that the summer or the rainless season is the choicest time of the entire year for enjoyment of the many benefits to be had on every hand. This article will treat chiefly of that season when strangers are here in greater numbers and ask them to join a party of the Valley Hunt, who are out for a cross-country ride with their fleet pack of greyhounds.

Midwinter is selected for the ride, taking for granted that the winter rains have washed the sky and orange groves of dust, leaving such an atmosphere and landscape that will cause the most unromantic to cry out with wonder and amazement at the scene presented. It is at this time the poet becomes the better historian; for it is not possible for the prosaic pen to give adequate expression to the surpassing grandeur of the landscape.

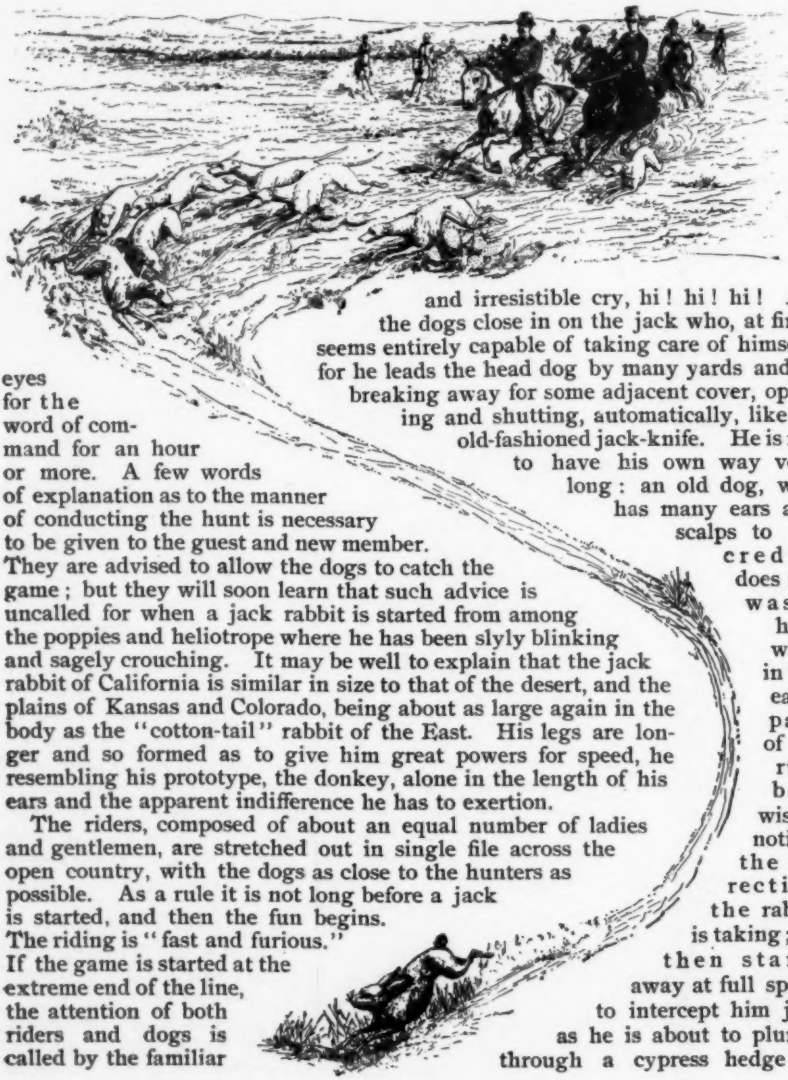
The secretary of the club has sent each member notice that the dogs will be at a certain place at 9 A. M. The meet will be on the top of Monk Hill, a high elevation rising out of the San Gabriel Valley between the mountains four miles away towards the north and rose-embowered Pasadena toward the south, commanding a view of the valley in all directions. Long before the appointed hour some members and invited guests have arrived and spend the moments drinking in the health-giving air, laden as it is with the fragrance of the orange and lemon which is wafted from the contiguous groves; or, as if nature is not content with what art has done, thousands of acres on every side as far as the eye can reach are covered with the poppy, all aglow, lupines and the sweet scented wild heliotrope over which the hunters will soon be speeding, thrilled with joy caused by the novelty of a midwinter's gallop over such a carpet of flowers.

It is a ride like this that will give the invalid a new lease of life and lead him to ask himself the question, "All this and heaven too?"

It is now a few minutes past the hour appointed for the start; but an extension of time is asked, because

some of the more tardy members have taken a longer nap than usual or have stopped to pick a bunch of Marechal Niel or a spray of lemon or orange blossoms to be presented to the visitor who is just being introduced to the marvels of a cross-country ride in Southern California and will wear a corsage bouquet during the chase.

The master of hounds sounds his horn, which in this case is a veritable steer-horn mounted with silver. The dogs are eager to be off, as they have been watching with their large, liquid eyes for the word of command for an hour or more. A few words of explanation as to the manner of conducting the hunt is necessary to be given to the guest and new member. They are advised to allow the dogs to catch the game; but they will soon learn that such advice is uncalled for when a jack rabbit is started from among the poppies and heliotrope where he has been slyly blinking and sagely crouching. It may be well to explain that the jack rabbit of California is similar in size to that of the desert, and the plains of Kansas and Colorado, being about as large again in the body as the "cotton-tail" rabbit of the East. His legs are longer and so formed as to give him great powers for speed, he resembling his prototype, the donkey, alone in the length of his ears and the apparent indifference he has to exertion.



The riders, composed of about an equal number of ladies and gentlemen, are stretched out in single file across the open country, with the dogs as close to the hunters as possible. As a rule it is not long before a jack is started, and then the fun begins. The riding is "fast and furious." If the game is started at the extreme end of the line, the attention of both riders and dogs is called by the familiar and irresistible cry, hi! hi! hi! All the dogs close in on the jack who, at first, seems entirely capable of taking care of himself, for he leads the head dog by many yards and is breaking away for some adjacent cover, opening and shutting, automatically, like an old-fashioned jack-knife. He is not to have his own way very long: an old dog, who has many ears and scalps to his credit, does not waste his wind in the early part of the run, but wisely notices the direction the rabbit is taking; he then starts away at full speed to intercept him just as he is about to plunge through a cypress hedge or

seek safety in a patch of wild mustard; he is captured—a few seconds ends it all. The hunters rapidly gather at the scene of the encounter. The gentleman who first seizes the rabbit cuts off its long ears, and gracefully presents them to the first lady who is "in at the death," if, indeed, as is more than likely to occur, she is not the first herself to claim all the honor; while the rest of the hunters are wondering why, from the earnestness and skill with which they rode, they did not get there in time. They will soon learn after a few more dashes that it is not riding a fabulous distance or the greatest speed or with the most conspicuous daring, but getting in at the death with the least exertion to rider and beast, which will be the most satisfactory at the end of the day's hunt. The pack is called off to a near-by hydrant, where they rest and wash their mouths and cool their throats. It is amusing to see the greyhounds refreshing themselves by taking water directly from the faucet; rarely do they lap the water if an opportunity is afforded for them to drink from a running pipe. To the visitor it is ever a source of wonder to see facilities afforded for so frequent chances to enjoy a drink of the purest mountain water. For miles in all directions the friendly fountain stands ready for use, placed there by the once eager land-boomer, who covered hundreds of acres with water-pipes, so that it might be possible for every building lot, on which was to stand the house that was soon to add its dwellers, to swell the population of a future city. Many times the Valley Hunt has called him a benefactor to horse and dog, if he did not prove to be one to himself.

All have been refreshed and are now ready for another run. The field is similarly arranged as in the first instance. A muscat or zinfandel vineyard is to be driven. The proprietor does not object, because the jack is his sworn enemy. It is not a rarity to pick delicious raisins or even an occasional bunch of the second crop of muscats late in December, which has been overlooked by the pickers for the winery. After the grapes have been gathered the vines are trimmed back close to the trunk, year after year, until the vineyard is studded all over with great knotted and gnarled stumps on which it is needless to say that it is dangerous for horse or rider to fall. Reckless is the horseman who does not "use his head" when a jack is started. The rows in many of the vineyards in the San Gabriel Valley are a mile or more in length; but between them there is ample room for a careful rider and a sensible horse to go at full speed. In the shade of an old stump the coy jack is sitting, and will not leave his hiding place until the dogs get too close for comfort. He then puts his energies at work, by taking prodigious leaps into the air, and makes a break for liberty between two rows of vines. The hunters have been commanded to ride in such a manner as to direct the game into the open country. Seated on a horse of the ordinary height, one can see the maneuvers of the jack as he dodges and eludes the greyhounds, whose only chance of making a capture is to keep their eyes upon him. When the rabbit succeeds in escaping, for the time being, at once the hounds begin a serious of graceful leaps high into the air, turning their shapely heads rapidly in all directions in order to catch a glimpse of the game, which they invariably do if the cover is not too thick. They will repeat this effort again and again until they are called away to seek a chase in another part of the vineyard. When the rabbit leaves the protection of the vines or high growths of mustard, sage brush, "life everlasting," or the "black-eyed Susan" sunflower, he must seek other means to elude the quick eyes of the pursuing hounds. It is then that some very unique demonstrations of cunning are shown by the little anima.. When almost within the grasp of the leading dog he will turn at a

right angle, going at full speed, or possibly make what appears to be a partial sommersault, and go back in almost the same direction from which he has been pursued. This plan succeeds beautifully; the dog being the heavier, and going with such impetus, overreaches his object and goes many yards before he can recover himself. In the interval, if the rest of the pack is not well bunched and obstructing his retreat, he has secured a new lease of life. He is now showing unmistakable evidences of "being winded;" so are the dogs; but some of the rear guard now come up to relieve the younger and more ambitious ones. The sly old jack sees his last and forlorn hope, —a washout; into this he drops out of sight of both dogs and hunters; and it is likely he has made good his escape, not by hiding in a hole, but by running along the tortuous turnings of the wash he easily keeps out of sight of the dogs. The riders and horses have all had a long, hard chase; and woe be to the one who is ignorant of California soil; for when the hedge and ditch are approached no sign of the latter is in view;—no warning is given by gently sloping banks until the horse's nose is hanging over the abyss, some five or six feet deep by as many wide. The supreme moment has arrived for the rider to exercise good judgment, or else dire disaster is sure to follow, as many a daring gentleman rider has found to his discomfort when he gathered himself together in the bottom of the washout; and some of the lady members of the Valley Hunt have been known to get into "a peck of trouble" by not giving their horses freedom of head and allowing them to take the hedge and ditch as some others did. (See frontispiece.)

The affair at the ditch has drawn the attention away, for the moment, from the dogs and the pursuit of game; but the hunters are rewarded for the temporary break in the day's run by finding that no bones have been broken, horse and rider receiving only a few scratches; and a trusty old dog who has gone off on his own account and run the jack down lays him at the feet of the hunters.

The runs are made in quick succession until near the appointed hour for luncheon, to be held in one of the many charming and secluded cañons or beneath the pleasant shade of the live-oaks or eucalyptus groves, where the invited guests and two or three score of members who have elected the carriage as being the safer and more comfortable means of hunting than in the saddle have assembled and are waiting for the arrival of the hunters before the tempting contents of the baskets are spread.

The hunters begin to arrive with sharpened appetites, and eager to narrate the hairbreadth escapes from being impaled upon grape stumps or deposited in some unsuspected ditch, all of which adds to the full enjoyment of the run; for a hunt without some element of danger in it is tame, as any cross-country rider of the Rose Tree and Radnor Hunts of eastern Pennsylvania or the Queen's County Hunt of New York will testify.

To the one who for the first time is experiencing the brilliancy and beauty of a midwinter day's outing in Southern California comparisons are truly odious. It requires a positive mental effort to make one believe that probably at the identical hour Eastern hunting clubs are taking "worm" and four-railed fences, galloping over hill and field with avidity if the dogs are in full-cry, wading creeks filled with floating ice, or plunging through snow-drifts, or facing a cutting norther. The conditions may be just the opposite, and instead of a hard-frozen surface a thaw may set in, which, if it has continued long, will not add to the pleasant features of a cross-country ride.

As the enthusiastic party is now seated around the table, which is spread on wild flowers, nothing but exclamations of joy are to be heard at the supreme pleasure of being present at such a novel feast. Many who for the first time have been

taking a ride after the hounds in California are anxious to express their feelings over the scene of such surpassing grandeur, where the golden rod, asters, lilies and lupines skirt the borders of the chaparral and sage-brush, and where the wise owl and squirrel, the latter sitting like jack in the pulpit, are in close proximity to the home of the honey bee. It is here the menu from Boston baked beans to New York salads is discussed, as is also the letter received in the morning's Overland mail, and the surroundings of far-away friends are compared with their own. Dull must be the individual who does not fall in love with a California winter's day. Here God's poems are the perfect days! Here it is so easy to live and hard to die; for the "rose-embowered" cottage and hay fields are in sight, and it is a paradise of flowers from which one does not wish to go, making the thought of dissolution an unpleasant one. The successful lady riders are now wearing the jacks' long silken ears in their jaunty riding-hats. These are to be preserved as trophies of the day's sport; and many a lady's boudoir in Chicago, Philadelphia, New York and Boston is ornamented with them; and should these lines meet the eye of a former guest of the Valley Hunt, on this winter day, and contentment with her surroundings in her Eastern home is her lot, she is to be congratulated.

The foregoing description of "a regular monthly meet" is merely a hint at what can be enjoyed almost any day of the year in Southern California, if one has the inclination.

The mind becomes bewildered and dazed with the innumerable attractive points that can be reached on horseback. It has become an old story with the average Californian to hear the praises of his landscapes and flowers sung until he wonders whether they will ever cease until the mountains shall pass away and the ocean breezes no longer cool the summer's fervid heat.

Before the rains begin and after the spring opens the shady cañons are mostly sought by the hunt for their monthly meets to eat their luncheons. An easy and accessible one is the far-famed Arroyo Seco, from whose bed the water is obtained which supplies the residents of Pasadena, and irrigates the almost countless orange and lemon trees and shrubbery on the lawns in the "crown of the valley."

The "Devil's Gate," always alluring as its illustrious namesake, which is an ideal natural park, where any month of the year one may be content to lounge away a day in sweet idleness, is frequently selected as the place to eat luncheon. Here beneath the stately live-oaks and sycamores, seated among the flowers, the baskets are emptied, while the squirrels and quail chatter and chirp to give warning of the approaching riders and dogs as they hasten toward the brink of the Arroyo, where the aroma of the boiling coffee and the merry laugh of the hunters fill the cañon.

The romantic and historic El Molino, or the old mill as it is usually called, is still another place where the members of the meet are always anxious to entertain their guests. What a succession of entrancing thoughts course through the mind when seated around this vine and rose clad structure, built originally by the old padres to grind their grain, when a century ago they taught the native the way to what they believed a better and more beautiful country. Vivid must be the imagination of the individual who can picture to himself a more beautiful place than can be found in the vicinity of El Molino. One is reminded of the descriptions given in the Conquest of Granada, where "Christian knight and turbaned infidel disputed inch by inch the fair land of Andalusia," and one can readily see its counterpart here, where the sky is so serene, the earth so beautiful, the air so pure, that the dwellers in sweet Alhambra near by might well be excused, if like the Moor of old they should imagine the paradise of their prophet to be situated in that part of heaven which overhangs their groves

of orange, citron and pomegranate, in which they are rejoiced by the song of the mocking bird and the chimes of the old Mission bells heard each day as the sun peeps over the snow-crowned San Bernardino range, and as it sets in the western sea.

The approach to the mill can be made through Oak Knoll, an enchanting place of itself, covered as it is with vineyards and shaded by the weeping willow, majestic oak and graceful pepper with its lace-like branches. The live-oak, of all trees, is worthy to be held as a domestic deity, before which every one should kneel, for the sake of its knotted and gnarled branches which reach out in such beauty and grandeur, so twisted and so long, to encompass in its embrace a party of hunters beneath its evergreen shade, who have had a lively run after a large jack started on the outskirts of Pasadena. The dogs may have had more than the usual difficulty in overtaking him, but his ears now adorn the lady's hat who first cried out "they are mine!"

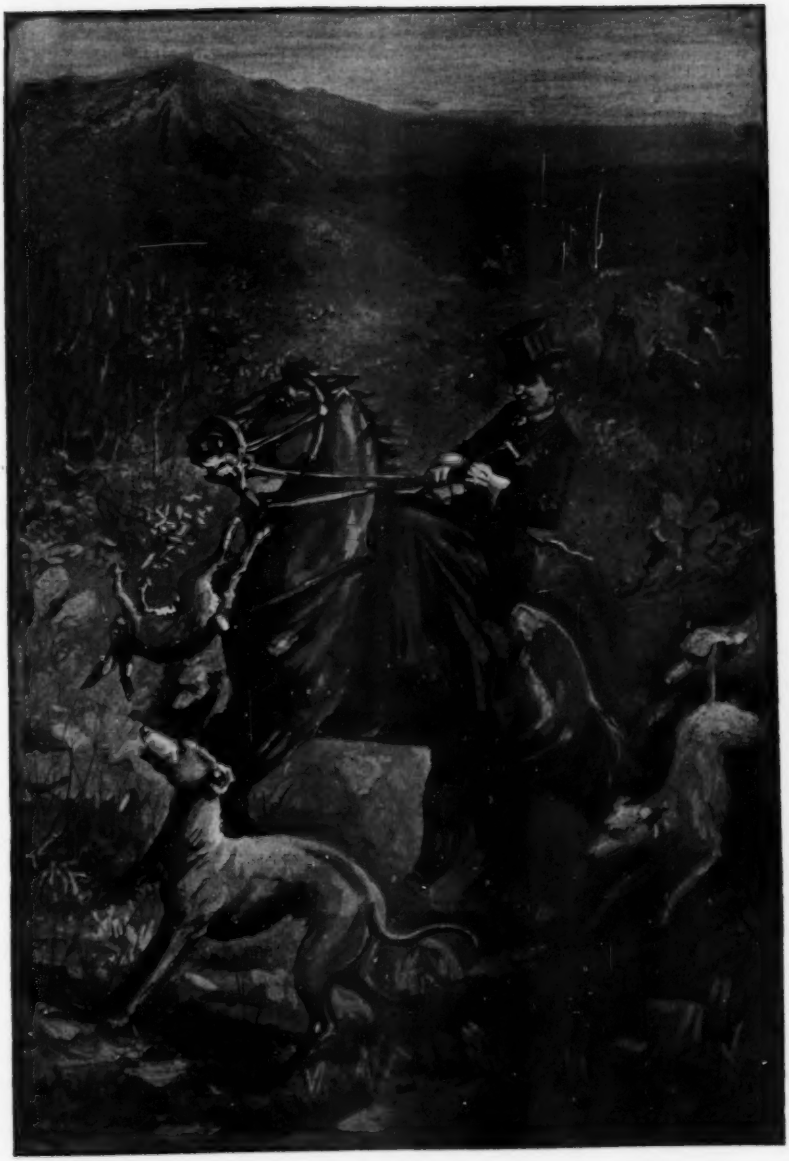
The adjacent cañons are filled with huge live-oaks and sycamores from whose branches the wild grape and clematis hang in graceful festoons. This natural park is entered by the hunters by descending into a deep cañon which is only accessible on horseback. The coyote and wildcat may be started here in this retreat by the fox hounds; and when the wild-flowers are in bloom, acre after acre is covered with the sweet-scented heliotrope, daisies of the most delicate hues, as well as the violet of many colors, making a scene like fairy-land; but if the flowers are sweet and beautiful what words can express the impression made on the mind by the old live-oaks, under whose branches the cattle stamp out the long, long summers, so thick in most places that the sun's rays never strike the ground from year to year. A coyote whose monotonous and reiterated howls have made the nights hideous, and who has decimated the chicken corrals in the vicinity, is startled from his hiding place, but soon disappears among the chaparral and sage-brush. It would be useless to give chase with greyhounds unless he should retreat to the open country, when he would soon be overtaken and dispatched. In this case the brush is taken as the trophy of honor; his skin, as well, may ornament the library of the next in at the death.

The ride is continued through avenues and vistas of live-oaks beside a clear brook whose source is in the water-bearing hills to the north. An artificial lake is skirted where a solemn band of sheep are meditating after having filled themselves with the succulent alfileria. Still further on the hunters emerge from the cañon and come to the banks of a large lake which is now claimed by the shy "mudhen" who hurries away with unnecessary clatter and speed to hide among the tule, which is also the retreat of the coon as he fishes for the catfish so abundant. This body of water was formerly alive with wild geese and ducks; now only a few visit it in their migratory passages, preferring the immense expanse of suitable feeding grounds near the coast. The meet at El Molino on a clear day in March is one long to be remembered by the Hunt and its friends.

One more ride from among the hundreds just as full of interest and pleasure, and it will probably be seen why it is that a Californian who has tried to inspect nature for the love of it, generally accompanied by his trusty horse, will now and then take off his hat and make his bow from the summit of some symmetrical foothill to the landscape spread before him.

The early morning throughout the year is, beyond question, the proper time to start, especially if the sky is free from clouds, as is the case frequently enough to satisfy the most exacting.

This holiday will be in the early part of April. The Puente Hills will be the objective point, these being the



In at the Death.

natural boundary separating the San Gabriel from the Los Angeles Valley, where any month one can always meet with a kind reception from nature on their summits. A good point to enter the depression, through and up which you must ride, is beneath the oaks at Lincoln Park.

The appearance of the foothills is very deceptive in the clear California atmosphere, giving the impression, at a distance of several miles away, that one can canter his horse from base to top with ease; but after the ascent begins it will be imperative to make a zig-zag course. When the ridge is attained a gallop is taken. The magnificence and surpassing grandeur of the panorama is almost appalling since the revelation comes upon you so suddenly, making it beyond human conception to realize that so much beauty is actually wasted to those who do not mount their horses for an early morning run across a Southern California landscape.

Looking to the right and left into deep cañons on either side, widening out into peaceful meadows through which a clear stream is meandering, here and there a sheep-herder's camp is seen. This consists of the rudest apology for a tent,—the ground strewn with empty cans, the ever present "jerked meat" hanging on a line in the sun, a rickety table, soiled blankets, and a few cooking utensils. In looking at this, one gets a conception of how far a human being can fall below the idea of heaven's first law and be so totally at variance with the soul-inspiring efforts nature has been so prodigal with around him.

One after another of the small cañons are hunted by the fox hounds while the horsemen keep on the ridge with the greyhounds held in leashes, until a coyote, or, as frequently happens, two or three, may be seen leaving the brush simultaneously; and as they pass over the summit the greyhounds are turned loose, and even should a capture not take place it is a sight which any member of an Eastern hunt would enjoy.

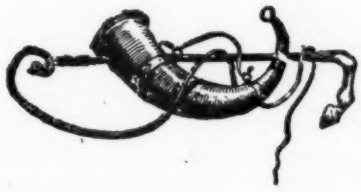
Following the crests of the hills for an hour, bearing to the southeast, Ramona Lake is reached. If the rains have been frequent and abundant, the lake has its banks full. This body of water gives an air of comfort to the surrounding landscape, and is a place where the thirsty horses may be refreshed before beginning the climb to the summit. The wild oats reach to the saddle skirts in many places, and are certain to give the feet a wetting if the ride is taken before 10 A. M. The alfileria, California's leading food for cattle and sheep, gives off an aromatic fragrance when it is crushed beneath the horses' feet, similar to the geranium, of which it is a species. The wild mustard shoots high above horse and rider's head. The poppy, though not so abundant here as nearer the mountains, yet is sufficiently prolific to give the outlying plains a color which looked upon once is apt to make a lasting impression upon the visitor, never to be obliterated from memory, and which will cause a feeling of homesickness for California and the San Gabriel Valley whenever the next ride is taken through snow and slush or over the average country road in the East at a corresponding season of the year.

Though the dogs may be filling the ravines with their music, driving the coyotes from their hiding places, the riders are too much absorbed with the beauties of nature to pay any attention to the chase which is in progress. They check their horses and either remain seated in the saddle or dismount, and while the horses are eating the rich, green grasses endeavor to take in the situation.

A stiff breeze is blowing, making an ordinary winter suit comfortable. The sky is devoid of clouds; and the party, composed of both ladies and gentlemen, look through the purple haze upon the broad acres of the far-famed Los Angeles Valley, so magnificent in all directions, the

city of Los Angeles, built on more than twice seven hills, then many smaller towns between the Puente Hills and the Pacific, which is shining and glistening only a short ride away, numerous ranches with their thousands of acres of waving grain, eucalyptus forests here and there, forty miles away Catalina Island resting like a huge whale on the Pacific just along the horizon, where some of the hunters have fished for the lively yellow tail, barracuda, and the monstrous jew fish, in its smooth, fairy-like waters surrounding it, reminding one of the Island of Capri, so charming to the Neapolitan.

Turning now to the San Gabriel Valley, at our feet lies Ramona Lake, on whose surface are floating wild ducks, consisting of teal, spoon-bills, a few mallard and some other varieties which took flight when the dogs approached before the climb to the summit began. From this point can be seen mountains as high as heaven, capped with snow with their smygmographic tracings against a clear sky, fertile on all their sides, their bases wreathed with vineyards and rich with every fruit. Here are clear streams of water which, before they left their deep mountain passes, were filled with trout, breaking into numberless cascades. Here are shady groves, fertile fields, lovely plains,—on the one side great warmth, on the other side delectable coolness despite the summer's heat. The soul that is "so dead" as not to be capable of admitting that a land where such scenes can be viewed from the saddle is appropriate for philosophy and worthy the habitation of the muses should not be commiserated if he or she is content to live where cyclones and blizzards vie with each other to excel in adding to human misery and the destruction of life and property. This is the sentiment of every Southern Californian who has penetrated its shady cañons, galloped over its flaming poppy fields, and followed the hounds with the Valley Hunt through orange groves, vineyards, and stopped to eat a volunteer watermelon in January.



"THE GREATEST OF THESE IS CHARITY."

By Emily Browne Powell.

THREE women stood together as the chime
Of distant bells rang in the Christmas time.
And lo! a vision, radiant and fair,
A heavenly presence, shone before them there!
The dear Lord stood revealed; He asked each one:
"In this bright year for me what hast thou done?"

The first said: "Lord, Thy voice seemed calling me
To distant lands, Thy messenger to be.
To carry on Thy work I have not failed;
In danger often, yet I have not quailed.
Among the heathen I have cast my lot
To teach the faith to those who know Thee not."

The second said: "Lord, I have tried to be
A faithful steward. With full hands and free
I've given of my wealth to feed the poor;
Oft I've brought hope to those who hoped no more.
Of pain and suffering I have eased the smart,
And taught to thank Thee many a grateful heart."

The third stood humbly there with downcast eyes.
"I have no wealth to give; I am not wise.
Dear Lord, 'tis little I have done for Thee;
But I have walked with all in charity.
At others' sins, I, conscious of my own,
Point no accusing finger, cast no stone."

The Master smiled down on the drooping head.
"Who e'er loves mine loves also Me," He said.
"Who e'er shows mercy shows it unto Me;
She hath all graces who hath charity."

KINDERGARTENS.

By Minna V. Lewis.

A MOVEMENT was begun thirteen years ago in San Francisco which may truly be said to have led by the hand "the baby figure of the giant mass of things to come." Such is the estimate to-day put upon the free kindergartens, the *alma mater* of neglected childhood.

While thirteen years may not have added greatly to the stature of the young giant, the most casual of observers cannot have failed to realize that, under the new dispensation, their influence has directed no small part of its plus strength, known as hoodlumism, into better channels.

In the conservation of this plus power, the force which, undirected, breaks window-panes, destroys peace and defies all law, is turned to the development of mechanical skill, the practice of right living and doing.

The man from an Eastern manufacturing town who, having watched with intelligent interest the work of the children during his visit to one of the kindergartens in San Francisco, saw with a keen business insight the bearing of such an education upon industrial pursuits and the future of the child, was but one of the many thinking men who have recognized the economic bearing of this undertaking. While from the first the relation of kindergarten training to a perceptible adjustment of things to law and order has been acknowledged, beginning with the fruit and vegetable dealers on the Barbary Coast, during the first year of the work there, who brought in a purse of seventy-five dollars to one of the kindergarten teachers as a tribute to the work that taught children not to nip their fruit or smash their windows as they were wont to do, down to the far-sighted, generous-hearted business men of the different commercial organizations who to-day support many of these institutions for the upbuilding of the community.

Adolph Sutro.

The disciples of Frederic Froebel, "the pedagogic apostle of freedom," are increasing in number every day. It is this plan of educating the whole being, this beginning at the foundation of things, which has come to offer more and more strongly each year since its adoption the most potent means to the solution of some of the gravest social problems. Beginning in Germany, this system has so affected its growth as to make it the intellectual and practical leader of Europe. In Austria, by Imperial edict, it has been made the basis of education; while in France, England and the United States the movement is making rapid progress. In our own country where, more keenly alive to the difficulties that beset us, our need for overcoming them is greatest, this ground plan of improvement has long occupied the best

thought of the community. Kindergartens have been established by private philanthropy; while the school boards of St. Louis, Boston and Philadelphia have adopted the system as part of their work with great success. In the minds of the educators, political economists and philanthropists of this country the time for its national adoption is not far distant. Pending that time, however, the work is being nobly carried by private organizations, nowhere more effectually or with as great rapidity of growth as in California.

The first inspiration to the work in San Francisco was given by Professor Felix Adler, President of the Society for Ethical Culture, of New York, who, with quick discernment, saw during his brief visit here in the summer of 1878 a broad field for this peculiar charity.

Imbued with the spirit of his earnestness, a number of prominent citizens, among whom were Mr. Solomon Heydenfeldt, Mr. S. Nickelsburg, Dr. J. Hirschfelder, Mr. S. W. Levy, Mrs. L. Gottig and Miss Emma Marwedel, the first kindergartner on this Coast, gave their aid to the new work, to such good purpose that before Mr. Adler had left the city the Public Kindergarten Society of San Francisco was formed and incorporated, with Judge Heydenfeldt as President, assisted by a number of earnest men and women, nearly all of whom are still in its active service.

The first free kindergarten was started on Silver Street in that most dismal part of the city known as "Tar Flat," and Miss Kate Smith, now Mrs. Wiggin, installed as teacher, a more enthusiastic, capable beginner of the work than whom could not have been found.

In 1885 this society reincorporated under the name of the Pioneer Kindergarten Society, and moved to quarters even more destitute, but whose darkness they still bravely help to dispel, and now sustain four kindergartens in different parts of the city. Its active members and subscribers are composed of many men and women of wealth and philanthropic spirit. Among them are the names of Mr. M. H. Hecht, Mrs. David Bixler, Mrs. N. D. Rideout, Mr. L. Gottig and Mr. Adolph Sutro, who has also the honor of being a generous contributor to each of the other societies.

Kate Douglass Wiggin.

The Silver Street Kindergarten Society, with as many supporters, has continued the work on Silver Street, under the untiring efforts of Mrs. Wiggin and her sister, Miss Norah Smith. This society now sustains three kindergartens known as the Crocker Class, in honor of Mrs. Harriet Crocker-Alexander, its benefactor; the Eaton Class, named for Gen. John Eaton, Ex. U. S. Commissioner of Education; the Peabody Class, in honor of Miss Elizabeth Peabody of Boston, the first woman to introduce the kindergarten in America, and the Little Housekeeper's Class, composed of girls from eight to thirteen years of age, graduates of the younger schools, who are here taught by a series of object lessons to perform household tasks on the well-regulated household plan and after the most simplified methods.

In connection with the other work, a school for the training of kindergarten teachers, opened by Mrs. Wiggin in 1880, is now being carried on by Miss Smith, from which most of

the kindergartners on this Coast have been graduated. Out of this training school has grown the California Froebel Society, organized for the better diffusion of kindergarten principles and the purpose of inspiring its members to keep pace with the best thought of the time.

It was shortly after the opening of the first free kindergarten on Silver Street by the Public Kindergarten Society, that Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper made her first visit there at the suggestion of Professor John Swett, a member of its Board of Trustees and one of the most experienced and successful educators in this country. From that hour her whole heart enlisted in the cause, Mrs. Cooper became the loyal, zealous champion of the work, and with pen and voice and every means she could command laid the foundation of the Golden Gate Kindergarten Association.

This Association, organized in 1879 by Mrs. Cooper as the specific work of her large Bible Class, having caught the enthusiasm of its leader, gave the greatest possible impulse to the work which has each year assumed larger proportions and its progress been attended by increasing zeal.

To-day there are thirty-two free kindergartens, with an enrollment of 2,600 children, in operation under the management of the Golden Gate Kindergarten Association, with whose thoroughly organized methods the best regulated public school system would almost suffer by comparison. The strict economy in the use of its funds and the efficiency of its methods have recommended the Association far and wide. More than 50,000 of its reports have been scattered broadcast over this country and Europe; and during the past year alone more than 7,000 letters were written by Mrs. Cooper and her daughter in reply to various inquiries concerning this great work and its organization elsewhere.

Over $260,000 have been given to the support of the Association since its organization, including the gifts of Mrs. Leland Stanford and several other large endowments, the careful disbursement of which sum has been the glad labor of Mrs. Cooper, the president, and its faithful officers and board. No salary has ever been paid an officer from the funds donated.

Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper.

A free training class, under the instruction of Miss Anna Stovall, one of the most accomplished of teachers, has recently been established in connection with this vast work, in which some thirty-five earnest young women are being trained in the kindergarten principles and methods. It is the aim of the Association to make this training class a model in every respect. No pains, no time, no money will be spared to perfect it, nor can its purpose be too highly commended.

The gifts for the maintenance of this splendid system are mostly from noble women, and the workers noble women who have here found their most worthy mission,—one that lies just as surely before them, before every body of earnest women, to be done for the common welfare of humanity as does the part of each individual woman in the smaller family of the home; and just so soon as she has

entered it will this larger maternity bring her proportionate joy.

Mrs. Leland Stanford, with the generosity of a warm heart, kindled toward all childhood in memory of her son, Leland Stanford, Junior, has given lavishly of her wealth to the cause. In the magnanimity of Senator and Mrs. Stanford this thought of the new education for the masses has stood side by side with their plans for facilitating the means to higher education in the Far West. Coeval with the Leland Stanford Junior University have grown the Leland Stanford Junior Free Kindergartens, seven in number and permanently endowed by a fund of $100,000, fulfilling in its broadest sense a plan for the ideal university that shall embrace the whole science of human life.

The thought expressed in the Leland Stanford Junior Memorial Kindergartens has been the seed-germ of five other memorial kindergartens in San Francisco alone, the T. Fuller Shattuck, the Lester Norris, the Pearl Dowda, the Emily P. Walker and the William Steuben Memorial Kindergartens.

The munificence of Mrs. Phœbe A. Hearst, whose heart is bound very strongly to this new impulse in education, supports three of these institutions and looks toward its development so earnestly that funds for the establishment and maintenance of a Manual Training School, supplementing the industrial training begun in the kindergartens and fitting the children graduated therefrom to become skillful artisans in the different lines of mechanical industry, have been promised, and the permanent endowment of such an institution insured.

Mrs. A. J. Pope, Mrs. C. P. Huntington and Mrs. K. S. Hart are among the others whose abundant means enable them to make generous gifts to the work.

But to the something more than mere wealth which has crowned this effort toward the uplifting of the rising generation in San Francisco with success there have been contributed the loving aid, the unswerving faith, the devotion of many self-sacrificing workers, without whose service no amount of wealth could have brought it about.

Mrs. Leland Stanford.

Mrs. Sarah B. Cooper, to whose great organizing power and untiring superintendence of the vast work the success of the movement is so largely due, has consecrated her very life to the cause. With a zeal that overcomes every obstacle and that makes generosity and self-sacrifice contagious, she has won not alone the rich but the co-operation of all to whom she appeals, until nearly the whole community has responded to the call; while the rare efficiency of the system over which she presides, the Golden Gate Kindergarten Association, has awakened the best thought of the whole country to the importance of this undertaking.

Of the results of so great a movement, the evidence of moral uplift in the localities where the kindergartens are planted, and the perceptible growth and unfolding of the powers and graces of body, soul and spirit of the children under its benign influence, too much cannot be said. Manifold as

are the evidences of its power for good, no statement can be cited that would more forcibly illustrate the fact than that of Mrs. Cooper, who, after careful investigation of the matter, affirms that she has found but one child out of the more than nine thousand that have been brought up in the kindergartens of the Golden Gate Association who has ever been arrested for offense against the law, and this after continued watchfulness of the police records and frequent inspection of the lists of inmates of the various houses of correction, and in face of the fact that these nine thousand children have all come from the localities that make the criminal element.

The sixty-five free kindergartens in San Francisco, including those in orphanages, asylums, hospitals and day homes, are all crowded to their utmost limit; and yet they do not provide for half of the little waifs that swarm its streets and who are one day to form one-half of that "giant mass of things to come," when, possessed of its full power and grown to what strength we know not, the time will have gone by for any effort toward its control to avail.

Crime cannot be hindered by punishment, and it has taken long enough years for the conviction to take hold of us; but the long and almost indefatigable attempts at reforming have served us one purpose if not the one we set out to gain. It is the oft-repeated story over again. What Froebel taught the few, experience has taught the many. The cry for a new order of things, the conviction that formative influences only will avail, the desire to begin further back, are based upon the study of failure. Careful investigations of our vast system of prisons, reformatories and workhouses and study into the causes of crime and poverty has revealed the want more plainly every year. It has been estimated that in the United States alone seven-tenths of the convicted criminals have never learned a trade or followed any industrial pursuit. Careful tabulation of the semi-criminals, loafers and occasional laborers in any of our large cities would present the same startling figures proportionately, as such an investigation exposed in the east end of London when, alive to the need of alleviating its darkness, the plan for supplying its want embodied in that splendid institution, the People's Palace, was carried out. Such a plan is needed in every large city, but supplementary to the training begun in the kindergartens. The underlying principle is the same in both, that the true problem of living is solved only when the right direction shall have been given and followed out in recreation as in work. With this motive in view the founders of the English institution,

Miss Nora Smith.

aside from its well-equipped technical and industrial schools and other educational classes, "in the belief that in the recreation which demands skill, patience, discipline, drill and obedience to law, man finds a deep well of interest and pleasure, not only in the enjoyment of the pleasure itself, but also in the energies and characteristics which have been trained in its acquisition," have provided such pleasures and instruction as shall ensure that end, and placed them within reach of the very poorest.

Within reach, but alas! not always in time. When the man or the woman has found for twenty, thirty or forty years his or her joy in sensationalism and excitement or worse, when the same years have been spent in vagrancy or violation of the law, the time for the direction of his or her powers has practically gone by. They must be taken at a more pliable age. Juvenal said: "The man's character is made at seven. What he is then he will always be;" while Aristotle urged that the very playthings of the child should have a bearing upon the life and work of the coming man. It is to carry out the suggestion not only of these two philosophers but the same thought all along the line of far-seeing philosophers, educators and economists since them that the kindergarten has had its being. Froebel's games and occupations develop the latent powers of the child, stimulate its creative faculties, inculcate habits of industry, order and perseverance, cultivate the taste, the intellect and feeling of the child, the very little child, before they have been perverted.

Take the child at the earliest possible age and place it in the kindergarten, away from the vicious tendencies that surround it, and you have begun just as near the beginning as it is possible to do. It was not born right, it is true, but you are making the prenatal history of the generations to come.

If we mold the character and direct the tendencies of the child in its tender years, the man and the woman will then be better ready for the real games and occupations of life. Give them early the knowledge they must have to live; teach them duties and we will have given them truly the rights they blindly clamor for now.

THE FIRST DAY OF WINTER.

By Herbert Bashford.

TO-DAY a pall obscures the sky;
And fiercely beats the chilling rain.
The seas grow tall, the foam flies high,
The crags along the shore complain.

A wild gust bows the great fir tops,
The cedar moans, the hemlock grieves,
A maple shakes down cold, clear drops,
And drowns the fire of fallen leaves.

A CYCLONIC GLIMPSE OF CALIFORNIA WEATHER.

By Lieut. Jno. P. Finley, U. S. A.

THE weather of any place is the sum of its transient meteorological phenomena. To find the sum of such occurrences in California will require more than ordinary calculation. In other words, there is variety in her weather as there is diversity in her industries. To understand these varying conditions one must consider, at least, the following important general features: (1.) The great extent of latitude embraced by the State. (2.) Its pronounced topographic outlines. (3.) Its position relative to the North Pacific Cyclone Belt. (4.) Its relation to the Japan and Alaskan currents of the North Pacific. To comprehend the meteorology of such a region one must become impressed with the necessity of extending the investigation far beyond the limits of the State. Surrounding atmospheric conditions for hundreds of miles must be closely watched to discover the source of those phases of cloud and sky which make the progress of peculiar systems of circulating air, under the influence of the axial rotation of the earth, which bring over large areas of country changes in temperature and degrees of precipitation affecting the prosperity of thousands of square miles of territory. You cannot study weather understandingly from your own doorstep.

Because of California's great extent of territory north and south she feels the effect of tropical influences as well as those of the temperate zone. Coupled with her varied topography, unequaled in the United States, the fluctuations of atmospheric pressure within the extreme limits of the North Pacific Cyclone Belt give rise to some anomalies in weather both extremely interesting and complicated. Why wonder at the results, with a surface contour affording extraordinary differences in elevation, from nearly 300 feet below to about 15,000 feet above sea-level, permitting variations in temperatures from torrid heat to Arctic cold, and changes in atmospheric humidity from the driest areas on the continent to the saturation of a tropical clime. The most skilled meteorologist will find ample scope for the exercise of his knowledge and professional training.

Being at one season largely within and at another largely without the predominating influence of cyclonic disturbances introduces peculiarities of weather and climate which distinguishes the meteorology of California from any other portion of the United States.

The proximity of two ocean currents essentially different as to temperature, course of movement and atmospheric effect, gives rise to a coast climate remarkably at variance with that of the interior valleys, only a few miles away, and still different from the adjacent mountain districts. No State in the Union is so uniquely situated, so diversified as to climate and weather, within such circumscribed limits.

All the various local and secondary causes are largely subservient to one superior and overwhelming influence, the action of the North Pacific Cyclone Belt.

The meteorology of the State as a whole, as well as of its individual portions, falls under the sway of this power. The notion must be discarded, that the weather of California is not dependent upon atmospheric conditions over adjacent regions to great distances, especially over States to the

east and north. This dependence arises from the fact that these adjacent States are nearer and therefore more strongly affected by the passage of cyclonic disturbances. All of these disturbances enter upon the coast from the North Pacific Ocean. They are huge atmospheric eddies which have developed in the air resting upon the warm waters of the Japan Current. The typhoon of the China and Japan seas becomes, later on in its course, the cyclonic disturbance which sweeps across British Columbia, thence to the region of the Great Lakes and further on to the Atlantic and Europe.

All cyclones cross the United States at a lower latitude in winter than in summer. This condition results, in part, from the apparent movement of the sun north and south of the equator, whereby the area of heat and moisture of the temperate zone reaches a higher latitude in summer and recedes to a lower latitude in winter. The atmospheric eddies enter the continent at about the 50th parallel, being about the latitude of the center of the northern portion of the Japan Current, which flows eastward from the Asiatic coast. The fluctuation north and south of the Cyclone Belt on the Pacific Coast depends then upon the change in the location of the areas of heat and moisture. These two elements constitute the food of cyclonic disturbances; and without an almost unlimited source of supply areas of low barometic pressure begin to fill up and disappear. Clouds and rain, with boisterous winds, are soon followed by clear, calm weather and a dry, cool atmosphere.

To understand the distribution of precipitation over any region one must clearly comprehend the essential characteristics of a cyclonic disturbance. Such information is especially necessary regarding the rainfall of California, for its occurrence and distribution are peculiar and unlike, in some respects, that of any other State.

As cyclonic disturbances may vary in diameter from 500 to 1,500 miles, and the centers invariably move eastward north of San Francisco, it would rarely, if ever, occur that the whole of any area could be shown on a chart of the Pacific Slope. From the Pacific to the Mississippi Valley the direction is a little south of east. From that river to the Atlantic the course is somewhat north of east. The forms of cyclonic areas are either elliptical or circular, and the former predominates on the Pacific Coast. The isobaric line of 30.00 inches marks the separation between the two principal classes of atmospheric disturbances, viz., the cyclone (LOW) and the anti-cyclone (HIGH).

An observant "new arrival" is not long in discovering that California has, during the year, two weather periods instead of four, known as the "wet season" and the "dry season." He learns that they are powerful factors in ascertaining the prosperity of the commonwealth. When nature, in a kind mood, arranges the relation of these two seasons with a marked uniformity of variations, then dame Fortune smiles upon the commercial and agricultural interests of the State. If the exact character of these seasons could be forcasted in advance, what enormous profits could be realized. Such long-range prognostications have never been vouchsafed to man, and there is no immediate prospect of his acquiring such extraordinary knowledge.

We must be content for the present, at least, with a much more limited degree of information, but yet not lacking in practical importance.

The two meteorological seasons of California are dependent, for their proximate occurrence, upon the distribution and frequency of cyclonic disturbances between the 40th and 50th parallels, and the rate of progress eastward, together with the energy displayed between the Pacific Ocean and the 100th meridian. In short, the cyclones move farther south and are of greater energy in winter (the "wet season") than in summer (the "dry

season"). A careful examination of the charts in the office of the Weather Bureau will show very clearly that the weather over any region depends upon the relation of the latter to the quadrants of the passing cyclonic or anticyclonic disturbance. According as one or another of the quadrants covers any region, so will be the successive phases of weather therein.

All forms of atmospheric precipitation are distributed over the earth through the agency of these systems of air circulation. They are of enormous extent and great power, drawing moisture from all available sources, carrying it to great heights in the atmosphere, where, by a marked change in its surroundings, the vapor is transformed into water and falls again upon the earth. The physical forces of evaporation and condensation cannot fulfill their mission in the production of atmospheric precipitation without the assistance of adequate means for setting up and maintaining a system of circulation for the distribution of the vapor of water throughout the lower regions of the atmosphere.

It has been found that these atmospheric eddies pursue certain paths over the continent of North America. There are two such lines of travel, one along the northern boundary of the United States, and the other from the West Indies northwestward to the Gulf States, curving at the 30th parallel north latitude, and moving thence northeastward over the Atlantic Coast States. The second path joins with the first one near Nova Scotia, where, together, they form a well-beaten path along the 45th parallel, of all cyclonic disturbances crossing to Europe.

It is a fact to which attention has not been drawn, that that portion of the United States most distant from the influence of the atmospheric eddies which travel the two storm paths embraces what is known as the middle and southern plateau regions. They include southeastern California, Nevada, Utah, Arizona, New Mexico, western Colorado and southern Wyoming. This may be called the dry region of the United States. It is well known as the region of least rainfall, and has been found to be the region over which the greatest atmospheric evaporation (about 100 inches annually,) takes place. There can be no doubt but the meteorology and climatology of this region depends most largely upon its geographical position regarding the cyclonic belts over the United States. California's share in this relationship cannot be understood without a comprehensive and graphic view of the whole situation.

The reader must already begin to see some evidence of the preponderating influence in the distribution of precipitation over the United States, and especially the Pacific Slope. Of course all general and predominating influences are counteracted here and there by local differences which, in this discussion, may be briefly referred to as topographical. The limits of this paper will not permit of considering this branch of the subject particularly. The tabulated data given herein will illustrate some of the effects of local surroundings. The dry region of the United States can never be other than it is, so far as atmospheric conditions are concerned, without a great physical change, which would completely reverse the circulation of the Japan Current in the North Pacific Ocean, and bring it nearer the California coast. It must needs bathe this coast as does the Gulf Stream the coast of the South and Middle Atlantic States. Then would the dry region become, in weather and climate and in vegetation, as that of the Gulf and South Atlantic States.

We find that the weather of California, like that of any other region, is dependent upon the atmospheric conditions surrounding it for hundreds of miles. If it were nearer the Cyclone Belts, its two famous seasons, the "wet" and the "dry," would be changed into a more uniform distribution of precipitation throughout the year and a less uniform distribution of

temperature. Such a modification of its climate would be detrimental to some of California's greatest industrial pursuits. Its variety of weather and climate is unrivaled in the United States, and therefore the peculiar adaptability of the State for the growth of the choicest fruits, grasses and cereals. Its geographical position is such that the seasonal fluctuation of the North Pacific Cyclone Belt carries the rain area far to the north and protects the crops that would otherwise suffer severely from heavy cloudiness and drenching rains.

The precipitation of the "wet season," when the Cyclone Belt takes a more southerly course, is generally heavy; and there is stored in the earth a supply of moisture that frequently goes far toward supplying the needs of summer. When this source fails, resort must be had to either surface or sub-irrigation. But the "dry season" in California does not mean an entire absence of rain throughout the State. Rains occur on the northwest coast from San Francisco northward, and in the mountains in the northeast and southeast portions, during the summer. They are frequently heavy, with thunder storms in the southeast portion. The central valleys are the dryest in summer, especially in July and August, where in some places no rain falls during these months for a period of several years. In any case only the lightest showers would occur, at long intervals, resulting from the drifting over and settling down into the valleys of heavy clouds from the mountains. Such precipitation is likely to occur when the snows of the previous winter have been heavy and the mountains remain snow-capped throughout the year.

The average rainfall values at selected stations in California are shown in Table No. I. Records are given from both the regular weather stations and those where the observations were made by voluntary observers. By such a selection a better idea can be given of the distribution of precipitation over the State.

As average values do not give an idea of the extremes, I have added an extra column to show the greatest seasonal amount reported with date of occurrence. An examination of this table will show what marked variations exist between summer and winter rainfall. It will also call attention to the fact that even the "wet season," with its southerly trend of the cyclone belt, fails to produce adequate precipitation for southeastern California. The values in this table will not show, satisfactorily, the average depth of snowfall in the mountain districts, a very important factor in forecasting the rains for July and August, and ascertaining the probable water supply for irrigating purposes. Some idea of the distribution of this form of precipitation can be obtained from the selected stations, Tehachapi, Summit, Colfax and Susanville. Heavy snow in the mountains in winter will probably result in heavy rains in the valleys in summer. The enormous extent of surface covered with snow, from a few inches to many feet in depth, offers an extraordinary opportunity for rapid evaporation under the burning rays of the morning sun, through a clear, crisp atmosphere. Heavy clouds appear o'er the lofty ranges by about 12 noon, and when the sun begins his downward course, and the air currents are pushing down the mountains, great masses of clouds are hurled together and carried over the valleys, attended by smart showers and occasional manifestations of atmospheric electricity. Here we have a brief view of the conditions under which summer rains occur in the mountain districts of California, especially in the southeastern portion of the State and the adjacent regions of Nevada and Arizona. Even these may be called cyclonic rains, for they invariably occur under the influence of a barometric trough of low pressure, covering the eastern portion of the Pacific States, the center of the cyclonic disturbance being in British Columbia, north of Montana The effect of this trough may not disappear until the central area moves eastward

into Dakota and Minnesota, like a monstrous sea-serpent dragging his tail behind him.

A low barometric pressure is especially favorable to evaporation and the development of ascensional air currents, which force great quantities of vapor into the air that is rapidly condensed into clouds. Clouds consist of small drops of water light enough to float in the air. Fogs are clouds resting upon or very near to the surface of the earth. When the drops of water become large enough and sufficiently heavy to fall to the earth they are called, collectively, rain. I have quickly depicted here the transitions from water in the liquid and solid state, through the vapor or gaseous form, to the liquid state again. What a powerful engine is the atmosphere, and how nicely adjusted must be all the cogs, wheels, springs and compensations of this exquisite piece of machinery, that it never wears out nor breaks down, nor fails to do its work at the right time and in the right way.

The effect of the fluctuation of the North Pacific Cyclone Belt is also shown in the probability of rainy days for various parts of the State (see Table No. II), and in the percentage of clear and cloudy days as given in Tables Nos. III and IV. It will be noticed that the probability of rain for the valleys is proportionately much lower in summer than the probability of cloud formation. This is largely due to the fact that while the northward deflection of the Cyclone Belt is sufficient to prevent rain it does not remove the influence of cyclonic circulation in the production of cloud formation. At times the sky will remain overcast for several days and pass away without precipitation. The condensation has not been sufficiently vigorous under cyclonic circulation to develop drops of water of sufficient size to fall to the earth.

These tables furnish interesting and valuable data for comparative climatic study, and show the importance of systematic meteorological investigation. Perhaps very few of my readers will be able to realize the vast amount of labor in computations, and the long years of constant watching secretly, represented in this little collection of figures. It is a patient but determined study of Nature, who refuses to reveal herself without the most ingenious and prolonged effort of man.

No portion of the United States offers richer opportunities for meteorological research, or will afford greater practical results from thorough and systematic investigation, than the weather and climate of California. No State is in greater need of such scientific inquiry; and if successfully prosecuted it will greatly aid in the development of her rich resources. It will bring them to the attention of thousands who would be glad to enjoy the fruits of "perpetual summer;" the opportunities of a wonderfully varied climate and soil; the invigorating influence of unsurpassed mountain and air scenery; and the advantages of marked uniformity of temperature along a coast line of marvelous extent and diversity.

Theoretically California should furnish the best and most varied health resorts and sanitariums in the United States. Within her borders most every form of wasting disease should find the means of temporary, if not permanent, relief.

While our present knowledge warrants this assumption, yet practically the truth of this statement, in all necessary details, must be developed and tested by adequate scientific research.

The agricultural, horticultural and commercial interests must be more fully informed as to the probabilities before them, and every line of industry afforded the means of weighing thoroughly its chances for growth and success.

A reliable knowledge of probable weather changes and of climatic effects is rapidly becoming a daily necessity in all occupations.

TABLE No. I.

MONTHLY AND ANNUAL AVERAGE RAINFALL, IN INCHES, AT WEATHER BUREAU STATIONS IN CALIFORNIA, FROM RECORDS FOR MANY YEARS.

Stations.	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	Apr.	May.	Jun.	Jul.	Aug.	Sep.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.	Annual.	Maximum Seasonal Amount.
San Francisco .	5.06	3.76	3.07	2.04	0.62	0.15	0.02	0.02	0.16	0.85	2.85	5.20	23.80	49.27—1861-62
Eureka	7.63	5.61	4.55	4.15	2.05	1.07	0.10	0.02	0.73	2.73	3.95	7.25	39.50	73.99—1889-90
Red Bluff	5.97	3.87	2.54	2.18	0.78	0.37	Trace	0.05	0.41	1.22	2.84	3.76	23.99	61.65—1877-78
Sacramento . . .	3.77	2.89	2.86	1.95	0.69	0.13	0.03	Trace	0.11	0.68	2.06	4.52	19.69	36.36—1852-53
Fresno	1.30	1.21	1.21	1.64	0.30	0.13	0.00	0.00	0.12	0.39	1.21	1.28	8.79	16.62—1855-86
Keeler	0.25	0.54	0.24	0.64	0.41	0.22	0.17	0.10	0.27	0.27	0.18	0.38	3.67	5.76—1887-88
Bidwell	4.24	2.71	2.25	1.68	1 37	1.13	0.31	0.20	0.38	0 96	2.08	3.46	20.77	37.20—1866-67
Los Angeles . . .	3.93	3.76	1.90	1.34	0.35	0.09	Trace	0.08	0.01	0.35	1.49	2.73	16.03	32.16—1883-84
San Diego	1.55	2.22	1.38	0.90	0.44	0.07	0.01	0.19	0.03	0.29	1.02	2.16	10.26	25.97—1883-84
Yuma	0.37	0.48	0.20	0.11	0.04	Irace	0.15	0.45	0.15	0.12	0.36	0.38	2.81	5.86—1884
OTHER STATIONS.														
Fort Gaston . . .	10.56	7.99	7.50	4.70	1.74	0.75	0 12	0.11	0.89	2.67	7.69	10.70	55.42	125.36—1865-66
Crescent City . .	13.69	10.44	6.29	8.58	2.75	2.31	0.65	0.08	3.49	10.22	11 37	18.90	88.77	113.45—1881-82
Nevada City . . .	10.93	7 68	8.57	5.14	2.06	0.60	0.04	0.03	0.54	1.82	6.77	12.09	56.27	115.26—1867-68
Mammoth Tank	0.19	0.43	0.09	0.11	0.02	0.00	0.06	0.13	0.03	0.14	0.16	0.49	1.85	3.11—1883-84
San Bernardino.	3.66	3.03	1.97	1.75	0.44	0.06	0.02	0.08	0.05	0.43	1 58	3.10	16.17	37.51—1883-84
Campo	2.36	2.80	2.38	2.58	0.27	0.05	0.60	0.37	0.01	0.41	1.13	2 21	15.17	19.63—1882-83
San Luis Obispo	4.68	3.75	2.81	2.05	0 35	0.14	Trace	Trace	0.03	0.72	1.95	4.53	21.01	42.40—1883-84
Tehachapi . . .	1.38	3.54	1.68	1.83	0 38	0.13	0.01	0.09	0.03	0.42	0.73	1.52	11.64	18.77—1883-84
Summit.	8.39	8.96	6.78	5.77	1.68	0.62	0.08	0.01	0.19	2.34	2.82	7.32	44.96	87.99—1879-80
Colfax	8.36	6.77	6.28	4.97	1.63	0.52	0.00	0.00	0.32	1.74	5.06	7.67	43.33	89.80—1889-90
*Susanville . . .	8.86	5.48	5.53	1.35	4.49	0.60	0.03	0.07	0.08	2.09	1.89	9.84	39.42	. . . . .

* Record for only two years.

TABLE No. II.

MONTHLY PERCENTAGES OF PROBABILITY OF RAINY DAYS AT WEATHER BUREAU STATIONS IN CALIFORNIA, FROM RECORDS FOR MANY YEARS.

Stations.	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	April.	May.	June.	July.	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
San Francisco	38	38	31	25	11	8	2	1	5	11	22	34
Eureka	50	43	37	34	21	17	3	2	11	29	35	46
Red Bluff	34	32	28	29	17	11	2	1	6	12	25	34
Sacramento	31	31	29	25	9	5	1	1	4	11	18	31
Fresno	22	25	19	22	8	3	1	1	3	8	15	20
Keeler	10	14	9	17	9	4	7	4	4	5	14	8
Bidwell	44	40	29	27	32	31	13	4	6	12	38	45
Los Angeles	18	23	24	21	9	5	1	1	1	7	11	17
San Diego	19	25	22	19	11	5	2	2	2	7	10	17
Yuma	5	7	4	3	1	1	3	9	3	2	4	7

TABLE No. III.

MONTHLY PERCENTAGES OF PROBABILITY OF CLEAR (SUNSHINE) DAYS AT WEATHER BUREAU STATIONS IN CALIFORNIA, FROM RECORDS FOR MANY YEARS.

Stations.	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	April.	May.	June.	July.	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
San Francisco	52	54	54	58	60	60	60	57	66	68	62	53
Eureka	47	59	52	44	55	61	72	83	76	60	55	50
Red Bluff	55	57	61	60	65	80	90	94	89	79	66	52
Sacramento	58	67	65	66	76	86	95	97	91	83	72	65
Fresno	57	55	62	60	76	89	96	98	94	84	76	53
Keeler	73	75	74	74	79	89	85	89	90	86	75	74
Bidwell	42	53	51	54	53	58	82	84	83	69	50	43
Los Angeles	68	63	58	53	57	61	71	75	77	74	74	69
San Diego	61	59	52	54	46	50	53	62	62	61	65	63
Yuma	76	78	78	84	88	92	83	78	90	88	81	80

TABLE No. IV.

MONTHLY PERCENTAGES OF PROBABILITY OF CLOUDY DAYS AT WEATHER BUREAU STATIONS IN CALIFORNIA, FROM RECORDS FOR MANY YEARS.

Stations.	Jan.	Feb.	Mar.	April.	May.	June.	July.	Aug.	Sept.	Oct.	Nov.	Dec.
San Francisco	48	46	46	42	40	40	40	43	34	32	38	47
Eureka	53	41	48	56	45	39	28	17	24	40	45	50
Red Bluff	45	43	39	40	35	20	10	6	11	21	34	48
Sacramento	42	33	35	34	24	14	5	3	9	17	28	35
Fresno	43	45	38	40	24	11	4	2	6	16	24	47
Keeler	27	25	26	26	21	11	15	11	10	14	25	26
Bidwell	58	47	49	46	47	42	18	16	17	31	50	57
Los Angeles	32	37	42	47	43	39	29	25	23	26	26	31
San Diego	39	41	48	46	54	50	47	40	38	39	35	37
Yuma	24	22	22	16	12	8	17	22	10	12	19	20

AT MONTEREY BAY.

BY VIRNA WOODS.

ON sea-washed rocks a dainty lichen grows;
Back from the shore are lofty cypress trees;
And in the waves the frail anemones
Softly their purple fringes ope and close.
A lonely gull on slow wing seaward goes;
A shallop drifts before the freshening breeze;
Full are the lingering hours of calm and ease;
Full is the soul, world-weary, of repose.

The wind is singing to the monotone
Of the deep tides; and singing in the pines,
Through whose soft waving foliage lightly shines
The sun on silver beaches as it shone
Twelve decades past, when from the branches swung
The Mission bells that Junipero hung.

KENTUCK.

By Nellie Blessing Eyster.

HE scene was picturesque and not uncommon at that date, the spring of eighteen hundred and fifty-five.

It was about eight o'clock in the evening, and around a small campfire in the depths of a Colorado cañon sat six men, travel-stained but robust, playing a game of cards, and passing, at times, the whisky flask, as swiftly as though it was a weaver's shuttle.

All were young, all were bound for the same goal,—the gold mines of California; and all alike seemed men to whom adventure was welcome and recklessness considered a virtue.

The horses were tethered a short distance from where the party was seated, their occasional neigh of satisfaction mingling harmoniously with the mysterious noises of the dense forest and the quiet good humor of the travelers.

As the play progressed the voices of the players grew more subdued and earnest.

"Hold up, Gaston!" suddenly shouted one of the group, as he spoke impulsively grasping the hand of his opponent and scattering the cards which he held to the right and left.

With an oath, Gaston sprang to his feet. His handsome face, distorted with anger—and flushed with whisky—glared for an instant upon the startled band. Drawing his revolver from his belt he fired two shots into the breast of his accuser; and ere the exclamations, "Coward! Coward!" which burst from one of the confused group, as he sprang forward to catch the falling man, had died away, Gaston, on his horse, was fleeing through the outer darkness.

* * * *

I was idly sauntering through the court of the Palace Hotel, San Francisco, recently, musing upon the question, "What is reality and what is unreality?" when my attention was arrested by a voice asking earnestly:

"Have you ever, when completely awake, had a vivid impression of seeing or being touched by a living being, or inanimate object, or of hearing a voice, which impression, as far as you could discover, was not due to any external, physical cause?"

The speaker was one of two middle-aged, practical, matter-of-fact-looking men, who, seated in arm chairs, were enjoying an after-dinner cigar; but instead of politics, the World's Fair, or the condition of the stock market, their theme, evidently, was some phase of occultism, a branch of science in which I am much interested, and into which my line of thought was, at that moment, running.

I had a *table d'hôte* acquaintance with both gentlemen; so, stopping, I asked, "Will you permit me to hear the answer to that question? Mine is no idle curiosity."

"Certainly. Of course," said Mr. Franc, "I have a satisfactory one, I think, which grew out of an episode in my early life; at least I think it worth the telling.

"I'll give you the simple facts, leaving off the filagree and poetry, although there was enough of each about my hero to cover three hundred pages of a first-class novel.

"When I first 'took a claim' on what is now called Josephine's Creek, a small stream in Southern Oregon, I felt that I was in Pandemonium. I was only twenty, had left a refined home in Ohio to seek my fortune, and knew no more about the 'roughs' and 'toughs' that made up a miner's camp in those days than does a baby of theosophy. Every day brought some

new revelation of the depravity of the human race, as there represented; and I would soon have lost my faith in my kind but for the presence of one man, who was known simply as 'Kentuck,' and about whom, dare-devil as he was, there was a fascination indescribable. Every word and movement was emphatic. Swear! I never heard such expletives as came from his lips, although, to his credit be it said, he never used the name of the Divine One.

"He was of the Buffalo Bill type of physique, but much handsomer. He was as muscular as an athlete, and woe to the fellow who provoked a blow from his clenched fist; for it proved a potent 'knock-down argument.'

"There were vague, untraceable rumors in the air that he was an outlaw, and this belief was strengthened by the fact that he avoided all reference to his early history; and, as he seemed satisfied with being known by the name 'Kentuck,' it was deemed expedient to gratify his whim. In those days it was considered too personal to evince much anxiety about names. In truth, it would lead, sometimes, to an 'unpleasantness,' and, occasionally, to a funeral.

"A trading-post had been established in an adjoining valley, which was the headquarters for all the miners in that vicinity, and they were many. Here, on Sundays, most of us went to settle our bills, lay in fresh supplies, exchange items of news, and in too many cases drink and gamble away the proceeds of the week's work.

"One remarkable feature about Kentuck was that he never, while I was in camp with him, 'took a hand,' although he would watch the progress of a game as a cat does a mouse, and somehow no fellow dared prevent or resent it.

"When drunk, which was not infrequent, he would wander off, alone, as fierce as a wild boar, returning after a day or two, master of himself and of most every other fellow among us; for he was as magnetic as he was plucky.

"There were times when his dialect was like that of the 'poor whites' down South, a mixture of negro and Anglo-Saxon, and at others, but rarely (for he was seldom off guard), his phraseology was elegant. I never saw such a dual character as he presented. He seemed, however, utterly devoid of sentiment, and as cold, scoffing and relentless as a Mephistopheles.

"The creek was simply 'The Creek' at that time, no other name designating it.

"One morning, while at work, we were surprised by the sudden appearance of a stranger,—a gentlemanly looking man, leading by the hand a little girl about nine or ten years old. All work was instantly suspended. If a winged cherub, just from Paradise, had lit upon the stone pile near by, the men could not have gazed upon it with more reverence and admiration than they did, for a few minutes, upon the face of that child.

"The man's story was not an uncommon one for those times. He had started across the plains, that season, with a good outfit, a wife and three children, all full of hope of a happy home on the Pacific Slope. Sickness and accident had done their work. He reached Oregon City penniless and broken-hearted, with only this one child left to him to make life endurable.

"'The sole object with me, now, is to make enough money to get my little Josephine back among her kindred and friends,' he said, 'and I thought I could more readily do that in the mines than elsewhere.'

"The miners, to their credit be it said, gave him a generous welcome. An unoccupied cabin was hastily fitted up and placed at his disposal, and before night the news had spread that 'a young lady' and her father were living in 'Old Webfoot's den.'

"Perhaps it was 'Kentuck's' example, perhaps it was the little speech he made around the mess fire where a few of the roughest of our crowd were assembled that first evening; but surely

I never would have believed that the presence of a girl of such tender years could have created such a commotion among those irresponsible men as did that of little Josephine.

"She was a pretty, refined looking little creature, very shy and timid at first; but when she realized that every one whom she met had a smile and kind word for her all restraint and fear wore off, and she was as happy as a bird.

"Her father, a quiet, broken-spirited man, found employment, at once, among the miners, at good wages, thanks to Kentuck, while 'little Josephine,' as all called her, kept house after a child's fashion for him.

"How those days have impressed themselves upon my memory! Often, when the cabin was 'tidied up,' as she used to say, she would come and watch us at our work. Frequently she would be invited to come on the claim and try a pan of dirt, 'to bring us good luck, you know,' as some of the boys would say, coaxingly.

"She became quite an expert at 'panning out;' and, as a liberal pinch of gold dust was always surreptitiously dropped in the dirt she was prospecting, her morning calls often brought more to the common fund than her father's entire day's work.

But one day news came that 'little Josephine's father,' the only name by which he was known, was 'down with the fever.'

"Poor man! He was illy adapted for the hard life he was leading. It was wonderful how some of those rough fellows tried to lighten Josephine's care! One or another was in constant attendance upon him. Any delicacies that could be procured in the way of canned goods were to be found in his cabin; and a general feeling of relief pervaded the camp when it was known that 'he would soon be on his pegs again.'

"But he couldn't work a stroke, even when he had left his bunk, and we soon saw that he was sinking with discouragement. During all this time Kentuck kept in the background as much as possible; but he was the prime mover in all that was done for the comfort of the sick man, and the protection of Josephine from rough words or indelicate actions. Ever since her coming there had been a great change in him. We all saw but could not define it. Evidently some long-sleeping memories had been awakened, but of what nature I, for one, could not even conjecture. He never spoke to Josephine but with uncovered head, and his eyes would follow her with somewhat of a loving worship with which a devotee looks upon the picture or statue of a saint. I noticed that he had never touched a drop of whisky since the pair had come. But few of the men in our immediate neighborhood possessed sensibilities sufficiently fine to comprehend either this conundrum of a man or his motives; and as so little was known of his antecedents he was always, more or less, an object of suspicion.

"One evening, about six weeks after 'little Josephine's' arrival, having been absent all day, Kentuck sauntered into camp, about sundown, with a pair of dead jack rabbits slung across his shoulder.

"'They'll make a nice stew for the old man,' he said to me, nodding towards Webfoot's den, as he passed on to his own cabin.

"A quiet-looking stranger of about Kentuck's age, 'hailing from Arkansas' he said, had been loitering around the neighborhood all day, prospecting, and at that hour was sitting on a stump, whittling. Kentuck, with a light step, strode past him, like a young giant, without seeing him.

"Not so the stranger. He sprang to his feet, looked after him with intense gaze until he had entered his cabin, and then approached me.

"'Who is he?' was the curt query. I was not at all reticent those days, so with boyish eagerness I told all I knew (which was but little), uncon-

sciously, I think, dwelling on his affectionate and chivalrous care of little Josephine.

"Among other proofs of his fine perceptions of propriety, I remember telling him about Kentuck having one day given the girl a whistle which he had made, telling her that he was a light sleeper, and that if anything went wrong in the cabin to blow on it and he would be sure to hear it and to come to her aid.

"'Where will he be to-night?' asked the stranger.

"'Can't tell,' I answered, for somehow the expression of the man's face at that moment puzzled me. I could not define it, but it awakened a suspicion in my mind that Kentuck was the object. The stranger left me without further words.

"That night was starless, and about nine o'clock I chanced to see Kentuck leave his cabin and go across the bar towards 'little Josephine's.'

"Under other circumstances the incident would not have attracted my attention; but my curiosity was now alert, and fearing, I knew not what, I determined to follow him. I did so noiselessly. I crept like a cat.

"When within forty or fifty yards of Josephine's cabin, Kentuck seated himself, drew his pistol from his belt and laid it by his side, filled his pipe and seemed to have settled down for a good smoke. For about half an hour I watched him, when it occurred to me that he was keeping guard over little Josephine's cabin.

"Fact, and it leaked out, afterwards, that such had been his habit ever since the child had come.

"Ashamed of my suspicions, I was about creeping back as I had come, when I heard and saw Kentuck spring to his feet with a cry:

"'Halt! Who goes there?'

"I was not near enough to hear the reply, but soon the two were in conversation, and once I was able to recognize the voice of the Arkansas stranger.

"It was not in my mortal man to resist the desire to know more about the two, so mysteriously connected, I felt; so I listened, as best I could, by moving a little nearer. I could hear but snatches. The Arkansas man addressed Kentuck by the name of Gaston. I gleaned that some time previously a man had been shot and killed, and that his brother had offered a thousand dollars for the apprehension of the murderer. Then I distinctly heard the rich voice of Kentuck saying:

"'Burns, now's your chance for a cool thousand; I'll surrender to you. Life is not worth the living.'

"The reply was:

"'No, I can't do it, old Pard. I found you merely by accident. In the words of a holier man than you or I, "Go, and sin no more."'

"I got back to my cabin somehow, and I felt as though I had been stealing.

"The stranger left the next morning, and for days I avoided seeing Kentuck, but when I got a chance to grip his hand one evening I did it with an impulse of loyal comradeship that I could not resist, but which he could not understand.

"One Sunday morning the usual crowd assembled at the store, with the exception of Kentuck, who was generally the first to be there, and the last to leave.

"The morning was half gone, and all possible surmises as to the cause of his absence discussed, before he made his appearance. He walked up to the bar, making no reply to the varied greetings which he received, until one of his friends said mockingly:

"'We concluded you had gone to church this morning, old boy.'

"Waving aside the proffered bottle and glass he turned to him and said in a tone that attracted the attention of all:

"'Jim, I think I have been there.'

"A dead silence followed the remark. The card players ceased their game,

glasses remained untouched, and all were wondering if Kentuck had lost his senses, when he continued:

"'Boys! I'll tell you the whole story. Little Josephine's being here has set me to thinking more and more of a little sister whom I loved like my own life, and whom I left behind a good many years ago. If she is alive I know she is a woman now, and I'm not fit to be called her brother, but to me she'll always be a little girl, just about like Josephine.

"'I keep thinking how would I feel if I knew she was here, alone, amongst a lot of men like us and not a woman within fifty miles;—I understand all about that,' he said in reply to numerous angry glances directed towards him; 'I know there's not a man on the creek that would let any harm come to Josephine while he lived, if he could help it, but that's not the thing. She ought to be among her friends at home.'

"He paused a minute and continued, 'I came down by the cabin just now, and hearing some one talking I went up to the door, thinking some of our fellows were there; but boys, it was the old man praying, and she was on her knees by his side. He allowed he didn't care what became of him if his little girl was only back with her kindred once more, and he wanted help to see some way to get her there.

"'Now, boys, that was a good prayer and ought to be answered, and we are the ones to answer it. It's nothing to us but everything to her, and if we don't make up a purse that will take them back to the States we deserve never to pan out another color.'

"The trader meanwhile had not been idle. He knew the kind of men with whom he had to deal. He saw what the result of 'Kentuck's sermon' (as it was afterward called) would be, and had taken down from his shelf one of the largest of his stock of miner's purses and arranged his gold scales for business. When Kentuck laid his purse of 'dust' on the counter, saying, 'Weigh five out of that for a starter,' he went at it as though it was an every-day occurrence. Soon five ounces of the precious metal were transferred; another purse was tossed on the counter with the request, 'do so to mine.' Some of the fellows were 'strapped' and would get their more fortunate friends to 'put up an ounce or two' for them, until some sixty ounces in all were contributed.

"Arrangements were made with a packer, who was to start for Portland the following morning, to see the father and daughter safely there; and much against his entreaties Kentuck was selected to call on the 'old man,' and to tell him what had been done.

"'I'd almost rather be drawn and quartered,' he said, and his perplexed countenance indicated his reluctance.

"He found the two at the cabin, and after a few minutes talk about cinnamon bears and jerked venison started to go away, then turning suddenly, said:

"'I came pretty near forgetting a message for you. Some of the boys thought that maybe the reason you didn't go back to the States before winter set in was because you were a little 'short,' so they chipped in a few pinches to make a home-stake for you, and as I came by the store they asked me to leave it here with you. The packer starts for Portland in the morning and would be mighty glad, he said, to have you go with him. If you do, you can get to 'Frisco in time for the next Panama steamer and be at home in less than a month. Without giving the completely overwhelmed man time to say a word, nor casting even a glance to Josephine, he hurried away.

"But he had not gone ten yards before the child had reached him. Taking his horny hand in both her soft palms, while tears of joy ran down her cheeks, she exclaimed:

"'Oh, Kentuck! I know it all. Something inside tells me. This is all your doing, and I will always pray to God to bless you;" and drawing his bearded face down to hers she kissed

him between his eyes and on his forehead.

"Unable to speak he rushed toward his cabin, and throwing himself on the floor cried like—like a woman. Fact, I saw him, but I doubt whether he had shed a tear before since he had been a child. He was a queer mixture! Most of the boys were on hand the next morning to give the travelers a good 'send-off,' Kentuck getting there just in time for a hurried goodbye, but no hand-shake. His face hadn't a bit of color in it, but no sooner were they out of sight than he turned and said:

"'The creek'll seem lonely without her, boys; she's left it forever, but let's keep the name here. Let's call it the 'Josephine;' and thus christened—for love baptized it—it has remained to this day. I never saw that fellow, who had always before been the leader, as I said, in all the deviltry going on in the camp,—I never saw him smile until a letter came to the store in due time, written by Josephine and addressed to him. It was the letter of an artless, affectionate child, expressing her gratitude to all the 'boys,' him particularly, and reporting their safe arrival. Kentuck read it aloud in the store, put it in his blouse pocket, and I never again heard him mention her name.

"However, I soon after left also, to try my fortune in another and distant field, and after a few years of hard 'knocking around,' during which I heard nothing of my old comrades on Josephine Creek, the little incident, and the one man who had given my life a tinge of romance while there, seemed to have faded out.

"It was about fifteen years after, when, with a company of surveyors, of whom I was one, we were obliged to make a week's halt, within a few miles I thought, of the locality of my first old mining camp. We had not been settled twenty-four hours when an uncontrollable desire seized me to hunt up the old camp on the creek and see what its fortunes had been. It was winter, and the sky was murky when I began my wanderings, afoot. No one seemed inclined to accompany me, and I purposed returning before night. You never saw an Oregon snow-squall, did you? Well, it's about the suddenest thing on earth but a quake. This one was no exception. In less than an hour I knew I was lost and my shouting didn't seem to go six feet from my mouth. Night came on. I was dazed and almost blinded, and seeing ahead of me what looked, in the twilight, like the roof of a cabin, I made for it. I had just strength left to kick the door open, when I fell, exhausted, but fortunately inside the doorway, and managed to close it.

"Unconsciousness is sometimes a blessing in disguise. I awoke with my head as clear as a bell, but I couldn't move. My limbs seemed turned to stone. I had lost all idea of time, and it was as 'dark as Egypt.' I could move my fingers after some effort, and found myself still upon the floor where I had first fallen. I had no sensation of hunger nor cold, but that awful darkness and stillness was oppressive.

"Some expressions stand for nothing until one has realized their meaning. Such a one is, 'straining the ear to catch the slightest sound.' I strained mine with an intensity that I would have thought impossible under other circumstances, but no sound greeted me. Perhaps I had been stricken blind and deaf, I thought, and I was about calling for help, when an indescribable fear of hearing my own voice overcame me. My eyes were wide open, as I said, and soon the vision of my past life, from my earliest childhood up to the moment of my recent leaving of my party, unrolled before me like a panorama. Fact! I never saw anything like it. The whole scene was more realistic than memory could possibly have produced. In it all, however, I realized that I was lying, rigid and almost motionless, upon a hard floor. Doubtless I was approaching a condition of incipient insanity, I thought.

Then a voice which I had not heard for years seemed to reach the most sensitive center of my being. It was as distinctly audible to my ear as is mine to yours, this minute, and the exclamation, 'Great God, Kentuck, where are you?' burst from my lips. My own ears heard it, and I knew then that I was not dead. Circles of light, such as one sees behind the suddenly closed eyelids on a sunny day, were moving before me in a bewildering whirl, but threw no light or radiance on my surroundings. I was not terrified, but rather soothed.

"Again Kentuck spoke, and I seemed to see him (as I had seen the vision of my life) with his arms folded, and a tender smile upon his face, looking straight into mine. I cannot recall his clothing nor stature. I saw nothing but his handsome face, refined and colorless, looking into mine as though he was talking to my soul. He said: 'Do you know where you are? This is old Webfoot's den, and you are snowed in. But help will come, have no fear. Find little Josephine; she is in San Francisco, Pacific Street, with her uncle, John Dunbar. Find her. I — have — expiated — my — crime — by — re — pent — ance — and — fa —' The circles of light were growing less and less in size and intensity, and as the voice failed to impress itself upon my ear soon all again was darkness and stillness, and I seemed to relapse into my previous unconsciousness.

"I'll tell you, I wouldn't go through that experience again for any man's millions, and yet I was not frightened. I cannot analyze it."

"And who found you?" I asked, for up to that period of the story neither of us listeners had spoken.

"The men of my party. I had been there forty-eight hours. Would you have believed it? I was a week getting over what I thought was a sort of cataleptic attack, or something like it."

"'And the place! Was it, indeed, old Webfoot's den?'

"It was. We afterward explored the old camp, for the snow soon melted. There little Josephine and her father had lived their brief stay with us, and behind it, not forty feet from the east bank of the creek, was a mound, near a clump of young pines, and on the head-board, roughly but deeply carved, was the name,

"'KENTUCK'—1858.

"When I read it my hair stood on end with a sudden horror, for surely, I thought, with his spirit released from his body, where might it not wander! I said nothing about my 'vision'—as I called it in my own mind—for months, but I resolved that if ever I got to San Francisco again I would find out if such a man as John Dunbar lived in it. It was nearly a year before I had the opportunity, but I found him, and 'little Josephine,' his beautiful niece and housekeeper, was there sure enough. *She's mine now*, has been my wife and home-maker for many long and happy years; and but for 'Kentuck,' whether in the body or out of the body I know not, I'd surely never have found her."

"'Then you must believe that your 'vision' was no mere hallucination,'" said the gentleman who had opened the conversation, and who had been even more than I a most interested listener.

"Believe! I know it was not. The facts prove it. I have given them to you, as I said at the beginning, without any varnish of the imagination.

"My wife did not know for some years after having left 'the creek' that Mr. Dunbar, who had been shot over a game of cards while preceding the rest of his family across the plains, was the brother of her father.

"She says that next to me she believes in her heart of hearts she loves best Kentuck, who is her ideal of perfect manhood. Strange, is it not? Poor fellow! He must have died soon after I left the camp.

"Maybe the two worlds, the Seen and the Unseen, overlap each other, and the purified Kentuck of my night in old Webfoot's den is nearer to me now than he could have been while in 'the flesh.'"

THE CITY OF THE SKY,—ACOMA.

By Charles F. Lummis.

HERE is one Acoma*. It is a class by itself. The peer of it is not in the world. I might call it the Quéres Gibraltar; but Gibraltar is a pregnable place beside it. It is the Quebec of the southwest; but Quebec could be stormed three times while an army climbed Acoma unopposed. If as a defensible town there be no standard whereby to measure it, comparison is still more hopeless when we attack its impregnable beauty and picturesqueness. It is the garden of the gods multiplied by ten, and with ten equal but other wonders thrown in; and with a human interest, an archæological value, an atmosphere of romance and mystery that would have maddened Ruskin, Humboldt and Hawthorne, it is a labyrinth of wonders of which no person alive knows all, and of which not six white men have even an adequate conception, tho' hundreds have seen it in part. The longest visit never wears out its glamor; one feels as in a strange, sweet, unearthly dream,—as among scenes and beings more than human, whose very rocks are genii, and whose people are swart conjurors. It is spendthrift of beauty. There are half a hundred cattle and sheep corrals, whose surroundings would be the fortune of as many summer-resorts in the East, and scores of untrodden cliff-sentineled gorges far grander yet. If there is any sight in the world which will cling to one, undimmed by later impressions, it is the first view of Acoma and its valley from the *mesa*† as one comes in from the west. After the long, slow slope among the sprawling cedars, one stands suddenly upon a smooth divide, looking out upon such a scene as is nowhere else. A few rods ahead, the mesa breaks down in a swift cliff of six hundred feet to a valley that seems surely enchanted. A grassy trough, five miles wide and ten in visible length, smooth with that ineffable hazy smoothness which is only of the southwest, crowded upon by noble precipices, patched with exquisite hues of rocks and clays and growing crops,—it is such a vista as would be impossible outside the arid lands. And in its midst lies a shadowy world of crags so unearthly beautiful, so weird, so unique, that it is hard for the onlooker to believe himself in America, or upon this dull planet at all. As the evening shadows play hide and seek among those towering sandstones it is as if an army of Titans marched across the enchanted plain. To the left beetles the vast cliff of Kat-zí-mo, or the Mesa Encantada, the noblest single rock in America; to the right, the tall portals of two fine cañons,—themselves treasure-houses of wonders; between, the chaos of the buttes that flank the superb mesa of Acoma. That is one grand rock—a dizzy air-island above the plain—three hundred and fifty-five feet high, seventy acres in area upon its irregular but practically level top,—a stone table upheld by ineffable precipices which are not merely perpendicular but in great part actually overhanging. The contour of those cliffs is an endless enchantment. They

* Pronounced Ah-co-mah, accent on first syllable.

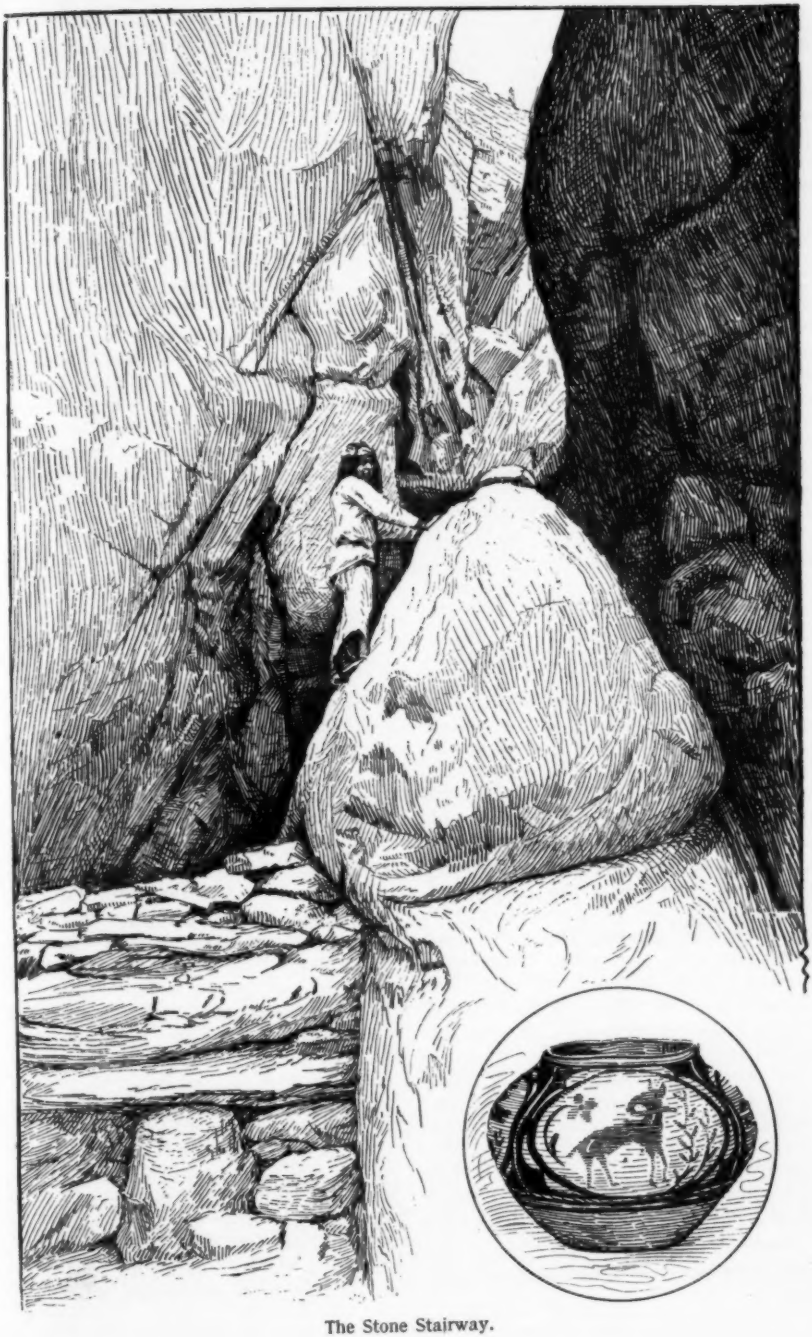
† Table-land with cliff sides.

are broken by scores of marvelous bays, scores of terrific columns and pinnacles, crags and towers. There are dozens of "natural" bridges, from one of a fathom's span to one so sublime, so crushing in its savage and enormous grandeur, that the heart fairly stops beating at first sight of it. There are strangest standing rocks and balanced rocks, vast potreros and fairy minarets, wonderlands of recesses, and mysterious caves. It is the noblest specimen of fantastic erosion on the continent. Everywhere there is insistent suggestion of Assyrian sculpture in its rocks. One might fancy it a giant Babylon, water-worn to dimness. The peculiar cleavage of its beautiful sandstone has hemmed it with strange top-heavy statues that guard grim chasms. The invariable approach of visitors is to the tamest side of the mesa; and *that* surpasses what one shall find elsewhere. But to outdo one's wildest dreams of the picturesque, one should explore the whole circumference of the mesa, which not a half a dozen Americans have ever done. No one has ever exhausted Acoma;—those who know it best are forever stumbling upon new glories.

Upon the bare table-top of this strange stone island of the desert, seven thousand feet above the level of the sea, stands a town of matchless interest,—the home of half a thousand quaint lives, and of half a thousand years' romance. How old is that mysterious sky city no man may know. In the far-gray past Acoma stood atop the Mesa Encantada, three miles north; but a mighty throe of nature toppled down the vast ladder-rock which gave sole adit to that dizzy perch,—twice as high as the now Acoma. The people were left homeless in the plain, where they were tending their crops; and three doomed women, left at home, were shut aloft to perish upon the accursed cliff. But when the Spanish world-finders saw this magic valley the present Acoma was already an ancient city, from whose eternal battlements the painted natives looked down upon the mailed invaders as many hundreds of feet as centuries have since then faded. There stand, so far aloft, the quaint homes of five hundred people—three giant blocks of stone and adobe, running east and west near a thousand feet, and skyward forty—and their huge church. When one has climbed the mesa to the town and grasped its proportions, wonder grows to a daze. No other town in the world is reached only by such vertiginous trails, or rather by such ladders of the rock; and yet up these awful paths the patient Quéres have brought upon their backs every timber, every stone, every bit of adobe mud to build that strange city and its marvelous church. There are timbers fourteen inches square and forty feet long, brought by human muscle alone from the mountains twenty miles away. The church walls are sixty feet high and ten feet through; and the building covers more ground than any modern cathedral in the United States. The graveyard in front, nearly two hundred feet square, took forty years in the building; for first the gentle toilers had to frame a giant box with stone walls, a box forty feet deep at the outer edge, and then to fill it backful by backful with earth from the far plain. In the weird stone ladders the patient moccasined feet of forgotten centuries have sunk their imprint six inches deep in the rock. Antiquity and mystery haunt every nook. The very air is hazy with romance. How have they lived and loved and suffered here in their skyward home, these quiet Hano Oshash,—the Children of the Sun!

Acoma is thirteen miles south of the Atlantic & Pacific Railroad, in the western half of New Mexico. The best stations from which to reach it are Laguna (its daughter pueblo) and McCarty's, from either of which places an Indian may be procured to transport the visitor by farm-wagon.

Acoma figures in our very first knowledge of the southwest; and the earliest European eyes that ever saw



The Stone Stairway.

it marveled as we marvel yet. In spite of the closet historians, Cabeza de Vaca never saw New Mexico, which was discovered only by the heroic Franciscan, Fray Marcos of Nizza,* in 1539. He was the first civilized man who ever looked upon that strangest landmark of our antiquity, a pueblo town. But he never got beyond the pueblos of Zuñi,—the famed "Seven Cities of Cibola"—though he heard of Acoma. In 1540 the most remarkable of all explorers of America, Francisco Vasquez de Coronado, saw Zuñi, and a little later came to the more wondrous town of which the Zuñis had told him,—Há-cu-que, Ah-co, Acoma. Of its salient wonders he has left us a very accurate description. We may well imagine that the awestruck savages were no more astounded at their first sight of fair-faced strangers than were the latter at that thrice-wondrous town. There were grizzled veterans there who had been with the great Captain Cortez in his matchless conquest of the southern wonderland; but they had never found anything like this. The adobe city of Motecuzoma, in the bloody lake of Tezcuco,—it was bigger, but what was it to this sky-built citadel? That with its strong walls and narrow dykes was ill enough to storm, and worse to retreat from; but what would be a Noche Triste among these grim cliffs? Fortunately, there was no need to learn. The Acomas received the wondrous strangers kindly, taking them for gods; and Coronado and his heroic little band pressed on unmolested to the Rio Grande and to their unprecedented march of exploration in chase of the gilded myth of the Gran Quivira.

It was near half a century after Coronado's gallant but ill-starred exploits before the adventurous Spaniards were again tempted to the discouraging deserts of our southwest. Truly there was little enough to tempt them. Utterly disappointed in the golden legends which had led them to such rovings as no other race ever paralleled anywhere, for (again in despite of the arm-chair historians) all tales of rich Spanish mines in New Mexico and Arizona are absolutely untrue, and, finding almost as little of other attractions as of gold, they long devoted themselves to the more grateful countries to our south. It was not until that preëminent figure among the colonizers of America, the unspoiled millionaire Juan de Oñate, came with his five hundred thousand dollar expedition, that permanent work began to be done in New Mexico; though before him, and after Coronado, Chamuscado, Espejo and de Sosa had made notable successive explorations here. In 1581 Espejo visited Acoma, and there saw the astounding snake-dance which now survives alone in remote Moqui,—a dance wherein the half-naked performers bear living, mortal rattlesnakes in their hands and mouths. Espejo also was treated in Acoma, and gave us a good description of its wonders, though his guess at the population was as wild as his guesses at the other pueblos. He was the one glaring exception to the painstaking accuracy of the Spanish explorers in their chronicles of wonders seen.

The first real foothold of Europeans in Acoma was achieved in 1598, when the Acomas voluntarily submitted themselves to the authority of Oñate and became vassals of the Spanish crown, swearing to the Act of Obedience, whose purport was fully explained to them. But the submission was not in good faith. The Indians had no idea of real surrender; but these stranger Men-of-Power might not be openly opposed, and it was best to move by treachery. The war captains had already laid their plans to entrap and slay Oñate, believing that his death would materially weaken the Spaniards. But Oñate's lucky star led him out of the unsuspected danger; and with his wee army he proceeded on that grim desert march to Moqui.

* Facts first established by Bandelier's exhaustive research.

Scarcely had he gone when his lieutenant, Juan de Zaldivar, arrived with a dozen men from a vast journey. The Acomas enticed them up into the town, fell upon them by daylight, and bungled them to death with clubs and flint knives. Five bleeding heroes leaped down the ghastly cliff,—a leap unparalleled. Wonderful to tell, only one was killed by that incredible fall; the remaining four lived, and finally escaped.

Old Church at Acoma.

In the following month—as soon as the weak Spanish resources could be marshaled—Oñate sent a little band to punish treacherous Acoma. Never did soldiers march to a forlorner hope; and never in all history was there a greater feat of arms than the storming of that impregnable rock by Vicente de Zaldivar with seventy men—of whom less than threescore were engaged in the assault—on the bloody 22d, 23d and 24th of January, 1599. The forcing of that awful cliff, the three days' death-struggle hand-to-hand, the storming of that fortress-town, room by savage room, time records nothing more desperately brilliant. These smooth, gray rocks, whereon I dream to-day, were slippery,—red then with the life-blood of a thousand heroes; for here Greek met Greek, and ghastly rivulets ran down the hollows and trickled over the cliff to the thirsty valley. This drowsy air was split with the war-cry of Santiago and the shrill enemy yell of the Hero brothers; and where yon naked babes sport dimpled in a dimpling pool, stark warriors wallowed in a grimmer bath, and gasped from

dying lips undying hate. Over yon dizzy brink I toss unanswering pebbles to the deep plain, where maddened savages sprang forth to death in spatters. And where yon statuesque maiden walks placidly, a great gay *tinaja* of water perched upon her shapely head, a gray, tattered, bleeding Spaniard received the surrender of the scant remnant of crushed Acoma. In the precious epic left by Villagran, the soldier poet, who was *pars magna* of those bitter days, we have still a long and graphic description of a heroism which history could ill afford to lose.

Thirty years later there was another capture of Acoma, as remarkable and as heroic as Zaldivar's marvelous assault, but with other weapons. In that year of 1629 came the apostle of the Acomas, brave, gentle Fray Juan Ramirez, walking his perilous way alone from distant Santa Fé. His new parishioners received him with a storm of arrows. There is a current legend that they threw him off the cliff, and that his priestly robes upheld him miraculously and saved his life; but this is a myth without foundation of fact. It probably sprang, partly, from confusion with the marvelous and real escape of Oñate's four men, and partly from a misunderstanding of the Indian folk-lore. The undaunted Franciscan faced the wrath of the savages, and finally won their hearts. For a score of years he lived alone among them, taught them to read and write, and led them to Christianity. The first church in Acoma, built two centuries and a half ago, was one of the monuments of this as noble and successful a missionary as ever lived.

And then came the awful month of Santana, 1680, when the Pueblo thunderbolt burst from a clear sky upon the doomed Spaniards. Nowhere else in the history of the United States was there ever such a massacre of Caucasians by Indians as on that red 10th of August. More than a score of devoted missionaries, more than four hundred heroic Spanish colonists, were butchered then, in a blow that fell all across New Mexico at once; and the pitiful remnant of the invader was driven from the land. In Acoma was then the good Franciscan, Fray Lucas Maldonado. How his treacherous flock fell upon the lone martyr; if they thrust him off the wild precipice that girt his parish, or beat out life from the quivering clay with clubs and stones, or spilt it from gashes with the cruel flint knife, we may never know. All that is left to us is the knowledge that he was slaughtered here, and here fills an unknown grave; and that the dearly built temple of the white God was razed to the earth. With it went the thumbed church-books, that would have been so precious to history and to romance to-day.

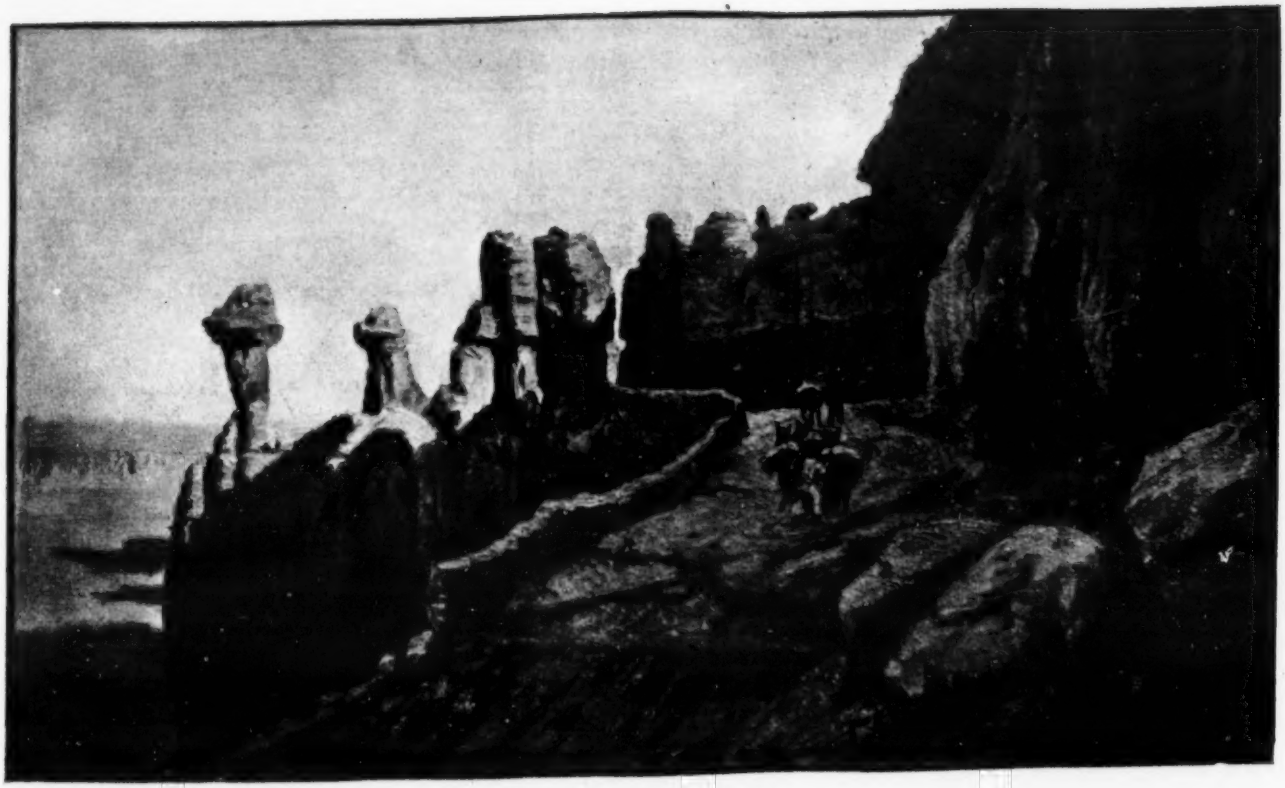
When Diego de Vargas, the re-conqueror, took back New Mexico in 1692, Acoma surrendered at once to his formidable force of two hundred men. In 1696 the high-perched pueblo again rebelled. Vargas marched against it, but could not storm the deadly rock; and the rebellion was never punished. The Acomas, however, seeing all the other pueblos submitting to the humane invader, gradually relented from their defiance and fell into line. The mission was re-established, and the church rebuilt, about the year 1700. Since then the quaint town has dwelt in peace. In 1728 was the last attempt at a pueblo uprising, but in that Acoma was not concerned; and the Franciscan Fathers labored undisturbed in their lonely field. The last Franciscan in New Mexico, Fray Mariano de Jesus Lopez, was priest of Acoma more than a generation ago. He it was who settled the strange quarrel between Acoma and Laguna over the possession of the oil painting of San José, presented by Charles II. of Spain to the Indians three-quarters of a century before,—a remarkable case, which figures interestingly in the reports of the Supreme Court of New Mexico. The good old fraile met death by the accidental discharge of a venerable pistol.

Laguna, by the way,—itself a very interesting spot, directly upon the A. & P. R. R., where its strange architecture is the wonder of thousands of travelers,—is the newest of all the pueblos. It was founded July 4, 1699, by refugees from Acoma (which contributed a large majority) Zia and Cochiti. Later it received recruits also from Zuñi.

The people of Acoma are quaint as their remarkable city. In their very simplicity breathes an atmosphere of the mysterious. Tangibly they are plain, industrious farmers, strongly Egyptian in their methods despite the steel plow and the Studebaker wagon of recent adoption. Their lands are 95,791 acres, confirmed by U. S. patent. Of this area the great majority is available only for grazing; but the valley wherein the mesa stands, the well-watered valley of the San José, twelve miles northwest, wherein is their summer pueblo of Acomita, and some minor areas, are threaded with irrigating ditches, and rustle with corn and wheat, chile, beans and wee peach orchards and melon patches. Their crops are adequate. They have enough to eat, enough to sell for luxuries. The dark storerooms in their curious houses are never empty; and in the living-rooms hang queer *tasajos* (twists) of dried muskmelon for dwarf pies, bags of dried peaches for the same end, jerked mutton from their own flocks, jerked venison from the communal hunt, parched chile, and other staples. In a corner is always the row of sloping lava slabs, neatly boxed about, whereon the blue corn is rubbed to meal with a smaller slab. Along the walls hang buckskins and moqui-woven mantas,* cougar-skin bow-cases beside the Winchester, coral necklaces and solid silver necklaces, the work of their own clever smiths, and many other aboriginal treasures. The cleanly and comfortable wool mattresses are rolled and laid on benches with handsome and often costly Navajo blankets, for a daytime sofa. By night they are unrolled upon rugs or canvases on the floor. In one corner is the wee but effective adobe fireplace, with chimney generally of unbottomed earthen jars, and in another a row of handsome *tinajas*, painted in strange patterns, full of fresh water.

Bird's-eye View of Acoma.

* Dress of Pueblo women.



The Road to the City of the Sky.

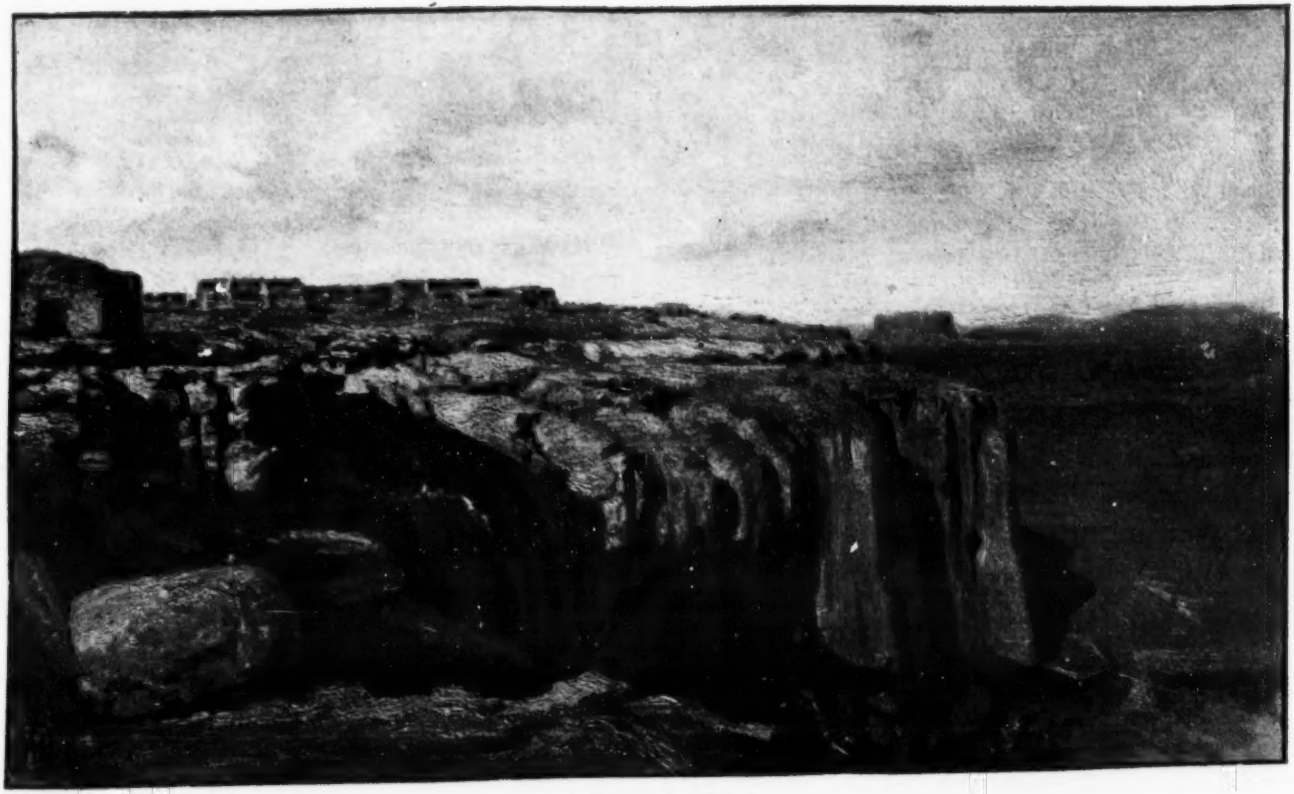
Outside, the house is even more picturesque. Each building is solid for several hundred feet, but cut by cross-walls into separate little homes which never have interior communication with each other. The block is three stories high, with a sheer wall behind, but terraced in front so that it looks like a flight of three gigantic steps. Save in a very few cases of recent innovation, there are no doors to the lower floor; and the only entrance to a house is by ladder to the roof of the first story, well back upon which the second story opens. The only entrance to the first story is through a tiny trap-door in the floor of the second and down a ladder. The third story and the utmost roof are reached by queer little steps on the division walls. The doors are nearly all very tiny, and the windows, save of a few spoiled houses, are merely big sheets of translucent gypsum, set solidly into the opening.

The costumes of the people are strikingly picturesque and even handsome. That of the women in particular is Oriental, characteristic and modest. Not only that, but it is costly. These quiet folks, whose facial appearance is generally comely, are far from naked savages.

The main mesa of Acoma is an indented oval; but at the south it is half yoked by an impassable hyphen of crags to a similar and equally noble mesa. So the whole rock, at a bird's-eye view, strikingly resembles, in shape, a pair of bowed spectacles. There are no dwellings on the southern mesa; but thither leads—down the side of the crag-hyphen and up again—a trail, deep worn in the rock, to the great reservoir, chief of the countless hollows which serve Acoma for water-works. This reservoir—a picturesquely beautiful cavity in the solid rock—should be seen at sunrise, when the strange lights and shadows, the clear image of its bluff walls in the mirror of a lakelet, make it a vision never to be forgotten. On the main mesa are a great many somewhat similar tanks, large and small; the natural capacity of the larger ones is increased by damming. Those nearest the houses are used as the town washtubs for clothing and children, —for the Acomas are very cleanly,— and the farther ones for drinking-water, of which the great tank on the south mesa, however, furnishes the main supply. In the high, dry air of this altitude, these natural stone reservoirs keep the rain-water cool and fresh the whole year around; and the supply almost never fails. When it does, there are fine springs in the plain whereupon to draw. Every drop of water used in the houses is brought by the women in three to five gallon *tinajas* upon their heads,—an exercise which may be largely responsible for the superb necks and chests and the confident poise of head notable among all Pueblo women. There is no more picturesque sight than the long file of these comely maids and matrons marching homeward in the sunset glow with their careless head-burdens.

Across the far, smooth valley the curling gramma is dotted with broad herds of horses, cattle, burros; and back in the surrounding wilderness of table-lands are great flocks of sheep. Nightly, as the sun falls back upon the huge black pillow of the Mesa Prieta, the hundreds of horses and burros are driven to the mesa's top by a new trail which has been builded with infinite toil since peace came. By the old trails—which sufficed the town for unknown centuries—not even a goat could mount the giant rock.

Such, to the casual sight, are the folk of Acoma, and such their surroundings; but, as one looks, there grows consciousness of the mystery within. Here and there are windowless rooms, reached only by a trapdoor in the roof and by a tall, rude ladder topped with mystic symbols. No stranger may enter there; but white-headed *principales* climb in and out, and strange muffled songs float off over the housetops far into the night,



Acoma from the Mesa.

with now and then the dull beat of the tombé; and now and then is the watcher aware of an invisible spiral of smoke curling above the dark hatchway,—from the sacred fire that never died nor ever shall. When Pa-yát-ya-ma, the Sun Father, shows his ruddy face above the eastern mesas, and again when he sinks into the dark ridges of the west, there are stirless human statues upon the housetops that show for more than careless look-outs. In the houses are mysterious symbols which the stranger dare not touch. In wild cave shrines above and below the cliffs are thousands of unknowable sticks tufted with downy feathers, miniature bows and arrows like those of Mau-sa-we and O-ya-we, and wee imitations of the magic hoop. Quaint, tiny parcels of the sacred corn-meal, wrapped and tied with the precious husk, are stowed everywhere in crannies of the infinite rocks. Everywhere are these hints of solemn mysteries, into which the visitor will do well not to pry. In a dizzy eyrie of the southern mesa, safe enough from the inquisitive, is perched a perfect cliff-house,—startling link back to antiquity. Few strangers have ever seen it; few ever will, for the climbing is a neck's worth; but there it is, gray, impassive relict of the Forgotten. There are strange, symbolic footraces and stranger dances, the least of which the world may see on the feast of San Esteban, the patron saint of Acoma, Sept. 2d, and on other holy days; but upon the chief ones no stranger has ever looked. They are more secret than the Inquisition.

Beside the sun-seared graveyard, where the dead of centuries sleep unmindful that their crowded bones are jostled by each newcomer unto rest, is a miniature mountain of breakage. If you watch when the still form, swathed in its costliest blanket, has been lowered into its narrow bed; when upon the earthen coverlet has been broken the symbolic jar of water; when from the tottering belfry has pealed the last silver clang of the high bell with its legend, "San Pedro, año 1710;" when the wailing mourners have filed away to the desolate house where the Shamans are blinding the eyes of the ghosts, that they may not find the trail of the evanished soul on its four-days' journey to Shi-pa-pu,—then you shall see borne forth jars and handmills and weapons and ornaments and clothing, to be broken and rent upon the killing-place, that they may go on with their departed owner. When old men meet and part you may see that each takes the other's hand to his mouth and breathes from it; and that when they smoke they blow the first six puffs to different directions. Every man wears a little pouch which money will not unlock. Each knows words which he may not utter aloud in any finite presence. Each has goings out and comings in which none must spy upon.

And so at every turn there are hints and flashes of the unknown and the unknowable, the pettiest of which you shall try in vain to fathom. Their marvelous mythology, their infinitely complicated social, religious and political economies, their exhaustless and beautiful folk-lore,—of all you shall everywhere find clues, but nowhere knowledge. And as the rumbling farm-wagon jolts you back from your enchanted dream to the prosy wide-awake of civilization, you shall go to be forever haunted by that unearthly cliff, that weird city, and their unguessed dwellers.

JOHN BODKIN'S BABY.

By W. A. Elderkin, U. S. A.

JOHN BODKIN was a bachelor,—"an incorrigible, stingy, mean old bachelor," according to the general opinion of the "Good Samaritan" Society, which was composed mainly of unwedded ladies of uncertain age. Not that any one of them had ever desired to *marry* John Bodkin—no, indeed!—not if he were the last man on earth, which, thank Heaven, he was not! The idea of any intelligent woman with two eyes in her head, and a proper sense of self-respect, ever wishing to be the wife of such an insipid, commonplace creature, was too absurd!—and yet, somehow, it happened that whenever John Bodkin passed along on the other side of the street a constellation of eyes appeared at the windows of the Society rooms, beaming upon him curiously, as day after day he stopped in front of the widow Marvin's house to talk with Maria over the gate.

"Goodness gracious!" said one, "He's old enough to be her father!"

"Well!" exclaimed another, "I cannot see, for the life of me, what attraction he can find in that silly girl!"

"Oh!" said a third, who had once been a teacher in the high school, "*De gustibus non est disputandum!*" and she actually laughed, but it was a weak, sickly laugh, and a deep sigh followed it.

"For pity's sake!" chirped in another with faded red hair, "why *don't* he go into the house, and not do his courting over the fence?"

"I think he shows excellent judgment in that respect," said Miss Sourbeigh, dryly. "If I were a man and had to court a freckled girl, like *that* one over there, the higher the fence the better!"—at which humorous remark all smiled and took another lingering look at Mrs. Marvin's front gate.

Then, one by one, the gentle cavilers turned away from the windows and resumed their needlework in silence, and the world was again permitted to roll around as usual.

John Bodkin was a healthy, prosperous man. He had commenced at the foot of the ladder, as most prosperous men do, and had worked his way up to the topmost round,—becoming one of the leading spirits of the town in financial, political and even religious matters; and now at the age of forty-five he was a bank director, a merchant, a county supervisor, and a pillar of the church.

But with all John Bodkin's attainments he had never yet attained to matrimony, nor had he ever evinced the slightest inclination in that direction until this Marvin girl came to town. If he walked home from church with a lady, it was sure to be some ancient dowager, or the minister's wife, perhaps, who was everybody's friend. If he appeared in society, which was a rare occurrence, he devoted himself entirely to the older married ladies. If he visited a church fair or "sociable," he conversed with matrons, or talked politics with men, to the utter neglect of everybody else.

So it may be easily understood that, among the marriageable ladies of the serene little town, Mr. John Bodkin had long ago been voted a misogamist of the deepest dye, a man utterly devoid of romantic feeling, impressionless and cold; and now, at this late day, after ignoring, for years, the charms of various maidens who were but little younger than himself, and who—goodness knows!—were socially, intellectually and morally good enough for any "Bodkin" that ever drew breath, to see him making up to a young upstart of a girl like Maria Marvin, hardly out of her

"teens," and as red-headed as ever Jezebel dared to be, was just a little more than flesh and blood could bear!

Mr. Bodkin had a most aggravating habit of minding his own business; and that made matters all the more exasperating to the Good Samaritans, who were waiting and watching for retribution. If he would only *say* something about somebody, or *do* something a little out of the straight path! If they could only connect his name with some dark mystery! or implicate him in some way with something horrid,—no matter what! How they would pounce upon him! and, having humbled him in the dust, how much more comfortable and resigned they would feel.

Little did they imagine that their hour of triumph was so near at hand; and little did John Bodkin dream that his fair name and reputation were soon to be in jeopardy.

Like the traditional bachelor of Mother Goose, Mr. Bodkin lived by himself. His residence was in the fashionable part of town; but it was only a plain, brick cottage after all, with a veranda and a few shade trees in front. The only inmate of Mr. Bodkin's house, besides himself, was Mrs. Smiley, a motherly, good old woman, wrinkled and gray and meek,—a pattern of neatness and thrift, whose morality and cookery were beyond reproach.

She was Mr. Bodkin's housekeeper, laundress, chambermaid, cook, waitress, "bell-boy" and scullion. She prepared and served his meals, sewed on his refractory buttons, mended and brushed his clothes, darned his socks, built his fires, blacked his boots, and kept his house in general good order; from which it may be inferred that Mr. Bodkin was a thrifty man and lived very much within his means, as thrifty men always do.

Mr. Bodkin had one very peculiar trait, however, which should be mentioned before this story proceeds further. *He hated babies*, that is, "little bits" of babies who could neither walk nor talk nor understand. After they became old enough to comprehend the difference between a hoe and a haystack, and could run and romp and shout, he could endure them; but little, sour, red, drooling, toothless babies, he could not abide; and he would no more go near one, much less *touch* it, than he would a hornet's nest.

One evening, in the blustering month of March, as Mr. Bodkin sat quietly eating his supper, the door-bell rang. Now it was a very unusual event for John Bodkin's door-bell to ring; and as Mrs. Smiley came in hastily from the kitchen she seemed very much astonished, and looked at Mr. Bodkin in a wondering sort of way and hesitated,—being in grave doubt as to what course would be most prudent in such an emergency.

"If it's any one to see *me*, Mrs. Smiley, you may ask them into the library," said Mr. Bodkin, helping himself complacently to another sausage and trying to appear very unconcerned, though, in truth, he was dying to know who could possibly be at the door on such a night.

Mrs. Smiley did not quite like the way in which Mr. Bodkin emphasized the word "*me*;" but she proceeded to obey orders, not forgetting to adjust her apron and smooth her hair a little as she went through the hall to open the door.

It was only a small boy with a note. Mrs. Smiley took the note and, after telling the urchin to come into the hall and wait for an answer, hastened to deliver it to Mr. Bodkin, who opened it and read, as follows:

WEDNESDAY EVENING.

Dear Mr. Bodkin:

Miss De Sharp is coming in to sing for us this evening. Do come down if not otherwise engaged. Quite informal, you know,—no other company. Please send verbal answer by bearer, and dont you dare to say *no*.

With kindest regards,

MRS. MARVIN.

Mr. Bodkin suddenly concluded that he had had supper enough.

"I'm going out this evening, Mrs. Smiley. You can leave the hall-light burning when you go to bed," said he, rising from the table and thrusting the note into his pocket.

Mrs. Smiley nodded a respectful acquiescence.

Then he went into the hallway and instructed the small boy to say to Mrs. Marvin, with his compliments, that he would be down in half an hour, and the boy being evidently in a hurry shot out into the darkness, closing the street door after him with a bang.

"Boys are always in a hurry," said Mr. Bodkin to himself as he turned the key. "Probably hasn't had his supper yet."

Then he went to his room to put on a clean collar and "brush up" a little; and visions of Maria came and ministered unto him as he stood before the glass tying on his best cravat.

Mrs. Smiley having cleared away the supper things extinguished the lights in the library and dining-room, and retired as usual to the kitchen to finish her work.

In a few minutes Mr. Bodkin emerged from his room neatly attired for the evening, and stepping into the hall put on his heavy overcoat and fur cap. It was a bitter cold night, and the wind was blowing a gale, so he drew his cap down about his ears, wound his muffler snugly about his neck, and got his gloves ready to draw on as he walked along. His half hour was nearly up, and he would have to hurry. Opening the front door to make his exit, a gust of wind swept into the hallway and extinguished the light, leaving him in utter darkness. But he was ready for the storm, so he pushed on out of the door and closed it firmly after him.

"Never mind the light, Mrs. Smiley will attend to that," he thought, as he drew on a glove and gathered himself for a start.

As he stepped across the veranda, cautiously feeling his way towards the steps, his ankle came in contact with something; and at the same moment he heard a low, half-smothered cry which seemed to be at his very feet. What could it be? Then stooping down and groping about in the darkness to discover the mysterious object he found an old willow-basket, and in the basket, wrapped in an old woolen shawl, there was something moving! He touched it with his bare hand; it was a little, soft, smooth, warm body.

"Why, its a *baby!*" he said to himself, shuddering at the touch. The poor little waif gave another faint pitiful cry, and he snatched his hand quickly away; then all was still again. John Bodkin staggered back in amazement.

"As I live!" he exclaimed, "some one has left a *baby* at my door!" His indignation knew no bounds. Had he followed his first impulse he might have kicked the basket, baby and all, into the middle of the street—oh, horrible! He positively *hated* himself a moment later to think that such a wicked, heartless thought could ever have entered his head. Then his sympathies began to warm towards the poor, helpless little thing; and he stood there in the bleak, cold night and pondered. What should he do?

He had half a mind to take it up in his arms and carry it right down to Mrs. Marvin. She was a sensible good woman, and could advise him what course to take in the matter. But no, that would never do; for he would most surely be met and recognized on the way, and the "young one" would of course keep up a continuous howl; and next day it would be the talk of the town that John Bodkin,—think of it! that *John Bodkin*,—a member of the church in good standing and a citizen of respectability, was seen after dark hurrying along very stealthily and mysteriously with a living baby in a basket! A pretty story that would be.

Manifestly, then, there was but one alternative. The baby must be taken care of, and *at once*. There was no time to be lost either, for it would freeze to death shortly.

His night-latch key was away down in his trousers' pocket, and he was too shivering cold to hunt for it, so he rang the door-bell vigorously. As he stood waiting he pulled on his other glove, and a very similar incident which he had read about in the newspapers a few days before came vividly to his recollection. If he could possibly prevent it the papers should never hear of this. He would caution Mrs. Smiley on this point.

Presently the old housekeeper came pattering through the dark hall to the door, and discreetly called from the inside:

"Who's there?"

"It is I, Mrs. Smiley. Open the door, please," Bodkin replied. "Oh, is it *you*, Mr. Bodkin?" asked the cautious woman as she unlocked the door. "Gracious! How you frightened me! Have you forgotten something, sir?"

"No," answered Bodkin, "but I have *found* something here on the porch, and I don't know what to make of it."

He picked up the basket and held it towards her at arm's length. "Here it is," said he, "carry it into the kitchen, Mrs. Smiley, and take care of it."

"What on earth!" exclaimed the astonished housekeeper, as she took the basket in her hands. "Why, what *is* it, Mr. Bodkin?"

"You'll soon see what it is! Do whatever you please with it, Mrs. Smiley. You know best. Only keep it out of my sight. Ugh! I wouldn't touch it again for a farm! Oh! and, Mrs. Smiley, be very careful not to speak of it to any one,—not to *any* one, Mrs. Smiley."

"No, sir. I'll not mention it," she replied, half frightened at the mystery, as she disappeared with the basket and closed the door.

Mr. Bodkin was completely bewildered. He made his way almost mechanically along the dark street, looking neither to the right nor to the left, and scarcely heeding the fierce wind that swept and whistled by him. His thoughts were of *babies*, and of the delicate responsibility which had been so suddenly and unexpectedly thrust upon him.

He reflected upon his own utter incompetence as a raiser and trainer of infants, and felt thankful that he had good Mrs. Smiley to depend upon. Her experience and kind motherly disposition would be invaluable. He wondered whether it was a boy or a girl baby. If it was a boy he would give him a college education and make a lawyer, or perhaps a minister, of him. If it should prove to be a girl!—Well, he devoutly hoped it might not; but, no matter, he would do his Christian duty in any event, though he felt morally satisfied that a girl baby would be much harder to "raise" than a boy baby. And so as he walked along his thoughts flew in and out like swallows in a chimney-top.

At last he reached Mrs. Marvin's door, and was cordially received by that excellent lady. Maria welcomed him warmly too, and so did Miss De Sharp, who had already arrived.

Then, after a while, the promised entertainment began. Miss De Sharp sang her sweetest songs in her sweetest way, and Maria sang,—and Miss De Sharp played, and Maria played,—and the programme continued almost incessantly for a solid hour.

But the delightful harmony was all lost on Mr. Bodkin, who was away off in the clouds wool-gathering,—John Bodkin and his baby.

"What can be the matter, I wonder?" thought Mrs. Marvin, observing his abstraction. "I never saw him so quiet and moody before;" and for the sake of a change she proposed a game of chess.

Mr. Bodkin was perfectly willing, and the battle commenced, while the young ladies proceeded to try over some new songs at the piano.

But the white pawns were all white babies, and the red pawns were red

babies, and John Bodkin was checkmated on the seventh move! Another game with similar results, and a third game without improvement!

Why did those horrid girls persist in singing "cradle-songs," and "lullabies," and silly ballads about "Papa's baby boy," and "The shoes that baby wore," and all that sort of thing? It began to look as though they meant to be personal. At any rate Mr. Bodkin was very much flustered, and to his great relief the chessboard was laid aside.

Then Maria got out her basket of fancy work, to show her guests the numerous pretty things she had been making for the church fair. There were babies' hoods, and babies' caps, and babies' mittens, and tiny little stockings, and all sorts of baby things in pink and yellow and pale blue and soft creamy white.

Mr. Bodkin did not claim to be a judge of such things, but he admired them very much, all the same; and he secretly resolved to let Mrs. Smiley go to the fair and buy a lot of these "traps" for the baby.

And so the evening dragged along; but, with all the efforts put forth to make his visit pleasant, John Bodkin was not happy.

"Oh, Mr. Bodkin!" said the widow, brightening up as with a new and original idea, "I wish I had sent for you to dine with us to-day!"

Mr. Bodkin looked vacantly at the toe of his boot and tried to smile.

"We had a lovely dinner," the widow continued; "and to cap the climax our new cook surprised us with a real old-fashioned dessert,—a "baby-in-the-blanket" with wine sauce. I'm sure you would have enjoyed it."

Bodkin looked at her in a queer, incredulous way and said yes, he was fond of anything of that kind; but away down in his heart he wondered if cannibalism was becoming fashionable. He had never before heard of civilized people *eating* them, even with wine sauce.

Before the evening was over, however, the pressure became stronger than he could bear; and watching for a favorable opportunity he told the widow briefly and in a whisper all that had happened. It was such a relief to unload the burdensome secret!

Mrs. Marvin listened attentively to the strange story and smiled. Whether it was a smile of pity or of contempt, John Bodkin could not quite make out. In vain he waited for some word of friendly advice; but she offered no comfort, no counsel, no comment, *nothing*, and hastily changed the subject.

Thank heaven, the evening was drawing to a close! for he was suffocating in that atmosphere of indifference.

"Confound it!" thought he, as he walked home, "I wish I had said nothing about it! I shall never have courage to enter Maria's house again."

Mr. Bodkin's rest that night was broken and unsatisfactory. He thought and dreamed of *babies* in every shape and form and color; and the next morning when he made his appearance at the breakfast table he was hollow-eyed, pale and nerveless.

"You are not well this morning, Mr. Bodkin," said Mrs. Smiley kindly.

"No," he answered languidly. "I did not sleep well, Mrs. Smiley, for thinking of that basket. I never had anything worry me so before."

"Oh, indeed, sir, you needn't worry about it at all! The little thing is as bright and well as possible, sir!"

"Did it eat anything?" asked Bodkin.

"Oh, yes, sir; I gave it a good supper of fresh, warm milk, and then it went to sleep and never whimpered all night."

"What kind of a looking thing is it?" inquired Bodkin.

"It's really very pretty, sir,—indeed it is,—and seems quite healthy, too, sir. It's a wonder to me, sir, that anyone should wish to part with it," said the kind old soul.

"Ah, my good woman," remarked Mr. Bodkin, "there are very unfeeling

people in this world. Is it dark or light, Mrs. Smiley?"

"Oh, it's quite dark I should say, sir,—it's hair is almost black, and very curly, and it has beautiful dark blue eyes, and such pretty white feet! Don't you want to see it, sir?"

"*No!*" shouted Bodkin, rising from the table; and stalking out of the house he hastened down the street to his office.

"Well, I declare!" said Mrs. Smiley, as she rubbed her withered hands together and looked after him, "I wonder what has gone wrong? I never saw Mr. Bodkin so cross before," and she went about her work in a very uncomfortable frame of mind.

Before noon that day it was whispered about town that a baby had been left on Mr. Bodkin's doorstep. Where the report originated no one seemed to know. Mr. Bodkin had told Mrs. Marvin about it to be sure; and Mrs. Marvin had told it to Miss De Sharp "in strictest confidence;" and Miss De Sharp remembered to have mentioned it to a very particular friend, who had promised "on her sacred word of honor" never to repeat it; and yet, in spite of all this precaution, the story with all its details had leaked out.

People stopped on the corners to talk about it, and looked askance at Bodkin as they passed his office door. The little town had not for years experienced such a real sensation; and things did not look at all well for a certain Mr. John Bodkin.

The members of the Good Samaritan Society were in ecstasy! *Nemesis* had come at last, and they heard with exaltation the flapping of her wings.

In the excitement of the hour the church "committee on charities" was hurriedly called together, and in a body waited upon the unhappy man at his office, to hear what he might have to say concerning the matter.

Mr. Bodkin had no explanation to offer. He related the facts in the case, so far as he was able, giving an exact account of what had transpired during the previous evening. His theory was that the infant probably belonged to some one who, through extreme poverty, had been compelled to abandon it. But he was perfectly willing to keep the child and care for it until its parents could be found. The committee whispered and "hemmed and hawed," as if not entirely in accord with Mr. Bodkin's view of the case, and finally adjourned in evident perplexity to the minister's study for further consultation as to what should be done.

After a preliminary caucus in each corner of the room, the "meeting" was called to order, the minister in the chair, and proceeded to business. Dispensing with the usual formalities, the matter in question was at once brought under consideration. It was plainly a case of *emergency*, and whatever the committee decided to do should be done at once. Every one agreed to that.

To cut matters short, and save, perhaps, some discussion, the minister had a plan to propose which, he thought, would meet the approval of the committee. He had talked it over with his wife, and she had expressed a willingness to take charge of the unfortunate little waif, administering to its temporal and spiritual necessities, for a while at least, if the unavoidable expenses for medicines, clothing, etc., could be paid from the "church fund." Nothing would be charged for the infant's board.

Mr. Pennywise said that he did not see how the "church fund" could be used for such a purpose: he had never heard of it being done. He fully appreciated the minister's excellent motive in making the proposition, but he believed it would be establishing a very dangerous precedent, and he was most decidedly opposed to any such arrangement. He thought the child should be sent to the county almshouse. The burden and expense should be borne by the *county*, and not saddled on the church.

Mr. Farthing, who was one of the almshouse commissioners, said that

the institution which he had the honor to represent was maintained by the taxpayers for the poor of the county only: the law was very clear on that point. In this case there was no proof that the child belonged to, or had even been born in, the county. It might have been brought from some other county. The committee would see at once that the county almshouse was not an asylum for the abandoned infants of the State at large. He thought the "Orphans' Home" would be the proper place.

Mr. Upperjaw, who happened to be one of the Board of Trustees of the Orphans' Home, said that, in the first place, there was nothing to show that this infant was an *orphan:* its parents might be alive and well. In the second place, even supposing it to be an orphan, it could not be admitted to the "Home," under the rules of that establishment, without proper identification and a certificate from some responsible person as to the good character of its deceased parents. He thought in the present case it would be exceedingly difficult to procure the requisite "papers." Babies left on people's doorsteps *after dark* are not usually, as a rule, accompanied by written credentials — (laughter). It seemed to him that the Good Samaritan Society might be induced to take charge of the child.

Miss Sourbeigh, who was in fact the vice-president of the Good Samaritan Society, rose to her feet, blushed becomingly, and said that she and her associates in the cause of benevolence had given this matter some consideration already, in an informal way. It was certainly *not* a case within the Society's jurisdiction, and she was satisfied that there was not a single member of the Society who would touch the "young one" with a ten-foot pole! She wished it understood that the Good Samaritan Society was not organized for the purpose of washing and dressing babies! In her opinion, neither the church, nor the county, nor any charitable institution had anything to do with this matter. Let the *law* determine who should take care of this abandoned babe! She did not care to mention any names, nor to give expression to her own individual opinions, but she was in favor of placing the case in the hands of the *grand jury* for immediate and searching investigation!

Mr. Briefly, who was a lawyer and a pillar of the church, said that the "law," just referred to, was powerless in any case without *evidence.* He was not positive in his own mind that there was a baby in the case at all; he had not seen it. Was there any one present who had *seen* this baby? For a moment there was no reply; then some one ventured to suggest that there was no reason for doubting Mr. Bodkin's own statement to the visiting committee. Mr. Bodkin had plainly said that he found a baby in a basket on his doorstep.

"Did Mr. Bodkin describe the child?" asked the lawyer.

"No," replied Mr. Upperjaw, "I don't remember that he did. I presume the committee did not think it necessary to go into such minute details."

"Of *course* not," said Mrs. Sourbeigh testily. "I suppose a baby is a baby whether its eyes are black or brown or blue or green! or whether it is cross-eyed, wall-eyed, pop-eyed or blind! or whether its toes turn out or its toes turn *in*, Mr. Briefly! I do not understand that we are here to discuss the complexion, shape, size or physical features of the 'young one,' but merely to decide what to *do* with it!" and she sat down very red and very much excited, and patted the floor with her foot.

"What authority have we to do *anything* with it?" asked Mr. Briefly with an aggravating smile. "Has Mr. Bodkin requested this committee to act in the matter?"

No one heard him, apparently.

"I ask if Mr. Bodkin has requested any action on the part of this committee?" he repeated in a louder voice.

Still no answer.

"If he has *not*," the lawyer continued, "it is none of this committee's business! and I for one decline to have anything further to do with it!" and Mr. Briefly took his hat and his cotton umbrella and left the room.

Those who remained were heartily glad to see him go. Now that he was out of the way there would be no more quibbling and hair-splitting: the discussion could go on harmoniously.

And it did go on until the entire afternoon was wasted without reaching a conclusion. What to do with that baby the committee could not decide. The tiny pariah had become an elephant on their hands, and a motion to adjourn until the next morning was carried unanimously.

* * * * * *

That same evening as John Bodkin walked demurely up to his supper Maria Marvin came out to the gate in front of her mother's house to meet him. Had she looked into the windows across the street she would have seen six or eight sharp eyes watching her; and had there been a telephone connection from the Society rooms to her little pink ears they would have turned from pink to crimson at the things that were being said.

"Good evening, Mr. Bodkin," she said gaily. "How is that little stranger up at your house that I hear so much about?"

John Bodkin turned scarlet.

"Ah, Miss Marvin," he stammered, "I—I am so sorry for that poor baby."

"Oh, *I* am not sorry at all," said Maria. "Indeed I think it was very lucky to fall into such good hands. But, tell me, Mr. Bodkin, is the little thing pretty or plain? Tell me all about it."

"Why yes—of course. I—well, to tell the truth Miss Marvin, I haven't seen it yet! I—"

"Haven't *seen* it!" exclaimed Maria in surprise.

"No, Miss Mar—that is, Miss Marvin, I actually haven't seen it. Mrs. Smiley took charge of it, you see, and—"

"Come closer to the gate, Mr. Bodkin," said Maria, interrupting him, "I want to tell you something."

Mr. Bodkin obeyed. He would have stood on his head if Maria Marvin had commanded him.

"Do you know," she continued in a lower voice, "that all the gossips in town are puzzling their heads about that baby?"

John Bodkin turned from red to white, and wished the earth would open and swallow him, but he made no reply.

"Now, *I* happen to know something of the circumstances, Mr. Bodkin."

"*You*, Miss — Miss Marvin?" exclaimed the astonished man.

"Yes,— *I!*— I know the *mother* of the dear little thing, and a good, kind mother she is, and belongs to an excellent family, and glad enough she would be to have her baby back again, poor thing! Mr. Bodkin, that baby was *stolen* from her,—cruelly stolen from her, and placed on your doorstep! The person who did it has confessed all to me."

In all John Bodkin's life he had never been more surprised; and he stood looking into Maria's eyes, petrified and speechless.

"Now, Mr. Bodkin, I have been thinking over the matter," continued Maria, "and I want you to invite me, with such friends as I may choose to ask, to come up to your house this very evening *to see the baby*. It will satisfy their curiosity, you know, and perhaps their hearts will soften towards *you* when they see with their own eyes the helpless innocent little creature that you rescued from death."

"But — Miss Marvin! — I don't understand —"

"Never mind," said Maria, interrupting him, "I will tell you all about it another time. Now, do you consent to my plan? Shall I consider myself and friends *invited*, Mr. Bodkin?"

"Why, *certainly*, Miss Marvin, since you think it best; but I confess I am

not sanguine about the results," answered Mr. Bodkin; and after a little further conversation, which need not be repeated here, he continued on his way up the street.

When John Bodkin had finished his supper that evening he told Mrs. Smiley of the promised call.

"Very well, sir," said the good woman, "I'll take great pleasure in showing it, I'm sure. Wouldn't you like to take just one look at the dear little thing, sir? It's so smart and pretty!" "*No*,—NO!" thundered Bodkin in a most unnatural way, "I tell you I want nothing to do with it! It has made trouble enough for me, Heaven knows, in the last twenty-four hours;" and then he went off to his room as cross as a bear, and locked himself in.

Mrs. Smiley, dear old soul, could not understand it at all. Surely Mr. Bodkin could not blame *her* for what had happened, and yet he spoke so harshly and so unkindly. What could it all mean?

An hour later the door-bell rang, and Miss Marvin was shown into the library with a quartette of the very worst gossips in town. For months these four busybodies had been "dying" to see the inside of that mysterious house, and their sharp eyes took in everything from floor to ceiling.

"Mrs. Smiley, we have come up here, by Mr. Bodkin's invitation, to see the poor little outcast that was found at your door last night," said Maria. "May we see it?"

"Why *of course*, Miss," answered Mrs. Smiley. "Mr. Bodkin told me that some of his lady friends would be in to see the little fellow, so I washed his face and brushed his hair to see the company."

"Ah!" whispered Miss Wigglelip aside, "it's a *boy* then!"

"Just wait a moment," continued Mrs. Smiley, bustling about and placing chairs for the callers. "Be seated, ladies, and I'll bring the little dear to you right away."

The amiable old housekeeper hurried at once to the kitchen, and in a few moments returned with the basket, which she placed upon a table in the center of the room.

As if by common consent the visitors at once left their chairs and gathered closely around it mute with excitement and curiosity.

Pharaoh's daughter and her companions, splashing barefooted among the bulrushes of the Nile, could not have felt a more eager interest in the unopened cradle of the infant Moses!

The folds of the old shawl were thrown back, and there, fast asleep in the bottom of the basket, was *a little Newfoundland puppy!* which, as it turned out, had been sent to Mr. Bodkin by Mrs. Marvin simply as an anonymous present, and left on his doorstep by the mysterious boy who delivered her note on the previous evening.

The effect of this startling disclosure may be imagined. The "sensation," which had shaken society to its very foundation, was practically at an end, and the voluble gossipers of the village were aghast. Maria is Mrs. Bodkin now, and the "Good Samaritan" Society has moved into another street.

THE OLIVE IN CALIFORNIA.

By Ellwood Cooper.

FROM the time of the occupation of the coast of California by the Franciscan Fathers and the founding of the Mission churches, from San Diego to San Francisco, until 1865, little progress was made in fruit culture. From San Luis Obispo to the southern boundary of the State a goodly number of olive trees were planted at every Mission. These trees were cared for and the fruit harvested, being mostly made into oil, which was used in the religious services of the church. It also entered as a food product into every-day use. The reasons why this industry, destined, in my opinion, to be the leading one of California, did not attract the attention of the intelligent settler does not come within the scope of this article. Suffice it to say that the wisdom of these early Fathers, and the example set by them, almost appears as a providential dispensation, and claims our gratitude.

In the spring of 1868 an interesting article was published giving an account of the Missions, with special reference to the olive, and the importance of its culture; and about that time several orchards were set out in the southern counties.

Early in April of the above-mentioned year I visited Santa Barbara and saw the Mission olive orchard, which was, even as late as April, hanging full of fruit; and I was so impressed by its beauty and apparent productiveness that two years later, when I decided to make California my future home, I began at once to prepare for olive-growing. The result of that determination is well known throughout the State and, in fact, throughout the country. In the development of an industry entirely new to me I had, of course, much to learn. Much labor and study was requisite, which I entered into with an enthusiasm that knew no bounds. I procured all the books on the subject that could be had in the different languages, and had those translated which I could not master. In the study my interest increased, so that in the progress of my knowledge of the subject, its importance was more and more manifest, and now the impressions received are more strongly marked than ever before. The dawning of the day is at hand, and I expect to see the realization of my hopes. I believe the time will come when all the table-lands, hills and mountain slopes will be planted with the olive. Many other fruits will be rooted out to give it place. Every available acre will be required for this industry, and no substance will enter more large into medicinal preparations than olive oil, and none be more common as a food product in daily consumption.

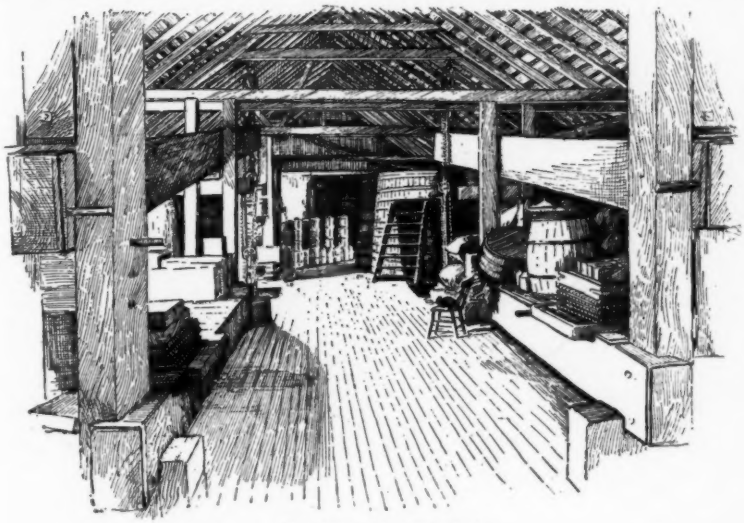
Olive-tree planting is inexpensive because trees can be raised from slips and cuttings, which grow readily if properly manipulated. If grown from cuttings the plants will produce fruit the fourth year. Trees can also be grown from seeds, a plan in general encouraged, on the ground that better trees are produced. By this method, however, it takes probably twice as long to get the first fruits, with the additional expense of either budding or grafting. I have a young orchard four years old, from cuttings, planted in permanent sites, uniformly good trees and well fruited. Such results can only be expected where the best of care and cultivation is given. It is not necessary to dwell upon this point, since the greatest economy in

The Olive Works at Ellwood.

all cases is in the greatest care and best cultivation.

The olive, as far as I have experienced, seems to thrive on every kind of soil where well drained. On my ranch the trees have been planted in black adobe, on sandy loam, subsoil brick clay, on deep bottom land, on sandy and stony hillsides, on adobe hillsides, on clay soil, and on red lands. All are thriving, the higher up apparently the more thrifty; the highest elevation, however, is not over four hundred feet above the sea-level, and is distant from the sea less than three miles. The tree will grow in a dry climate where no other fruits could be successful, and will live through an extremely dry year; but it could not be expected to give much fruit such years, nor is it known just how long thereafter the tree would take to overcome the want of moisture. The effect of irrigation on olive trees does not come within my experience, as here we have never irrigated. I have noticed that the berries I have purchased were larger in size with irrigation when grown inland where the summer heat was greater than at Ellwood; but as to the relative value per tree for oil-making I have no experience.

In universal olive culture as outlined in this article a great number of horses and mules will be required. These can be pastured amongst the orchards, in ravines, on slopes where it would be too difficult to get the fruit, and on the orchard margins, without injury to the trees; hence neighborhoods engaged in the culture would be saved the expense of fencing.



Interior of the Oil Works.

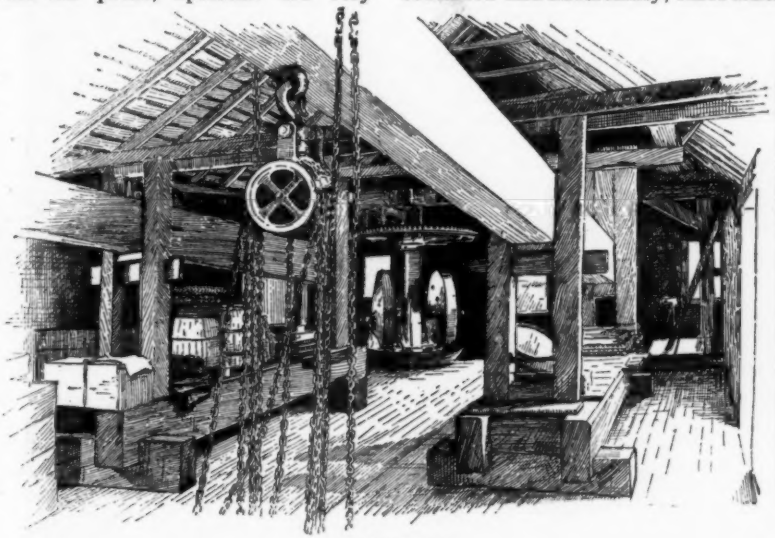
I have been assured by neighboring olive-growers that they allow their horses to roam in fields adjoining unfenced orchards, and that in no case have the trees been injured. This absence of fences would be a large margin of profit as compared with other fruits.

The climatic conditions necessary for successful olive-growing in California have not been fully determined. It is believed that the tree will thrive and produce fruit in nearly every part of the State. In localities where the thermometer, Fahrenheit, would fall below

Olive Orchard at Ellwood.

twenty degrees, or in regions where the heat is very great and continuous during the summer season, it would be well to experiment before extensive planting. I have read that in the tropics the olive will not bear fruit. On the coast it is claimed that the tree will grow more rapidly and bear more abundantly; and, while this is conceded, those inland claim an equal advantage in less trouble from insect pests and fungoid diseases.

Regarding the variety of olive to plant for profit, opinions are very much at variance. Formerly the Mission was the only variety planted. Some claim that there were several Mission varieties, while others that all came from the same original stock first brought here by the Mission Fathers, and that while there are different types it is the result of climatic conditions or location. I am inclined to this latter opinion because there is an apparent difference in the size and shape of the fruits in different locations, while all of them reproduced in the same orchard show no difference. The cuttings I planted were from the Missions of Santa Barbara, San Fernando and San Diego, and from the Tajiguas ranch. In recent years many different varieties have been brought from Europe and are on sale at the different nurseries under various names. I have no controversy with these parties who claim superiority of special-named varieties; but, until they are proven by experience to produce more fruit or better fruit or better oil, and better pickles, I shall plant only the Mission variety. There is too much confusion and uncertainty, since different authors have different names for the same variety. New varieties have been planted and are fruiting, so that the question of their relative values will soon be determined by the experience of olive-growers in California. Many things are to be considered in selecting varieties. A rapid growing tree easily shaped is a very important feature, as it gives good bearing capacity. Some varieties grow unshapely and are with difficulty kept from breaking. Different locations may require different varieties, but above all other considerations is the quality of



The Olive Press.

Old Olive Trees at the Santa Barbara Mission.

oil produced. The varieties that will make the best oil should in all cases be selected, provided the quantity is a fair average to a given acreage planted. This rule will be applicable as well for pickling, unless the fruit is too small for economic handling. The quantity and quality of the oil contained in the fruit gives the value to the pickles.

Making olive oil is a simple process; still it is necessary that the maker should know how. The quality will depend on the care exercised from the picking of the fruit through every different stage of the manufacture until it is tightly corked in the bottle. The berries must not be allowed to stand in heaps, or in sacks, or, in fact, in any sort of package long enough to heat; otherwise the oil will become musty or rancid. Absolute cleanliness should be practiced in every branch of the manufacture.

The greatest drawback to the successful cultivation of the olive is the black scale. This insect is so persistent and so difficult to destroy that it will discourage the grower unless he determines to fight it to such an extent that it will not materially injure the crop. Those living in the hot interior have claimed that the black scale could not live where there were no summer fogs. In fact this was the general belief, but experience has proven the contrary, as orchards in such localities have been destroyed and rooted out on account of the ravages of this insect. With regard to this drawback to the olive industry, it is confidently hoped that in the near future a parasitic insect will be discovered and brought to California which will destroy the black scale as effectually as the Vedalia Cardinalis (Australian Lady-bird) has the Icerya Purchasii (white scale). Such a discovery would decrease, very greatly, the cost of production.

The quantity of fruit that a well-grown olive tree, from twelve to fifteen years old, will produce in a good year, is from two hundred to two hundred and fifty pounds. Such results were not uncommon in my neighborhood the past year. The best results in the oil product the same year, as weighed from the trees, was eight and a half pounds of berries to the large bottle of oil. These olives were of the Mission variety, and the year an extraordinarily fruitful one.

In this brief account I cannot enter into all the details of the olive industry. I must therefore refer those who anticipate planting to the compilations of the State Board of Horticulture from 1885 down to the present time. These books are accessible in all the libraries of the State. If I can encourage planting by urging upon the people the importance of this industry, I will be amply repaid for this article. It is not that we should plant merely for the purpose of money getting, or of increasing the prosperity of the community or State; there is more involved. It is to be hoped that the saying, "History repeats itself," will prove true in the present instance, and the uses of this valuable product will be as well known as it was thousands of years ago. The substitution of noxious mixtures, introduced and falsely represented to the consumer, has well-nigh destroyed the true character of the pure product. Let us encourage the production of a substance of such economic value and so highly nutritious.

Plant olive trees.

CLIMATES OF SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

By P. C. Remondino, M. D.

SOUTHERN Californians are justly proud of their matchless climate. It certainly has not its analogue in any other of the favored spots of the earth. Other climes may have seas of lighter hues or skies of deeper blue, brisker breezes and more natural vegetation close to the seashore; they have even seasons of enchanting weather, but they also have many drawbacks which to the California climate are unknown. The shores of the Riviera, bathed in the sunshine of a clear Italian sky, with the blue Mediterranean lazily undulating at the foot of the wooded Appenines, really makes an enchanting picture. The lazy, warm breezes entice the invalid or tourist into the open air to feast on the varied landscape and balmy atmosphere. A gust of cold air comes down some mountain glen, followed by avalanches of still colder air from the snowy crests to the north. Clouds gather on the horizon; and soon the sea is lashed into a fury. Now the sky is overcast; and cold, piercing winds sweep down from every height. The promenaders, loiterers, some in carriages and some on foot, are hurriedly breaking for some shelter. Where, one hour before, all was sunshine and summer breezes, is now clouds and Siberian blasts. Such are some of the accidental changes in the weather of the Riviera, strongly pronounced at Genoa, unpleasantly frequent at Nice, and too often seen at Mentone.

The shores of Southern California are not marred by any like accidents. The climatic factors have no such a discordant element as the Mediterranean Tramontano to disturb the meteorological symphony that composes the climate of the California of the South; nor have they the scorching sirocco at the other extreme in the gamut played by the temperature of inconsistent old Æolus. Old Boreas is here unknown, and his opposite of Plutonic blasts is equally a stranger. That talented and lamented authoress, Helen Hunt Jackson, has well and fitly remarked that Southern California was like an island on land. No better expression could have conveyed an idea of the truly insular character of its climate.

The true ocean climate is said only to be experienced on shipboard, at such a distance from land that no land influences can be experienced. Ships on the Atlantic must indeed sail at a great distance from land to effectually escape the influences of the African coast; and in the North Atlantic it is a hard matter to escape the storms that originate on the Gulf stream. Even when not stormy, the North Atlantic winds are raw, cold and moist. Farther south the heat of the tropics does not allow of any pleasant illusions in regard to ocean climates, unless it be in the return stream that flows from off the African coast towards the Gulf of Mexico, where the somewhat colder waters temper the rays of the tropical sun. So that outside of the calm Pacific I should hardly look for the ideal oceanic climate.

Probably the nearest approach to the Southern California climate to be found on the globe is that of Orotava in the Azores, where the insular climate in its extreme purity combined with agreeableness is to be met. Orotava, however, lacks the more health-conducive, bracing breezes and tonic cooler air of the Southern Californian coasts; and while it has an agreeable and enchanting climate its heat is of too moist and enervating a character to be long agreeable; for, while the Southern California climate wears well and long, the same cannot be said of the climatic queen of the Azores.

Madeira has often been compared to Santa Barbara, Santa Monica, San Diego or Coronado Beach; but beyond the resemblance in the annual mean temperatures there can be no comparison; while the temporary physical sensations imparted by the Madeira climate may again institute ideas of comparisons, the actual physical effects on living or even dead organic matter will soon show that a wide climatic difference exists.

In Madeira leather articles, books and like articles become quickly moldy, musical instruments can hardly be kept in tune, deliquescent powders liquify, and botanical specimens can only be preserved with the greatest difficulty. Iron, guns and surgical instruments require the greatest care to prevent their utter destruction from rust; while in Southern California leather articles, books, etc., do not mold, musical instruments keep well, guns and surgical instruments do not require more or as much care as they do in the Mississippi Valley; and it is doubtful if there exists a land where specimens of natural history—be they animal or vegetable—keep or preserve as easy and well. I have seen dripping sea mosses from the marine caves at La Golla simply placed between two sheets of blotting paper become perfect specimens; the same may be said of the many and varied rich ferns with which the hillsides and interior valleys abound; the grasses, flowers, and in fact all botanical specimens, require but little care to preserve. I have seen herders kill a coyote and prop it up on two sticks as a warning to other marauding coyotes. It has become perfectly mummified in a few days,—even retaining its hair. Along the shores the fisherman dries his fish on huge racks; and meats are cured by being hung in huge festoons on clotheslines, this meat-curing being done on the seashores, arid plains or in the mountains with equal ease and carelessness. The raisins are here all sundried, and when a rancher kills a beef in the interior he simply hangs up the quarters with a rope and pulley to one of the neighboring live-oaks and cuts off the pieces for daily consumption as they may be required.

These desiccating and curing and aseptic properties of our seacoast air are something which can really be said to be unique, as neither Orotava, Madeira, or any of the famed resorts of Italy, France, Spain or England can boast of a like beneficent and tissue-preservative climate. A climate that will do as much for the preservation and protection of dead matter can be safely relied upon for doing all that it is possible to do in the case of living tissues. No climate endows the living organism with as much resistance, while at the same time it exacts so little in return, as that of Southern California. Here the weakly, the frail, the warped, the victim of overwork, malaria, or of former wasting diseases elsewhere, may be said to have an equal chance in the race for a long life with the broad chested and the strong limbed.

Not only does the climate impart a greater resistance, life tenacity, more wear and elasticity to the animal tissues, but the same elements that accomplish all this also carry with them such germicidal effects that diseases do not seem able to gain a foothold; hence cholera infantum, intestinal diseases of the young, middle-lived or aged, pulmonary affections and summer or fall fever, do not thrive or do they appear even, except in cases of the grossest neglect or defiance of all hygienic laws; in fact the utter absence of all seasonal diseases as well as the freedom from any endemic disease is something most remarkable and extraordinary. In the bright sunshine, steady breezes from off a wide ocean, highly electrical and ozonized atmosphere of Southern California, neither the bacillus of phthisis, typhoid fever, nor any other disease germ, can long survive in the face of these antagonistic and ever-present elements destructive to bacillary existence. The elsewhere confident and triumphant, marauding and murderous

bacillus here finds its Marathon; and the poor victim and prey to its ravages can, on reaching Southern California, snap his fingers at that evil spirit of modern diseases; for he has here reached a sanctuary, which like unto the threshold of the ancient medieval sanctuary no pursuing enemy might cross. The festive microbe, the insinuating, wily bacillus and the ubiquitous disease germ find in the chemical constituents of the Californian atmosphere a limit to their empire and existence.

The pursuit of happiness and the enjoyment of life should be our undoubted objects and aims. A lack of Abercrombian philosophy and of a proper appreciation of the sentiments evolved by Locke, Adam Smith, Montaigne, Cervantes and other philosophical minds, as well as the lack of that stoical philosophy of the ancient Greeks and Romans that induced Sir John Lubbock to exclaim that he found more right-down Christianity in the writings of many of the old pagan authors than he did in most of our modern theology, and the perverted and pharisaical cultivation of the Christian principle of modern times, have all been factors that have sent too many of us in the path of the misguided children of Israel, when in the wilderness they fell from the path of rationalism and worshiped the golden calf. In too many of our pursuits after the god who is represented with wings, and whose daughter is the emblem of fickleness and uncertainty, we neglect, until too late, the well-known fact that health can purchase wealth; and that at least, if not always able to procure us wealth, it never fails to bring us that which wealth cannot always command,—physical comfort and mental enjoyment. Like the Old Man of the Sea in the "Arabian Nights," we had shouldered a greed for wealth, and we are now like poor Sindbad, his helpless slave. Like a horrible nightmare it chains us in unhealthy offices or localities. It makes us dyspeptic, tuberculous, or the victim of Bright's disease, diabetes, rheumatism or scrofula; and although we see these monsters crawling nearer and nearer, taking possession of our vital organs and blood, we seem to be unable to break the fetters. We toil in varying and deadly atmospheres, in dingy basements, unventilated and musty offices, or in unhealthy pursuits, surely going quicker and quicker to our death; while health, comfort, freedom from care, a Christian disposition and a diet of milk and honey, accompanied by all that is of the best of the fruits of the earth, await for a claimant in the broad and fertile acres—bathed in sunshine and fanned by balmy breezes—in the wide expanse of Southern California, a region where the necessaries of life can be purchased at a minimum cost, and where the actual physiological requirements for food are found in the greatest variety and abundance as well as at all seasons, and where man is effectually emancipated from that perpetual struggle so forcibly noticeable in the East,—that of trying to keep warm for one half of the year, and in vainly endeavoring to keep cool during the remainder,—attempts attended with considerable expense and trial of temper as well as fearful wear and tear of the constitution.

Climates have two properties that should be of interest to man, these being the property of being agreeable and the one of inducing health. These two conditions or attributes of climate are not always found in unison: the first of these may be present, but as deceptive in regard to the latter result as the shade of the Upas tree, or as to the anticipated bliss in the caresses of the sirens. The agreeableness of a climate is but too often as alluring, deceptive and fatal as were the blandishments of a Cleopatra or of a Delilah. Climate controls the question of ventilation and diet, of dress and of occupation; these again control the questions of temper, disposition, health and disease. The range and reach is wonderfully great as well as powerful; so that what a

man wishes to be mentally, physically and morally may be said in a great measure to be in his own hands and directed or modified by climate. Besides his duty to himself there is a progeny that man should not neglect. Children should not be allowed to grow where their bodies, minds or morals are apt to become warped; they should be where the climatic conditions favor all of these conditions of our existence to thrive to perfection. What the population of Southern California is to-day should not be taken as a criterion of what the climate can accomplish; it may take a generation or more to straighten out the shrunken liver in the one or to condense that of another and bring back a demoralized and lax spleen to a sense of its backsliding after a sojourn in the Edens of Indiana or Kansas; it may take a generation to eradicate the rheumatic or gouty blood bred in localities where the extreme cold drives one into too gross feeding and ill-ventilated apartments; but in the end the Southern California climate can be trusted for successful attempts to accommodate the economy so that it will meander along on a half remaining kidney or an excuse for a relic of a former lung. After a prolonged sojourn in this climate, indurated, condensed, enlarged, inactive livers are reduced to at least a part of their original healthy functions, and what cannot be replaced the system seems to get along without. Leathery spleens and bowels denuded in part of their mucous lining so that elsewhere they have lost their physiological functions seem to regain their vitality, and like an old pair of pants that have gone through the dyer and cleaner's hands may yet be able to do duty at a Presidential reception banquet or at an aldermanic feast. So that for young or old, the well or the ailing, there is no climate that for the whole year, under all circumstances and all conditions, can equal that of Southern California in its physical, mental or moral relations to mankind.

The great factors of this unique, agreeable and healthy climate are the peculiarly cool ocean currents of the Pacific, the Japan Current, which although more immediately effective on the more northerly coast is nevertheless the factor of our winter rains, as without the cyclonic generations of this stream Southern California would be an arid and rainless region. The run of the latitude, the deserts of the Mojave and of the Colorado, and the peculiar physical conformation of its mountain chains, whose crests, like to the outer wall of the Roman coliseum, form by their hills and valleys an enormous amphitheater with Los Angeles and San Diego for the arena. As this amphitheater is only exposed to the southwest, and its outer ramparts are sufficiently high to prevent any ingress of the heated desert air, it naturally follows that the locality enjoys a perfect marine or insular climate, as observed in the beginning of this paper. The dryness of its soil—due to the lack of summer rains and to the great natural heat of the soil—favors the high electrical condition of the air resulting from the friction of different temperatured and conditioned currents of air. The highly organized atmosphere and its extreme oceanic or insular equability, its regular trade winds and sea breezes,—remarkably constant as to temperature and velocity,—clear sky and bright sunshine, are all elements that conspire to make of Southern California a terrestrial paradise.

AMONG THE HIGHBINDERS.

AN ACCOUNT OF CHINESE SECRET SOCIETIES.

By Frederic J. Masters, D. D.

HIGHBINDERS is a name given to certain Chinese secret societies in California that profess to be benevolent institutions, but are in reality bands of conspirators, assassins and blackmailers. The term "highbinder" first made its appearance in the columns of *The Weekly Inspector* for December 27, 1806, describing the riotous behavior of a party of Irish banditti belonging to an association called "Highbinders," on Christmas eve of that year. Secret societies are known amongst the Chinese by the colloquial term "hatchet societies," the members of which are called "hatchet boys,"—very significant terms, which aptly describe their murderous and destructive operations.

The founders of Chinese highbinderism were political refugees who, having made futile attempts to overthrow the present reigning dynasty in China, were obliged to flee to save their necks. The parent root of these numerous secret associations is known in China as the Triad Society, so called because the three powers, Heaven, Earth and Man, are held by its members in mystic veneration. Their revolutionary plots were formed with such inscrutable secrecy, and under such artful disguises, that all the vigilance of the Chinese government. and the ablest detective service perhaps in the world, failed to discover the conspirators until the Tai Ping rebellion broke out, which shook the empire to its foundations and devastated ten provinces with fire and sword.

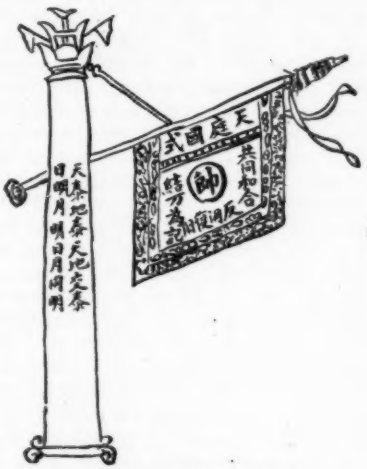
The suppression of the revolt by General Gordon and his Chinese soldiers,—called "The Ever Victorious Army,"—and the wholesale execution of red-turbaned rebels that followed, are matters of recent history. For thirty years the Triads showed no desire to place themselves in evidence in China, until now this hydra-headed monster has cropped up once again. Emboldened by the growing unpopularity of the Tartar government, the general discontent owing to flood, famine and bad times, the rebels have come to the front once more. The recent ferment along the Yangtsze is now admitted to be directed against the government; and any day we may hear the news that the Ko-Lo-Huey, which is simply another name for the Triads, has raised the flag of revolt. In the Straits Settlements and other places where the rebels had found shelter, these secret societies have grown so formidable and aggressive of late years that the English government has had to pass special legislation to give relief to the unhappy victims of their oppression and rapacity.

The Triads established themselves on this continent some thirty years ago under the style of the Chee Kung Tong, or "the Chamber of High Justice." (A Chinaman can do nothing without a flaming sign-board and a high-sounding name.) This society is generally known in the Eastern States as the Yee Hing Oey, or "Society of Righteous Brethren," being a branch of the Tong, whose headquarters is on Spofford alley, San Francisco.

During a raid made by the police a manual was discovered which contains much information not generally known. Its introduction gives a history of the rise of Triadism, a story that reads

more like a legend of King Arthur's days than a sober chapter of modern history.

In the days of Kang Hi, only 220 years ago, when the Manchu rule had hardly become settled, a rebellion broke out on the borders of the Kwang Si province amongst the then aboriginal tribes of the South. Imperial troops were dispatched to the scene of the revolt, but none returned to tell the story of defeat and massacre. Other expeditions sent forth met with no better success. The barbarians who had repeatedly vanquished the flower



Triad Banner and Secret Motto.

of the Imperial army were believed to be invincible. The government in its desperation issued proclamations offering rewards of money, titles and estates to the successful leader of an expedition against the malcontents of Sai Low. In the Kow Leen Mountains of the Fookien province was a Buddhist monastery called Shiu Lum, the residence of 128 monks, whose spare time was spent in athletic exercises, and whose admission to the order was gained by certain tests of bodily strength. Having read the proclamation, the monks started in a body for Pekin, were admitted to an audience with the Emperor, and offered to put down the rebellion without any military assistance. The Emperor, seeing their splendid physique and hearing of their feats of strength, was overjoyed. "Thank Heaven," he exclaimed, "that has given my country such stalwart men as these monks of Shiu Lum." Having received their Imperial commission they set out for Sai Low. The monks divided themselves into two divisions and fought with such skill and intrepidity that the rebels were seized with panic and fled. No quarter was given; the barbarians were cut to pieces till, as the record states, corpses covered the ground and blood flowed in streams. The victorious monks, without loss of life, returned to Pekin. The officials met them at the gates, the laureate sang ballads celebrating their victory, and the conquerors were escorted through the crowded streets to the Emperor's palace. When honors and rewards were offered them their leader exclaimed, "O King, live ten thou-
"sand years! what have thy servants
"done to merit these favors? Poor
"friars are we, who have renounced
"the world with its pleasures, riches
"and honors, and have taken vows of
"poverty that forbid us, O King, to
"accept thy gifts." The monks now returned to their mountain convent, the country rang with their fame, but the court of Pekin was perplexed. The success and popularity of the monks aroused the jealousy of the Manchu soldiery; their rejection of Imperial favors awakened the suspicions of the government. One day two ministers of state, Cheong Kin Tsau and Chan Man Yew, sought audience at court, and accused the monks of high treason. "These men of Shiu Lum," said they, "have such superhuman power that
"they can with a word bring down
"the sky or raise the earth. Hordes
"of barbarians that your Majesty's
"troops tried in vain to subdue have
"been exterminated by these monks;
"and now what is there to hinder
"them carrying out their seditious

"plots to seize the government and "overthrow the state?" At these words the Emperor trembled and his "dragon countenance changed color." "Alas," said the Emperor, "these tidings cause me much distress. What remedy can you suggest?" The ministers then stated in detail their plans, obtained Imperial authority to carry them out, and departed after assuring his Majesty that by the spring of the year all would be well. On the fifteenth of the first month Cheong Kin Tsau, with a body of troops, arrived at the Shiu Lum Monastery. The troops were left outside, while their leader and suite entered the gates, and with many expressions of respect presented a letter from the Emperor and a present of choice wine. The letter said: "We "have heard of your piety and learn-"ing, and how while others enjoy the "pleasures and luxuries of the town "you dwell in solitude, studying na-"ture in forest and sky. We have not "forgotten your brave deeds at Sai "Low, and have sent you a present of "wine with which to regale yourselves "this festive month." The abbot bowed reverently and said, "We are "but rustics of the hills, and have "done nothing to merit the Son of "Heaven's interest in our behalf." To whom Cheong Kin Tsau replied: "Nay! but my Imperial master often "alludes to your heroic deeds. His "Majesty desires to appoint you to "high military office, but you holy "men prefer meditation amidst forest "shades rather than the service of the "state. I, a humble officer of the "government, come here at his Majes-"ty's command to bear his gracious "message and present. Now, there-"fore, let the wine be drunk, that I "may hasten to other duties." Thereupon a feast was prepared, the tables spread, and the jars opened, when lo! a black vapor was seen to rise from the opened jars, filling the room with a poisonous stench. The assembled monks gazed at each other in blank amazement. "What wine is this that hath so offensive an odor?" demanded the abbot. "Bring forth our founder's "precious sword, and let the wine be "tested." The sword is produced, thrust into the jar, and withdrawn with evident marks of poison on the blade. Then was the abbot filled with rage, and demanded of Cheong Kin Tsau what they had done to deserve such treatment from a government they had served so faithfully. While he was speaking an explosion shook the building, flames and smoke burst forth, while on all sides were heard the sounds of battle horns and drums and the tramp of armed men. Hemmed in by flaming walls and the swords of the soldiers, escape seemed hopeless. Of the 128 monks only eighteen escaped. These rushed to the rear of the monastery, cast themselves upon the ground, and prayed the protection of Amitabh Buddha. The story is so interwoven with legend that we are not surprised to read that in answer to their prayers two genii appeared who opened up a way for their escape. These eighteen fugitive monks, pursued by the soldiery, now fled to the desert, where, as the narrative tells us, they were overtaken by a storm, and thirteen perished from exposure and starvation. The five survivors were soon discovered and again hotly pursued by the Tartar soldiers. After many vicissitudes, privations and hardships, we are told they one day saw a stone tripod lying by the wayside. While handling this utensil one of the priests discovered four mystic characters engraven on the bottom, "*Fan tsing, fuk ming;*" "overturn Tsing, restore Ming." *

Upon finding this tripod the five monks knelt down and worshiped Heaven and earth. A porcelain bowl was then used for a divining block, it being determined that, if the bowl were thrown thrice and fell unbroken, it should be taken as a sign that the blood of their slain brethren would be avenged. The fates were propitious, the omen was accepted as a

* Tsing is the name of the present reigning dynasty, and Ming the name of the late native dynasty dethroned by the Manchus in 1644.

pledge of victory, and these five Buddhist monks whose pictures are given in the ritual henceforth became the founders of the Triad Society, whose vow is recorded never to rest till the wrongs of their order have been avenged, the hated Manchu dynasty overthrown, and a descendant of the ancient kings placed on the dragon throne. Such is supposed to be the origin of the Triads, known in this country as the Chee Kung Tong and the Yee Hing Oey.

There is no time to follow its course during the subsequent two hundred years. Whatever may be its character to-day its original purpose was plain. Its founders set out to revenge a cruel massacre and break off a hated foreign yoke, objects which it has sought to accomplish by methods more secret and infernal than those adopted by the nihilists or the Clan na Gael.

It is impossible within the limits of this paper to give a translation of this singular little book, or to describe the elaborate ritual, oaths of initiation, secret signs, secret words and the military system that regulates this mysterious association. There are many characters and symbols expressed in terms, the meaning of which can hardly be guessed at.

The rite of initiation is a ceremony so terrible that one is not surprised to hear that nervous men have lost their wits passing through the trying ordeal. The sight of quaintly robed men moving solemnly about, fierce lictors and door-keepers brandishing spears and swords, the gorgeous altar with its gilded dragon carvings, tinseled drapery and heavy oriental hangings, the altar lights that burn dimly in the incense-laden air, lighting up the faces of the images of the five monks and the sterner visage of Kwan Kung, the god of war, is a spectacle in itself sufficient to strike with awe the mind of the superstitious novice who enters this chamber for the first time.

The neophyte is escorted by the champion Sin Fung to the first portal, where he is challenged, threatened with death, and finally admitted on giving the password. Here he casts off the Manchu costume, unplaits the queue, which is a Manchu appendage, and proceeds to don garments made after the fashion of the Ming dynasty. He now appears clad in a gown of five colors, a white girdle around the waist and a red cloth bound round the head. It is curious to note that this red turban was the distinguishing mark of the Tae Pings, who are still spoken of as the "red-turbaned rebels."

Entering the second portal the neophyte crawls on hands and knees under an arch of swords that meet teeth-like above him. The grand master of the society is called "Ah Ma," or "Mother." He is dressed in the Ming costume, with long unplaited hair, and is attended by his high officers of state on either side of the throne. The neophyte bows down before Ah Ma, and declares that he accepts the twenty-one regulations. A cup of wine is now prepared, the tip of each candidate's finger is pierced with a silver needle, and a drop of blood from each man's hand is allowed to fall into the wine cup. This potion of mingled wine and blood is drunk by the members present, symbolizing the admission of the candidates into the blood relationship. The neophyte also crawls under the bench or chair on which Ah Ma is seated, a ceremony which means being born again. In some places it is said Ah Ma is stripped naked; and the new-birth ceremony is too disgusting for description. The novice has now renounced allegiance to the Emperor, and foresworn forever his parents, kith and kin. Henceforth he is a member of the *Hung* family, and recognizes no other head but the grand master, who is at once parent and chief. It may be remarked that, in a land where filial piety is the first and most sacred of duties, it is not surprising that this society should be held up to universal execration.

At the third portal the neophyte is instructed in all the secret signs of the

society. Worship is offered to Heaven and Earth, to the spirits of the slaughtered priests, and to the spirits of the ancient kings. Incense and gilt paper are burnt, candles lighted, and libations of wine and tea are poured out to the gods. Thirty-five solemn oaths mostly in rhyme are chanted before the High Altar. A rooster's head is cut off, and as the blood flows the neophyte swears eternal fidelity to the head of the *Hung* state. He thus imprecates death by decapitation upon himself if ever his oath be broken, and recites words which may be translated thus:

From rooster's head, from rooster's head,
See how the fresh blood flows.
If loyal and brave my course shall be
My heirs immortal renown shall see;
But when base traitor and coward turn I,
Slain on the road my body shall lie.

He also swears never to divulge the secrets of the society or refuse to obey its mandates, imprecating upon himself the cruel death of the traitor Ma Ning. He also chants a stanza of which the following will serve as a rough translation:

By this red drop of blood on finger tip I swear
The secrets of this Tong I never will declare.
Seven gaping wounds shall drain my life away
Should I to alien ears my sacred trust betray.

Generally speaking, he swears to keep alive the spirit of revenge, and to wipe out in blood the wrongs done to the founders of the society. He vows eternal enmity to the Manchu government, and promises to use every endeavor to restore a native dynasty to the dragon throne.

A very singular custom is that which requires the neophytes to run the gauntlet of two ranks of Triad men, who are at liberty to inflict corporal punishment upon any one discovered to have been an old offender against the society. Having received with becoming submission this severe cudgelling, he is supposed to have expiated past offenses, past wrongs are forgiven, and he is received into the inner circle of the brotherhood.

Of course these ceremonies, with their accompanying signs and passwords, are a precaution against intrusion. Woe to the spy who, under pretense of becoming a member, seeks to discover its leaders and pry into its secrets. Maybe there is some truth in the popular belief that a few such attempts have been made by persons who have paid the price of their intrepidity, and have never been seen again. As a secret society the Triads

Precious Relics of the Triad Society.

1. Sacred Jacket of Shiu Lum Monks. 2. Sacred Beads or Rosary of the Five Friars.

make much of the language of signs and symbols. Signs and words that are meaningless to outsiders enable members of the society to discover each other, and hold communication in the presence of strangers. The ritual is full of these signs. With no key to their interpretation it is impossible even to guess at their signification.

The social custom of tea-drinking, and the ever-present pot of tea and tray of small cups, found in every Chinese store and reception room, furnish materials for a system of signs,

depending upon the positions of a certain number of cups in relation to the teapot. Sometimes the cups are arranged in a row, or in pairs, or placed on the top of each other, with the pot on the right-hand side. Sometimes the teapot is placed in the center with a certain number of cups arranged in different positions around it. Again the pot is sometimes placed in front, or behind the cups, or at one or other extremity of a row of cups. A great deal also depends upon which direction the spout points. On some occasions the cups are placed in the form of certain Chinese characters, notably the character *Hung*, the secret name of the society. Some significance is also attached to the way a cup of tea is drunk; as, for instance, when a person takes up a cup of tea, pours it back into the pot, and again refills the cup and drinks. Or the cup is taken up with five fingers and drunk while held with three. What all this means it is impossible to conjecture. To an outsider nothing unusual has taken place, and yet important communications have been made which only those *en rapport* have understood. In drinking tea a member of the Yee Hing or Chee Kung societies can always be known by the way he raises the cup to his lips. He takes hold of the edge between the thumb and two first fingers, the first finger being held inside the cup. In a crowd one member can discover another's presence by pressing the thumb and two fingers against another's arm or body, the thumb and two fingers being placed in the shape of the legs of a tripod. This is called "the three-cornered seal," and is usually applied from under the blouse. In a street quarrel a Yee Hing man is recognized by his fellows by having his queue twisted round his head from left to right instead of from right to left, the ends of the queue hanging over the right shoulder instead of the left.

Of the secret words used by the society I can only select a few from the vocabulary given in the ritual. If a member is ordered to kill a person he is told to "wash his body," the idea being that a baptism of blood can alone wash out the wrong done by an enemy to the society. A rifle is called a "big dog;" a revolver, a puppy; powder and bullet are called "dog feed;" and the order to fire is expressed by the innocent sentence, "let the dogs bark." These phrases will serve to illustrate the euphemistic terms used as secret words by members in conversation with each other on the public street, or where strangers are present.

1. Mirror of Yam Yeung.
2. Sacred Bowl.
3. Sacred Tripod used by the Monks.
4. Precious Sword of the Founder of the Shiu Lum Monastery.

It is no doubt the use of passwords, secret signs and other formulæ which has given rise to the impression that the Chee Kung Tong is a species of Free Masonry. This notion has been of great advantage to the Chee Kungs. It has given them a show of respectability that has long masked their real character from the eyes of American people. The fact is, as Mr. J. S. Hopper of Canton well says, "There is no more resemblance between Free Masonry in this country and the Yee Hing Society than there is between the Grand Army of the Republic and the Chicago Anarchists;" and this is

proved by the many overt acts of terrorism, violence and crime that have made this society so deservedly odious to all peaceable and law-abiding Chinese.

As the book of ritual was in all probability prepared two hundred years ago, we shall search in vain for any authority for the highbinder tactics of modern days. The character of the society has completely changed since it has been transplanted to this country. While retaining all the old political nomenclature and forms, it is practically dead as a revolutionary center. The horrors of the late rebellion, the savage cruelties perpetrated by its leaders, and the rapacity of their successors to-day, have so alienated the great mass of Chinese that they are in no hurry to support a cruel tyranny, in comparison with which even the grinding Manchu rule is a reign of mercy. Its political hopes extinguished it has now degenerated into a rendezvous of assassins and blackmailers. Professing to be a benevolent association formed for mutual protection it is in reality a self-constituted star chamber, an organized band of villains who rule with a rod of iron. It is not denied that there are respectable men enrolled in the association who would repudiate deeds of violence. These most likely joined under a wrong impression; but, once a member, withdrawal is next to impossible. The society's manual frankly admits that its members are drawn from all ranks of life,—rich and poor, learned and illiterate, honest men and swindlers, banditti of the mountains, pirates of the seas, and tramps of the public street. The respectable and honest are few and far between. The society is a cave of Adullam,—a resort for all who are in distress or in debt or discontented. The worst desperadoes of the Canton province, whose heads would have adorned the tower over some city gate had they remained in China, find an asylum under our beneficent laws, and procure congenial employment as the salaried soldiers of the Tong.

About three years ago a conspiracy was formed by the Victoria, B. C., branch of the Chee Kung Tong to assassinate the Rev. J. E. Gardner, a missionary who had been instrumental in breaking up the traffic in Chinese women that had been carried on there under the patronage of the Chee Kung Tong. With the aid of the police Mr. Gardner succeeded in detecting the hired asssassin, Lum Hip. In the room were found coats of mail and weapons of war; and on the person of Lum Hip was found a Chinese-written document which turned out to be a highbinder's commission. There was no doubt about its genuineness, as it bore the well-known seal of the Chee Kung Tong. It is a tell-tale paper and is worth translating, as it gives a clear insight into the workings of these so-called Chinese Free Masons:

To Lum Hip, Salaried Soldier:

It is well known that plans and schemes of government are the work of the learned holders of the seal; while to oppose foes, fight battles, and plant firm government, is the work of the military. This agreement is made with the above-named salaried soldier on account of sedition from within and derision and contempt from without. You, Lum Hip, together with all other salaried soldiers, shall act only when orders are given; and without orders you shall not act. But in case of emergency when our members, for instance, are suddenly attacked, you shall act according to the expediency of the case, and enter the arena if necessary. When orders are given you shall advance valiantly to your assigned duty, striving to be first, and only fearing to be found laggard. Never shrink or turn your back upon the battlefield.

You shall go under orders from our director to all the vessels arriving in port with prostitutes on board, and shall be on hand to receive them. Always be punctual; work for the good of the State (the society), and serve us with all your ability. If, in the discharge of your duties, you are slain, this Tong undertakes to pay $500.00 *sympathy money* to your friends. If you are wounded, a surgeon shall be engaged to heal your wounds; and, if you are laid up for any length of time, you shall receive $10.00 per month. If you are maimed for life, and incapacitated for service, you shall receive the additional sum of $250.00; and a subscription shall be opened to defray the expenses of your passage home.

This document is given as proof, as an oral promise may not be credited.

It is further stipulated that you, in common with your comrades, shall exert yourself to kill, or wound, any one at the direction of this Tong. If, in so doing, you are arrested and have to endure the miseries of imprisonment, this society undertakes to send $100.00, every year, to your family, during the term of your incarceration.

Seal of the Victoria branch of the Chee Kung Tong.

Dated July 2nd, 1887.

In the headquarters of the society is a courtroom, where so-called rebels against the State are tried and condemned, the presence of the accused at the trial not being thought necessary. A meeting is then held, where the members present deliberately select soldiers, whose business it shall be to discover the culprit and take away his life. How many poor wretches in this country have been done to death, and their corpses spirited away, the coroner will never know.

In San Francisco the power of the Chee Kung Tong is neutralized by the opposition of the other rival societies; but in the smaller Chinese communities of the Eastern cities they reign supreme under the title of Yee Hing. A Chinaman must have more than common courage to defy the mandates and brave the maledictions of the grim tribunal that works in the secrecy of darkness, and, in the eyes of the Chinese, has more power to give effect to its penal decrees than all the courts of the United States.

A few months ago a superintendent of a Chinese Sunday School, in New England, learning that several members of the school had joined the Yee Hing Society, informed them that they must either renounce that society or else withdraw from the school. Thereupon they withdrew in a body and proceeded to intimidate the non-society men, ordering them to leave the school under threats of loss of business and employment. They succeeded in frightening away all but two or three non-society men, who had been brave enough to expose the workings of the society, and were consequently threatened with death. It is superfluous to mention that this and all other secret societies are bitterly hostile to their Christian fellow-countrymen, especially in the case of those Christians who were former members of the Yee Hing and are naturally regarded as traitors. The writer counts, among the members of his church, one or two who had graduated to high rank in the society, but are now consistent Christians; and the persecutions to which they are exposed from the society, whose allegiance they have renounced, and whose vengeance they have dared to provoke, illustrates what it costs many Chinese to become Christians in America.

One of the worst features of this secret society—and the same applies to all the other highbinder associations—is its mischievous interference with the administration of justice. With unlimited funds at their disposal to employ counsel, suborn perjury, bribe the venal, and employ agents to intimidate the other side, it is almost impossible to secure the conviction of the criminal around whom this unscrupulous society has thrown its protecting arms. In proof of this there are many instances on record. There is the case of Lee Sam, a Chee Kung Tong man, who on the 11th November, 1887, was held to answer the charge of throwing vitriol in a Chinawoman's eyes, almost depriving her of sight; yet he was acquitted by the Superior Court, the woman having been in the interim intimidated to say that she could not identify him.

While the highbinders know how to save their friends from the law, they also know how to employ the processes of the law to fight foes. With sharp, cunning Chinamen, to say nothing of unprincipled white men in their employ familiar with the procedure of our courts, well versed in the laws of evidence, and capable of forging a complete and invincible chain of evidence, it is possible to trump up charges against innocent men who have been so unfortunate as to incur

the enmity of this relentless foe. Several visits to the State prison, and conversations with Chinese convicts, have convinced the writer that many innocent men are languishing in our penal settlements, the unhappy victims of highbinder conspiracies. This, however, is not as extensively carried on as in years gone by. To swear an enemy's life away or get him sent into penal servitude was once regarded as a surer and safer mode of revenge than to shoot him down on the street; but revelations made from time to time of the workings of the society, as for instance in the celebrated trial at St. Louis in 1885, when trumped-up charges of murder were brought against six members of the Che Clan, have tended to shake the highbinder's confidence in the efficiency of our judicial system as a machine for secret society vengeance.

To describe the smaller and less influential highbinder institutions would be to repeat much that has been written. The Chinese have a common saying, "When you only the head can "see you surely can tell what the "tail will be." Many of the local "hatchet societies" are the tail end of the Chee Kung Tong, or allies that do its dirtiest work. Others are independent hatchet establishments, alike in character, but hostile to each other. The Chee Kung Tong is generally looked upon as the most influential; and disputes between associations friendly to them are often referred to their arbitration. The origin of these smaller societies is easily accounted for: Some dispute has arisen in the parent society, and a faction secedes, forming for instance the Ping Kung Tong. Sometimes a number of Chinamen of the same clan, bound together by a common interest, combine to protect themselves against the aggression of some dominant association. Other societies are formed to control and protect, for instance, the brothel interest, as the Wa Ting Shan Fong; or the gambling interest, as the Hip Shing Tong; or the traffic in women, as the Kwong Tak and On Leong societies. Sometimes a society is started for purely benevolent, tribal, patriotic or social purposes, like our American clubs, but degenerate into highbinder societies. Some insult has been offered or injury done by members of another organization; this is resented by the younger and hotheaded members of the aggrieved society; a quarrel ensues, and the whole club easily becomes embroiled in a highbinder strife.

The initiation of "hatchet boys" is simpler than that of the triads above described. The candidate kneels before the god of war, crossed swords are laid on the floor in front of him, and a naked sword is held over his head while he swears fidelity and obedience to the directors of the Tong. At least twenty per cent of the members are salaried fighters, provided with chain armor, knives, revolvers, iron cudgels and other weapons of war. When a highbinder steals a woman out of a brothel under the protection of another society, or when a society, in its blackmailing raids, poaches upon the preserves of a rival Tong, there follows one of those little street battles which gives these soldiers something to do. When a slave woman escapes from a house of ill fame in which a highbinder society is interested, it is a common thing to swear out some charge against her, such as grand larceny. She is arrested, thrown into prison, and bailed out by her owners, who then have her in their power. If she agrees to return to the bagnio the complainant fails to identify her, and the case is dismissed. When the woman escapes to the mission and is arrested, the missionaries are able to protect the poor woman from the villains who, by means of the processes of law, would drag her back again to a den of infamy. In some cases the Chinaman who has helped the woman to escape is discovered, and is summarily dealt with unless reparation is speedily made. In two cases that have come under the writer's notice these men have been

charged with murder and thrown into prison. But for the interference of the writer they would, in all probability, have lost their lives or been sentenced to penal servitude.

There is a case still pending at Stockton, California, which illustrates this. A Chinese merchant of the Ko family married a woman from a den under the control of the On Yick Society. Mr. Ko had already paid a large part of her redemption money, and more exorbitant demands were made which Ko refused to meet. About two years ago charges were trumped up against man and wife. Ko was arrested and taken to Sacramento. The wife was afterwards arrested and taken *en route* for Auburn. This place she never reached. On the way there the police constable permitted the substitution of another woman. Mrs. Ko was spirited away and has never been seen since. Whether she is murdered or held for ransom, who shall say? The constable, a highbinder's agent, was arrested, convicted of kidnaping, and now seeks a new trial! Months passed, and then followed another tragedy. A member of the Ko family who had assisted in the prosecution of the constable was suddenly shot down in the streets of San Francisco. Over two years have passed since the kidnaping. Ko's wife has not been found, nor have the real criminals been brought to justice. Such cases as these shake the faith of the Chinese in our courts of justice. Who could wonder if a man like Ko, despairing of obtaining redress by legal methods, should employ some rival hatchet society to avenge his murdered wife and kinsman? Scores of similar incidents might be given. Let these suffice.

In the light of these facts it will be interesting to study the names of these so-called benevolent societies. High-sounding, grandiloquent signs have been chosen with unblushing audacity, and with painful disregard of the laws of congruity. One society, organized for the purpose of importing slave prostitutes into the country, rejoices in the name of Kwong Tak Tong, which means, "the chamber of far-reaching virtue"! Another society that traffics in women is called the On Leong Tong, or the "chamber of tranquil conscientiousness"! Glorious titles are given to the "hatchet societies" that are responsible for most of the shooting scrapes that have disgraced Chinatown. The Hip Shing Tong means "the hall of victorious union." The Hop Shing Tong means "the hall of associated conquerors." The Sui Shing Tong means "hall of auspicious victory." The Sui On Tong means "hall of realized repose." The Ping Kung Tong means "hall of maintained justice." An institution that draws a revenue from houses of ill fame enjoys the romantic name of Wa Ting Shan Fong, or "flowery arbor mountain booth." Two societies that raised in one meeting $30,000 to protect and defend the notorious assassin Lee Chuck are called respectively the "guild for the protection of virtue," and "the guild of hereditary virtue,"—fine names, it must be confessed, for two societies of such ingrained criminality as the Po Shin She and the Kai Shin She.

The associations above enumerated are the principal highbinder organizations in San Francisco. These are the bands of criminals who have defied our laws, terrorized over their fellow-countrymen and laid half of Chinatown under tribute. Their victims have calmly submitted to their rapacious demands, knowing that resistance was vain. With a bulldog at his throat a man cannot say or do much. It is better policy to keep quiet and pay the demanded percentage on his earnings and profits than raise a fuss that may only result in loss of business, loss of employment, and perhaps loss of life. With no one to interfere with them, secure under our laws and institutions, these associations have grown fat, flourished and multiplied. Some of them being incorporated as benevolent associations, they are assumed to be what they profess

until proved to the contrary. And who shall do this? Suppose they are proceeded against by regular legal process, against whom is an action to be brought? Who are the responsible heads? Who can identify the officers of the association, the criminality of which is generally admitted? Who will undertake to get behind the scenes, gain admission at the closely guarded doors, report proceedings at their meetings and gather evidence connecting the responsible officers of the society with the crimes alleged to have been committed at their instigation? It is certain that no white man could do this without being detected. It is equally certain that no Chinaman could be found with sufficient courage to run the gauntlet of armed men, and the certainty of being cut to pieces if discovered. Even supposing a Chinaman dared to come forward and expose these centers of crime, it is doubtful whether a jury would give any weight to his testimony, uncorroborated by white men's evidence, in the face of the hosts of witnesses marshaled by the other side.

To grapple with this evil by constitutional methods I know of only one plan, and that is the employment of a Chinese detective force such as can be found in the British colonies of the East,—men, even Chinamen, who have established a character for veracity, and whose word is believed in a court of law. When it is remembered that there is not an officer on the police force of this city who can read or speak Chinese, it is remarkable that so many Chinese offenders are arrested and convicted every year. There are no doubt many Chinese in Chinatown who are willing unofficially to aid the officers in ferreting out criminals; but as a general rule, and especially so in the case of highbinders, an irresponsible Chinaman is in no hurry to meddle with other people's affairs to the risk of his own life. There is no reason, however, why a Chinaman well paid, regularly employed and supported by the authorities, should not do as faithful and efficient detective work in this city as is done by the Hongkong native police, many of whom are brave, intelligent, upright men.

It may be interesting to glance at some typical highbinders and leaders in the various societies who are now in the hands of the law. The faces present an interesting physiological study. Their histories may be briefly told in the following, taken, by the courtesy of Chief Crowley, from the records of his department:

No. 1. Leong Yuen Gun, blackmailer and fighter, belonging to the Wah Ting Shan Fong Society. He is serving a ten-year sentence in the State Prison for shooting Jare Hoy on Dupont street.

No. 2. Wong Fun Kim, member of the Chee Kung Tong, a murderer and kidnaper. He was sent to the State Prison from Humboldt County for manslaughter, and from this city for stealing a Chinese woman.

No. 3. Lee Sam was arrested and charged with throwing vitriol into the eyes of Fong Lin, an inmate of a house on Sullivan alley. He is a prominent member of the Chee Kung Tong Society, and is known to the police as a very desperate character.

No. 4. Yee Hong Yuen, convicted with No. 6 of same crime.

No. 5. Tarm Poi, a murderer and "hatchet man," a member of the Chee Kung Tong Society. He has been sentenced to be hanged for chopping to death Fong Hoy, on the corner of Dupont and Jackson streets.

No. 6. Yee Lock, a robber and shooter of the Sui On Tong Society. He is now serving a sentence of fifteen years in the State Prison for garroting and robbing the wife of Mah You Lin.

No. 7. Lee Chuck, a murderer, blackmailer and robber, member of the Kai Shin She Society. He acted as the bodyguard of the notorious Fong Ching, alias Little Pete. He is now in the State Prison, serving a fifty-year sentence for murdering Yin Yuen on Washington Street at midday. Referred to in this article.

No. 8. Fong Ah Sing, a murderer and blackmailer, a member of the Tak Kung Tong and Ping Kung Tong highbinder associations. He succeeded in procuring articles of incorporation for his society, after which he exclaimed: "Now I have power!" This man shot and killed Toy Gam, an inmate of a house in Kung Kuk alley. He was hanged for this murder in the County Jail. The Ping Kung Tong is a branch of the Chee Kung Tong Society. These two societies are at enmity with each other.

Typical Highbinders.

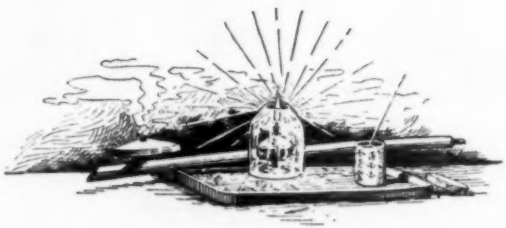
About a year ago they had a celebration, and a fight occurred, in which several persons were shot.

No. 9. Lee Kay, a Chee Kung Tong man. In the daytime, on Post street, near Dupont, he threw pepper into the eyes of a white woman and attempted to rob her. He was sent to the State Prison for twelve years.

There is another plan, and the only effective method of suppressing highbinder societies. The long-continued feuds, the frequent assassinations on the streets, the provoking taciturnity of Chinese eye-witnesses of crime when questioned by detectives, and the scandalous miscarriage of justice in highbinder trials, have demonstrated to a certainty that if Chinese secret societies are to be broken up it cannot be done by constitutional means. Last January a dozen highbinders opened fire upon each other on a public street of San Francisco in broad daylight. Before the police arrived the assassins had fled and covered up their tracks. The Chief of Police now resolved upon heroic measures, and very pluckily gave orders to break up their camps and halls of meeting. For two or three days the police invaded their headquarters, tearing down signboards, demolishing idols and furniture, and leaving nothing behind but a heap of débris. The Chee Kung Tong, the very center and pivot of highbinderism, was the last to fall. This caused the greatest sensation. It was then seen that the police meant business. The great mass of the Chinese were wild with joy. The news spread like wildfire. Merchants chuckled over their counters with undisguised satisfaction. Men walked the streets with a lighter tread. A heavy yoke seemed to be lifted off men's shoulders. The bloody hand of masked ruffianism had relaxed its grip upon men's throats. People breathed freer. The only unhappy looking individuals were the "hatchet boys," who were thrown into a state of panic and bewilderment.

It must be a source of gratification to Chief Crowley to know that his action is universally indorsed, not only by Americans, but by the Chinese legation and consulate, the Six Companies, and the Chinese merchants, hundreds of whom, it is said, have signed a paper undertaking to indemnify the Chief against any possible loss in an action at law. The result proves unquestionably that the great majority of Chinese in California are on the side of law and order, and shows how a few hundred desperadoes can domineer over a whole community.

Let highbinders and all other sons of nox and chaos beware, that whether they belong to the Chee Kung Tong, the Mafia, the Clan na Gael or any other such association, this country is no place for secret tribunals, bloody plots and dark conspiracies; and if they will defy our laws, assassinate innocent people, and tamper with our courts of justice, they will do so at their peril; for a long-suffering but outraged community may rise some day and cast them forth with all other devil-possessed things into the Gadarean abyss.



A CHRISTMAS AT LEDGER'S.

By George Brooke.

THERE was a mining camp on the Trinity in the fall and winter of '52–'53 called Buller's Flat. It was a small camp and a poor one. There weren't more than a hundred men working there at any time, and those who were there were never very well to do. So poor indeed was the camp at the time I write of that it boasted only one drinking-saloon and gambling-house.

This same gambling-house was run by a man called Ledger, a good-looking scamp enough, tall and dark, with black eyes and mustache. Always well dressed and carefully groomed, he was the best-looking man in camp; not that any one save himself thought or cared anything about that; but there was a woman there with whom every last man of us was in love; and good clothes and shining shoes make a heap of difference to a woman, or at least men always think so, and we thought so and consequently were jealous of Ledger. There was only one man in camp though outside of Ledger that any one of us thought had a chance with the girl, and that was my partner Jim Pardee. Jim was popular, and never a man in the outfit begrudged him his chance with the girl; but all the same they were jealous of Ledger and swore that sooner than see him carry her off they would string him up to the handiest sugar-pine.

The girl was called Kit. She was only sixteen or so,—just a slip of a thing with yellow hair and gray eyes, and no figure to speak of. She lived with an old reprobate who called himself her father and passed under the name of Rowan. I never knew whether he was her father or not, but anyway he said he was, and the boys accepted him as Kit's parent, and his flour sack was never empty, and his coffee and bacon never grew less. He was a loafer, was the old man; he hung around Ledger's from night till morning and then from morning to night again, until he got his usual load of alcohol on board; then he staggered home to his cabin and turned in. He never abused Kit after one night Jim caught him at it and frightened the old chap so that he swore never to lay hands on her again, and his fear of Jim made him stand by it.

Jim and I were partners, as I have said, and he had told me many a time how much he loved Kit, and said that all he wanted of the world was dust enough to buy and stock a ranch he knew of in the Sacramento Valley, and he'd marry her and carry her off there, and they'd live happy ever after.

Jim would sit and talk about Kit and that ranch till all hours, and I'd just go to sleep and fall off my seat and wake up to find him still talking about them; but our claim never panned out rich, and one day we made up our minds that we had to leave the flat or starve; the fact was Jim had only stayed as long as he had on Kit's account. He hated to go and leave her, and so did I for his sake, but go we must, so one night after supper we packed our stuff and got all ready for an early start next morning; and then Jim went off to say good-by to Kit, and I went down to Ledger's to say good-by to the boys. I found old Rowan there of course; he was half asleep in a chair near the stove, and Ledger was dealing bank. I made a couple of plays just for the good of the house, told the boys we were off come morning, stood a round of drinks and went back to camp and turned in.

Jim did not come back for some time after, and I could see by his face that

he was mightily pleased at something, and I could easily guess what it was. In the morning, bright and early, we were off. It was the 25th of September; I remember the date as though it were but yesterday; we were going to prospect up a little creek that Jim had located one day a few miles above the flat. This creek emptied into the Trinity, but it was such a narrow, rocky little stream where it emptied, that unless it widened out higher up there wasn't much show for color even. However, we pushed our way up that creek for two or three days of as hard traveling as I ever did. Finally one day, just as we had made our way through a particularly tough mile or so, we struck the prettiest little flat any one ever saw. The mountains seemed to rise up straight and wall it in all around, and I don't believe any white man ever set foot in it before; it was about a hundred feet across and as many yards long, and the stream wasn't more than twenty feet wide, and very shallow, for there hadn't been any rain yet. We knew the gold must be there. We were dead tired that night, but we couldn't sleep, or eat even, until we had washed a pan or so of dirt just to see the color of the stuff. Jim said it reminded him of Kit's hair, and we saw from the first panning that we had struck it. Old Jim danced around me and yelled until the walls of the cañon fairly rang, and had a small drink out of our precious little jug, and had supper, and turned in to dream of all sorts of good things happening.

To make a short yarn of it, we mined there until the first of December, and then Jim says to me one night after supper: "Partner, I'm going to make a final clean up and 'divy' to-night. I promised Kit I'd look her up and get married by Christmas, and I reckon I must rustle if I'm going to keep my word." Of course I assented. I always did when Jim proposed anything, someway or another, and said as long as he was going down the river I'd go along and see him through. So we got out the buckskin sack and weighed out the stuff, and found that we had close on to $20,000 apiece in dust and nuggets. I tell you we felt good.

Jim said we'd go down to the Flat, get Kit, look up a parson or a justice, or somebody that could marry 'em, get spliced, and then go down to Sacramento, buy that ranch, and live like white men once more. So next morning we started for Buller's. We got there safe enough, but the only soul on the location was a Chinaman, and of course he didn't know anything about anybody; he was making a living out of a deserted claim, and that was all he cared about. Jim was knocked cold; he didn't know what to do next or where to go; Kit had disappeared as though the ground had opened and swallowed her, and where was he to look for her? We talked the matter over and over again that night, as we sat, after supper, in one of the abandoned cabins, and could come to no conclusion. We sat smoking for a half hour or so, when suddenly Jim jumped to his feet and says: "Partner, we'll go to 'Frisco and find Ledger. I'll warrant he'll know where old Rowan is, and, unless I'm mightily mistaken, where Kit is, too." "I go where you do, Jim," was all I said, and we turned in then, and next morning, before sun up, were off for the bay.

We got into 'Frisco on the 20th of December; there had been lots of rain in the mountains, and all the creeks were rivers, and all the rivers lakes, and we had to go a mighty long way round, but we got there just the same, and on a Monday afternoon we two flung our packs down in Frenchy's lodging-house, near the Plaza, got something to eat and had a jaw with the boys, and along about six o'clock Jim came to me and said he had Ledger located and we'd go see him and find out what he had to say. "I'm going to make him tell me everything he knows about Kit," said Jim, "and you better have your gun handy, partner, for you might need it." Jim was always jealous of Ledger, though I

never could see why, for Kit never favored the man; she would talk and laugh with him if they happened to meet, and sometimes he would make her little presents, but any one could see that Kit cared nothing for any one save Jim; and although Ledger was a scamp he wasn't a scoundrel, but then Jim was dead in love with Kit and would have been jealous of a Chinaman if she'd smile at him.

I followed Jim out into the street; it was pitch dark and raining in sheets, and the mud was knee deep. Jim led the way across the Plaza onto Kearny Street with me at his heels. The only lights were those in the saloons and stores and gambling-houses. Men were elbowing and pushing their way good naturedly through the mud in and out of the doors of the different drinking-places, until it seemed to me that every man on the Coast must be in 'Frisco for Christmas. At last Jim stopped in front of a place called the "Lone Star;" it was a big drinking-saloon with a gambling outfit in the rear and a free-and-easy dance-house upstairs. Jim caught my wrist in his hand and fairly hissed in my ear as he nodded at the lighted windows upstairs; "Partner, if Kit's up there, I'll fill that —— —— Ledger's hide so full of holes it won't hold blood," and I knew that he meant it, too. "Come on," he said, and I followed. He pushed through the crowded barroom, merely glancing at the men behind the counter, but Ledger wasn't there. Pushing open the swinging doors the gambling-hell was before us; there were seven or eight faro games running, and several Spanish monte dealers were scattered around at different tables, and sure, at the bank, side of the most crowded faro table, sat our man, dealing.

As soon as Jim saw him he started for him, but I put my hand on his arm and said: "Steady, Jim, take it easy, old man; you can't bluff him (for I knew Ledger had plenty of pluck); speak to him softly and let's find out something if we can." So we strolled up to the layout and stood overlooking the game for a moment or two before Ledger caught sight of us; when he did, he called out, "Why, Pardee and Pard (they always coupled Jim and me that way at Buller's), where have you dropped from." He answered pleasantly enough and gave him the time o' day, and then we made a play or two. Presently Ledger finished the deal, and calling another dealer to take his place he came around to us and asked us to go into his private room and have a drink and a talk, and we did, and after we had had a drink Ledger turned round on Jim and said, "See here, Pardee, you're down here looking for Kit;" and as Jim started to deny it he kept right on and said, "No use denying it, for I know all that was between you and Kit." Jim stared at him, too surprised to speak for a moment, and then said, "Well, if you know that much, you must know I am looking for her, but how did you know she had left the flat? and by —— Ledger," he went on, "I'm going to find her too, and you might as well tell me, first as last, where she is." "Jim," said Ledger, and he laid his hand on his shoulder, "I don't know where she is; if I did I'd tell you, for I know Kit loves you, and as long as I haven't a chance myself I'd sooner see her your wife than any other man's I know, and I'll help you find her with the last dollar I've got and the last shot in my gun." He looked Jim straight in the eyes as he said this, and Jim looked him back again, and, after a moment's silence, Jim put out his hand and said, "I believe you're true this time, anyway, Ledger, and I'll trust you; shake hands on it with me and my 'pard,' and we'll find Kit if she's on top of earth." We all shook hands then and had another bottle of fizz, and over it Ledger told us how, soon after we left Buller's, old Rowan came to him and said he was going off on a prospect to look up an old claim he knew of, and he wanted some one to take care of Kit while he was away,

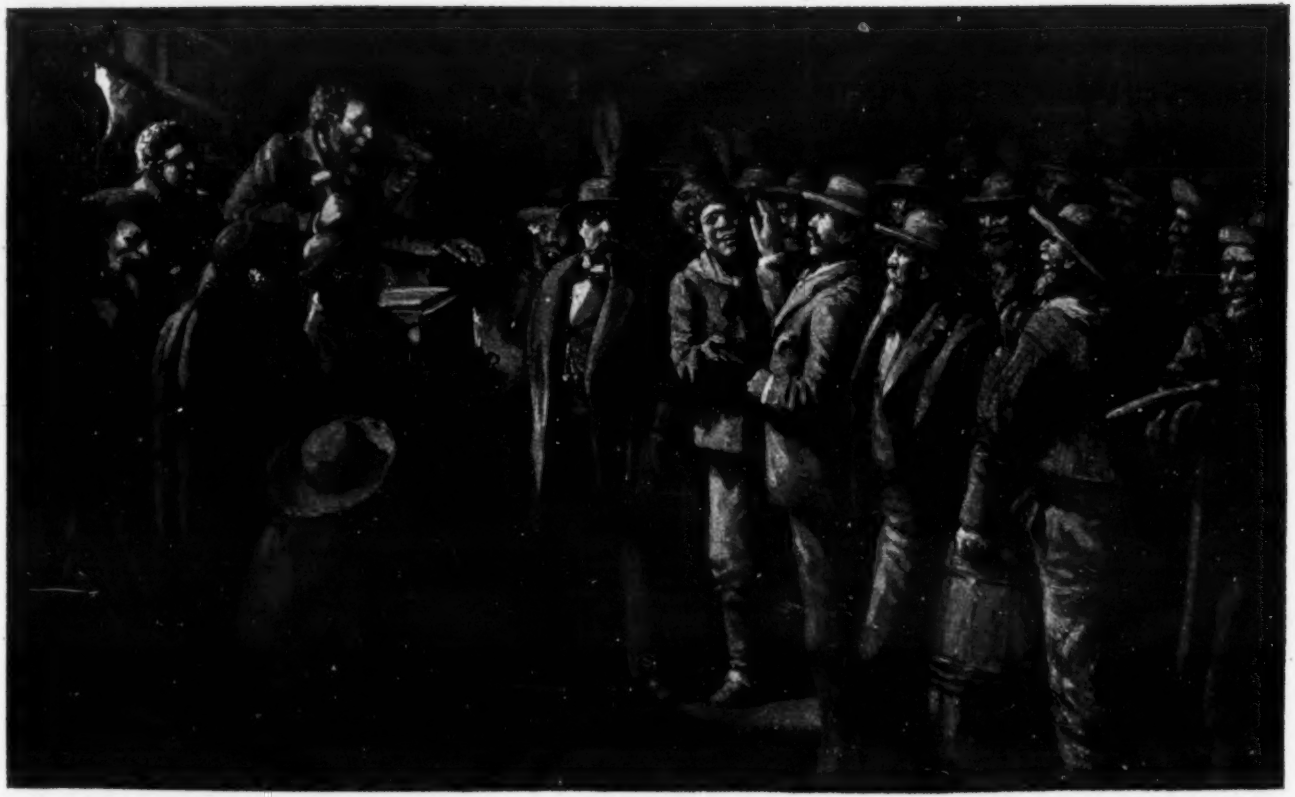
and if he (Ledger) would give him five hundred he could have her and welcome. Jim nearly had a fit when he heard this, but quieted down, and Ledger went on to tell how he had gone to Kit and told her that he loved her (" and I did and do love her yet," he said, and I could see from his eyes and voice that he meant what he said), and asked her to marry him, but Kit told him she was going to marry Jim come Christmas, and that she loved Jim and no one else. Ledger told old Rowan Kit's answer, and the old brute raved and cursed and swore that she should never marry Jim; he had never forgotten the gentle pounding he had had from him for licking Kit when he was drunk one night, and next day Buller's found itself less in numbers by two, and old Rowan and Kit were gone. Ledger only stayed there long enough to close up his place after that, for he said he had only been staying there on account of Kit, and then made his way to 'Frisco. He had heard of Rowan since he had come to the bay. The old man had been there, and Kit was with him; but no one had seen either of them for many weeks, Ledger said, and he had been too busy to look for Kit before; but now he had a man whom he could trust around the place to look after things, and said he would go halves with Jim in money, time and everything else it cost to find her; for he said to Jim and me that night that though he was no saint yet he knew a good woman when he saw her, and he not only knew poor little Kit was good, but (and here there were tears in his voice, and his eyes, too, and when a man can't talk except in that way about a girl you can gamble he loves her) he loved her beside, and he would go through anything to see her safe in Jim's arms. We all shook hands again at this; and then Jim and I said good-night to Ledger, made our way back to Frenchy's and turned in.

Things ran along after that arrangement for a week, and Jim, Ledger and I had been in every place in 'Frisco where we thought Rowan might have put Kit (and a good-looking girl was worth a whole lot of money here in those days), but we could find no trace of her and had begun to make up our minds that the old man had taken her with him wherever he had gone. Jim had grown silent and morose, and to my surprise had taken a distrust to Ledger. I had grown to like Ledger very thoroughly since I had known him better. He was generous and good tempered to a fault, slow to quarrel, and as brave a man as ever stepped. I reasoned with Jim, but could not argue the idea out of his mind that Ledger knew where his Kit was and was keeping him from her. Ledger noticed it too, and spoke to me about it, and I agreed with him that it was so; but he made excuses for Jim and said that it was only natural, and if he were in Jim's place he would be so too. It had rained all day long. Christmas eve the wind blew from all the points of the compass at once, and about five in the afternoon Jim gave up his search. He had been on the keen jump for the past four days; and he had not eaten or slept hardly during that time; besides he had been drinking more than usual. I suppose his grief and disappointment were more than he could bear; and altogether he was in a very moody, irritable condition when we parted at the Plaza, he to go to Frenchy's and I to go to Ledger's. "You'll find me in my bunk when you come back," he called after me as I was making my way across the street. When I got to Ledger's I found him just going out to supper, and I went with him; we talked the matter over as we eat, and came to the conclusion that Rowan must have gone away from 'Frisco and taken Kit with him. After supper I wanted to go out and buy some toys and other things for the kids of an old pal of mine who was dead and whose widow was taking in washing to keep the young ones together. Ledger volunteered to come along, so together we made our way through the crowded streets thronged with miners, gamblers and adventurers from every

country under the sun. It was a gay, careless crowd enough, and you could hear the click of the roulette wheel and the cries of the monte dealers from almost every door as it swung open to the men coming and going. The store we were making for was kept by a Jew named Isaacs, and stood on Kearny Street near the Plaza. When we got there the place was crowded, and at one side of the store an auction was going on of unredeemed pledges; for Isaacs carried on a pawnbroker's business in addition to his store, and lent money on anything from a miner's pick and gold pan to a gambler's diamonds. Ledger and I had finished our purchasing and turned to leave when our attention was attracted to the auctioneer's stand by a laugh from the crowd, and to our surprise we saw a woman closely veiled and cloaked standing at his side, and he was informing the crowd that she was the next pledge to be sold. I could hardly believe my eyes or ears, but there she stood; and the auctioneer went on to descant on her beauty of face and form. I thought she was, of course, some woman of the town who had pledged her jewels or valuables of some kind with Isaacs and tried this means of raising the money to redeem them in preference to having them sold. The Jew on the stand had just finished his remarks to the crowd on the girl's dancing and singing, and some brute in the audience had shouted to him to unveil the girl and let us hear her sing, when I caught sight of a Frenchman who ran one of the most notorious resorts in the city standing near the stand. He must be there to bid on the girl, I knew, and if she fell into his hands her life would be a perfect hell. He would pay a big price for her, for a woman in those days was a gold mine in 'Frisco; and many a man who is to-day a respected member of society made his money out of them. I no sooner saw the Frenchman than I made up my mind to measure my sack against his, and if mine was the longest the girl should go free, when Ledger's hand fell on my shoulder and he muttered in my ear: "Pard, do you see that man there?" pointing to the fellow I have spoken of. "By—— I'll buy that poor soul's freedom and save her from his clutches if it costs me my last ounce." "I'll go you halves, Ledger," I answered, and if we haven't enough between us I know Jim will help us out for the sake of the little girl we are looking for."

The bidding had begun by this time, and was opened by a thousand-dollar bid by a capper for the shop. A big, good-natured, half-drunken Irishman raised it five hundred just to show his regard for the sex in general; and after a few scattering bids it reached five thousand, the last bidder being the Frenchman. Ledger waited a moment to see if any one would raise the last bid, and then went a thousand harder; the Frenchman bid five hundred more; I raised him a thousand. By this time the crowd had become interested and had begun to chaff the Frenchman, and he went me a thousand more only to be met by another thousand from Ledger. The crowd cheered at this last bid, and our rival, evidently nettled at the opposition he was meeting with, raised Ledger five thousand dollars with a triumphant ring in his voice that seemed to say, beat that if you dare. Ledger waited just a second until the surprise at the size of the last bid had subsided, and then quietly remarked, "ten thousand more." At this the audience fairly yelled, and our Frenchman swore hard in his own language and left the place amid the jeers of the crowd. Ledger and I made our way to a private room to settle about the payment of the money. I was ahead, and as I stepped into the room there was a cry, a rustle of skirts, and Kit's arms were around my neck, and Kit was laughing and crying both at once and raining kisses all over my rough, bearded face, and calling me dear, dear, dearest old pard, and demanding to be taken to Jim all in one breath.

I was simply paralyzed with surprise, and as for Ledger he was dumb. "How on earth did you get



The Auction.

here, Kit?" at last I found my tongue to ask, and then as well as she could in her excitement she explained how old Rowan had brought her to 'Frisco, and after he had tried every means he could think of to raise money without success he had pawned her to Isaacs, and he had loaned him the money he needed for his scheme, whatever it was. Isaacs had kept Kit locked up in the rooms over the store, never allowing her to go out unattended, and then always in the evening and closely veiled and cloaked. The night before the auction the Frenchman was brought in and introduced to her, and Isaacs had tried to persuade her to go away with him then, but Kit refused and insisted on the contract being carried out to the letter, and so was auctioned. She had not recognized either Ledger or me in her excitement and through her thick veil, but she knew Ledger's voice when he made the last bid, and turning to look for him she saw me and thought we must have known whom we were bidding for, and she was awfully disappointed to find we did not, but insisted that Jim would have, had he been there. Ledger being well known in 'Frisco arranged for the payment of the money, and getting Kit's poor little bundle together we started for his place where, he said, Kit could stay; and I volunteered to get my widow to come down and stay with her and take care of her. We sent out for some supper, and over it we decided not to let Jim know anything about the affair until the next night, when we were all to dine together at Ledger's and give him a good old-fashioned surprise, and Kit for a Christmas present. Ledger was to have a parson on hand to do the marrying, and the widow was to look after Kit's wardrobe and have her a white dress ready to be married in. Ledger and I left the widow and Kit deep in the discussion of ways and means; they had plenty of money and were to spare no expense. I went home to our lodgings and found poor Jim in such a state of the blues and nearly wild from drink and loss of sleep that it was on the tip of my tongue to tell him everything, but I could'nt bear to spoil our plans. I gave him Ledger's invitation to dine with him, but the poor old chap wanted to refuse, and I had to use all my powers of persuasion to induce him to promise to come. At last he did, and then we turned in, but Jim just lay in his bunk and tossed around all night thinking of Kit. Next morning we started out again and made a round of all the places in town in which women were employed, and every time we came out of one of them Jim would say, "Pard, old man, I'd sooner kill my poor little Kit with my own hand than find her in one of those places, and by ——, I'd kill her anyway if I did find her in one, but I'd kill the man who put her there first," and so the day passed. We hadn't seen Ledger all day, and about five o'clock Jim said, "Well, we might as well be going up to Ledger's now if we're going to feed there." So we started up Kearny Street to Ledger's, and as we came opposite the house Jim happened to glance across at the upper windows. There were lights in the rooms, both in the dancing-rooms and in Ledger's own private apartments, and there in the latter stood Kit all dressed in white. She looked like an angel to my eyes as she bent over a great basket of flowers that stood on a center-table. Jim never said a word. He just stood for a second or so as if dazed; then I heard him mutter to himself, "the man first, the man first," and before I could stay him he was dashing across the street, making for Ledger's. I was close behind him, yelling to him to stop and let me explain, but he never heard me. He dashed through the bar and into the gambling room, and there at a table at the upper end of the room sat Ledger, dealing. Jim had his gun out by this time, and every one made way for him. Ledger saw him, and knew by his eyes what was coming. But he never flinched. He sat there pale and still

as a statue, with a half smile on his lips, and never made a move save to finish the turn and call the cards as they slipped out of the box. Jim covered him, looking him straight in the eyes, and fired before a man could stop him; and Ledger went down, and the room was in confusion. Some yelled, "lynch him!" but there Jim stood, the smoking weapon in his hand, glaring around like a madman, with a look in his face that instinctively made the crowd fall back. In a second I reached him and had explained, and if ever a strong man weakened he did, and with a leap he pushed the men aside who were picking Ledger up, and had him in his arms. "For God's sake, old man," he said, "say you're not dead! I didn't understand. I didn't know." "It's all right, Jim," gasped Ledger faintly, "she's all right," and then he fainted dead away. Jim lifted him like a baby and carried him through the crowd and up the stairs into his room. I left him with the doctor that had been sent for, and in a few minutes I went into Kit's room to tell Jim he was only wounded. There he was, kneeling by her side, his rough head in her lap, broken down in the very time of his greatest joy. But the word I brought made another man of him, and it wasn't long before Jim went to him, and what they said,—well, Jim nor Ledger never mentioned it. It was Christmas evening but Ledger, with a bad wound, did not forget it, and insisted that everything should go on as he he had planned it, and his word went that night, you may believe.

The parson arrived on time and stood near the bed. Jim and Kit stood in front of him with the widow and me for maid of honor and best man. Ledger gave the bride away, and every last man in the crowd who could jam himself into the room solemnly kissed Kit and passed out, and as he went he dropped a sack of dust or a couple of nuggets into a hat that some one had placed at the door, and it made a mighty good bank-roll when it was turned into coin.

And then we had dinner. Ledger was the life of the outfit. We moved the table into his room, and although he didn't eat anything the doctor allowed him a glass of champagne to drink the bride and groom in, and he made a speech and I made one too, and Jim tried to make one and broke down and cried, and Kit wiped his eyes with her handkerchief, and we had a very merry Christmas. Ledger got well and is alive to-day, for I met him last week just in front of where the gambling-house stood on Kearny Street, and that is how it came into my mind to tell this story.

THE PUBLIC DOMAIN.

By Lewis A. Groff.

THE best disposition of the remainder of the public domain is a problem which merits the attention it is receiving from the thinking people of the West. The interests of the General Government, of the States and Territories within which the lands lie, and of the prospective settler, must all be considered in the solution of this problem.

It would have been impossible to fulfill the duties of the office of Land Commissioner without forming some opinions upon this subject; and the exceptional opportunities for studying the inner workings of our present system of land laws under which these opinions grew into convictions must give them whatever claim they may have upon the reader's attention.

Although nearly 19,000,000 acres—a body of land rivaling in area the combined States of New Hampshire, Rhode Island, Massachusetts, Connecticut and New Jersey—were patented to entrymen under the settlement laws of the Government for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1890,* there remained at that time, according to the best estimate the General Land Office could make, 586,216,861 acres of unsettled public lands within what are known as the land States and Territories. This estimate excluded the Cherokee strip, containing 8,004,644 acres, as well as other lands owned or claimed by Indians in Indian Territory west of the 96th degree of longitude. It also excluded Alaska, with its area of 369,529,600 acres, of which not to exceed 1,000 had been entered under the mineral laws in pursuance of Act of Congress, March 17, 1884. The general land laws have not been extended to Alaska. Enough is not yet known about the climate, soil or productions of that wonderful country to justify either putting its immense area into the same category with other public lands, or formulating a new system in regard to it. It is therefore only with that portion of the public domain which lies within the land States and Territories that I will attempt to deal.

The above total of 586,216,861 acres lies west of the 100th meridian, with the exception of about 26,000,000 acres. Of these at least 10,000,000 are swamp and unfit for settlement until reclaimed. About 7,000,000 more are heavily timbered, wet, and unsuitable for farming. The balance is largely prairie, situated in Minnesota, and those portions of the Dakotas, Nebraska, Kansas and Oklahoma lying east of the 100th meridian. There are also small tracts distributed throughout the other land States.

The 560,216,861 acres lying west of the 100th meridian, excepting those portions situated in Northern California west of the Sierra Nevada Range, and in Oregon and Washington west of the Cascades, are within what is known as the arid country. Save a few valleys where rain falls, and others with natural sub-irrigation, this vast area is unfit for agriculture unless reclaimed. In many places reclamation is impossible because water cannot be obtained. Some districts are so hopelessly sterile that irrigation, if it were practicable, would be useless. Large tracts are mountainous and of no value save for their timber, or as minerals are discovered in them.

In California, Nevada, Oregon and Washington large districts of the finest timber lands on the continent are at present being disposed of under the Timber and Stone Act of June 3, 1878, which Act applies only to lands situate in the above-named States. This law

* When this paper was written, the report of the Land Office for the fiscal year ended June 30, 1891, had not been published.

limits the quantity of land which may be acquired under it by one person or association of persons to 160 acres at $2.50 an acre; requires the entryman to make affidavit that he has made no prior application under the Act; that he is a citizen of the United States, or has declared his intention of becoming a citizen; that he designate, by legal subdivision, the tract he desires to purchase, setting forth that it is chiefly valuable for timber or stone, and unfit for cultivation if the timber were removed; that it is uninhabited and contains no mining or other improvements; that he believes it to contain no valuable mineral deposits; that he does not apply to purchase the same on speculation, but for his own exclusive use and benefit; and that he has not made any agreement or contract by which the title he may acquire from the United States shall inure to any person except himself.

It is further provided that any person swearing falsely to such affidavit shall be guilty of perjury; that he shall forfeit the money paid for the land; and all conveyances of the land shall become null and void as against the United States. It is made the duty of Registers and Receivers to read this affidavit to the applicant, or to cause it to be read to him in their presence, before the applicant swears to the same or attaches his signature thereto. Other safeguards are prescribed by the General Land Office to prevent fraudulent or procured entries under this law.

It is evident that Congress intended this Act to answer a wise and beneficent purpose. It was undoubtedly thought that it might do for the frontier lumberman what the homestead law had done for the frontier agriculturist. It has not only failed of accomplishing this object, but has corrupted whole communities, where associations have been formed for the purpose of making fraudulent entries thereunder. Despite every effort of the Land Office and of the Department of Justice to prevent it, and to punish offenders, these organizations continue to practice their nefarious methods. The result is that immense areas of these valuable timber lands,—which it was intended should be distributed in small bodies to individual owners,—through the exercise of wholesale perjury and fraud, have passed into the hands of rich and powerful corporations. This law ought to be repealed; and until the President has made the forest reserves contemplated by Act of Congress, March 3, 1891, no further disposition of timber lands should be undertaken. These reserves completed, Congress might pass a law providing for the appraisement and sale of all lands chiefly valuable for timber. It may be urged that our lumber supply will soon be exhausted if these lands are sold without reservation. But private owners can, and will, manage the timber more economically than does the Government, and save to the country much that under a continuance of the present system would be destroyed. No one takes care of public forests. Every one not withheld by conscientious scruples poaches upon them. Timber depredators take only the best parts of the best trees, leaving immense quantities awaiting the touch of the hunters' match. Fire consumes annually more than the market. It is impossible for the Land Office to prevent either these depredations or this destruction. Private owners, in guarding their own interests, would at the same time secure those of the public. The law authorizing the sale of timber lands should also provide that neither timber nor lumber shall be exported, thereby preserving and cheapening lumber for home consumers.

The timber lands disposed of, there will remain only the arid and mineral lands, a few bodies of swamp land, and the small agricultural tracts lying east of the 100th meridian. All swamp lands belonging to the States under existing grants might be speedily patented, and any remaining granted to the States wherein situated,

on condition that they be reclaimed within a reasonable time by the States or their grantees. The small bodies of agricultural land lying east of the 100th meridian might also, if not entered under the homestead law within a given time, be granted to the States in which they lie. A similar disposition might be made of the arid and mineral lands under proper restrictions as to their disposal and development, and, in the case of arid lands, their reclamation. When the remaining Territories have been admitted to statehood, the lands within their borders could be granted to them on the same conditions.

Of course, many objections may be urged against these suggestions, but the precedents for the course of action outlined are already established. Swamp lands have been liberally granted by Congress to several of the States. Directly or indirectly, immense grants have also been made them for canals, railroads and other internal improvements. The seventeen States formed from the territory of the original thirteen colonies administered their own land system and received the revenue derived therefrom. Texas does the same to-day.

Furthermore, since the enactment of the homestead law, it has been the policy of Congress to dispose of public lands with a view to the settlement and upbuilding of States, and the making of taxable property, rather than for direct revenue; and, if this object could be more efficiently promoted by the States themselves, the relinquishment of the small income received by the nation under the present system ought not to be an obstacle to the change. Or if judged advisable it might be provided that the States, as fast as they dispose of lands, shall pay into the national treasury a sum per acre equal to the net price the Government now receives.

I repeat the statement made in the beginning of this paper, that, in the solution of this public-lands problem, the interests of the General Government, of the States and Territories within which the lands lie, and of the prospective settler, must all be considered. Take first the case of the States. This is a vast country. No general law is broad enough to cover such diverse cases as may arise, say in Florida, Wyoming and California. The Legislatures of the several States can best determine by what methods their arid and swamp lands can be reclaimed, their mineral lands developed, their agricultural lands made to support a teeming and happy population; and how, in accordance with these ends, to condition their disposal. Congress is too far off,—its knowledge too abstract. It is overburdened besides. The Land Office itself sits like an incubus upon its breast. No one who has not frequented the sessions of our national assembly or examined the *Congressional Record* can have any idea how much time land legislation consumes, or how unsatisfactorily it is performed. Precisely here appears the great benefit of the suggested change to the General Government. Relieved of this load, Congress could devote the time now spent on land matters to weightier questions whose consideration cannot be relegated to the States, and its efficiency would be incalculably increased. To settlers it is plain that the new order of things would be a boon. They could transact their business through an office within the confines of their own State instead of one hundreds or thousands of miles away, one burdened besides with the business of many other States. The "law's delay" under the present system works much hardship and injustice. No doubt it also bears its share in the encouragement of malpractices. With prompter decisions would probably come a reduction in frauds, claim-jumping and the like, thus promoting public morals as well as the security of honest settlers. Again, the money for lands would be kept at home and redistributed there,—not a small

advantage to a new and struggling commonwealth. Is it feared that the supersedure of the present order of things would cause disorganization and distress? No violent change will be necessary. Several years would be required to bring up the arrears of work in the General Land Office. The older employés would probably find occupation there for the balance of their lives. The younger ones, with their experience, could command positions in the State offices that must be established.

MY LIBRARY.

By J. W. Wood.

WITHIN these covers, homely tho' some be,
Life's kaleidoscope is writ in varying stage,—
The tragedies of war and poets' melody,
The mimicry of love, philosophy of sage.
Here warrior tells his deeds of valor o'er,
With gallant knight who poised his lance for fame;
The antiquary fraught with mystic lore,
The pensive lover sighing forth his flame,
'Tis here most strange and pleasant company;—
The sparkling wit, the weirdly muttering crone,
A rondeau neat, a dismal threnody,
Compose this mimic world in calf-bound tome.

Here let me muse in silent reverie
Amidst these mystic scenes of by-gone age,
And with the æons past and æons yet to be
Weave witcheries for yet unlettered page.

AT THE DRY TORTUGAS DURING THE WAR.

A LADY'S JOURNAL.

[The history of the late war has been well described in various publications, but that portion relating to the famous Dry Tortugas prison, where thousands of men were kept during the war, and where those connected with the assassination of President Lincoln were confined, has never been described, yet the events are now of great historical value. The island upon which the great prison was established was a sand bank comprising but thirteen acres,—one of the last of the keys representing the end of the great Florida reef. For seven or eight years a lady, the wife of one of the surgeons, lived in this isolated spot and viewed all the incidents from the appearance of the first war cloud until the declaration of peace. The following chapters were not written or intended for publication, the events being jotted down simply for friends in the North; and THE CALIFORNIAN has been enabled to give them to the public in a series of chapters, believing that many are of historical interest and value, and also as showing the singular life of a lady in one of the most out-of-the-way spots in this country. Future chapters will be illustrated with views of the great prison, the largest stone fort on the western continent.—EDITOR.]

THE great progress in modern scientific warfare within the last quarter of a century has made fort-building to our Engineer Corps a difficult problem. Discoveries in destructive power so keep pace with those of resistance that for humanity's sake we can but hope that the time may not be far distant when "They shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks; nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war anymore," and that just and righteous arbitration will be the method of tranquilizing all national disturbances.

Among our coast defenses thirty-five or forty years ago Key West and Tortugas, Florida, were considered stations of sufficient importance for the establishment of elaborate fortifications.

They were the extreme points reaching out toward the Spanish possessions. In any case they would be useful as depots of supply for our navy; and a fort on one of the keys farthest from the mainland would prevent its occupation by a foreign force.

About the year 1847 Fort Jefferson was commenced under the charge of Captain Wright of the United States Engineer Corps, and in 1859 had assumed a formidable appearance, as it rose, apparently, directly from the sea to a height of nearly sixty feet, and after the towers at each bastion were completed presented a castellated and picturesque appearance.

This great work gave employment to some two or three hundred workmen, mostly slaves, whose masters lived in Key West, sixty miles away. So large a force naturally necessitated a resident physician. Doctor Whitehurst, who had held the appointment for several years, resigned in the summer of this year.

Professor Agassiz had visited Tortugas the preceding winter, returning very enthusiastic over the coral and other marine forms; and those in authority had consented that the succeeding physician should be chosen with reference to biological science.

Professor Baird of the Smithsonian Institution knowing all this and also that my husband combined both qualities of surgeon and naturalist, it was through this influence that the position was tendered him and accepted in the autumn of 1859.

It seems strange to refer to letters that say the trip from New York to Washington was the most tiresome part of the journey, taking from six o'clock at night until six the next morning, with so many changes that the attempt to sleep was only an

aggravation;—when now the comforts and luxury in traveling simply depend upon the length of one's purse.

From there to Charleston the trip was slow but sure,—literally for the accommodation of every one. I remember the train stopping one day in the woods without any apparent cause. After a while people began to question the reason of the delay, when an old couple were seen coming through the woods putting on their wraps as they came. When they were assisted aboard, the train started on as leisurely as though time was of little value; we had evidently left hurry and bustle behind.

While in Charleston, although it impressed us as having a general air of dilapidation,—its moldy walls, uneven sidewalks, and a want of thrift even in the better part of the city,—yet with it all we felt that the people found more enjoyment in life than we in the North with all our hurry and energy.

Taking the *Isabel*, the Havana steamer, we reached Key West in the evening a few days later, finding the mail schooner *Tortugas* waiting to convey us to Fort Jefferson, or Tortugas; so we saw nothing of the town, only as we steamed into the wharf; yet it gave us a most pleasant impression,—the lights glimmering through the cocoanut trees, the white sand, glimpses of the houses half hidden in the foliage, and the brilliant moonlight throwing a fairy-like glamor over all, making a picture never to be forgotten.

One night took us to Fort Jefferson, that in time became known as the famous Dry Tortugas; and our first view in the early morning as we sailed in through the winding channel was surely suggestive of a prison. Over the top of the fort we caught sight of trees and the roof of a building with a tall, white lighthouse towering over all. The little keys that we had passed, some pure white, others with a few trees and shrubs, took away something of the isolated feeling.

Three miles away stretched out the largest of all these islands except the one on which the fort was built, on which was another larger lighthouse. The exterior of the fort was bare and repulsive, the interior offering a decided contrast.

Here were trees of the deep green belonging to tropical vegetation, so restful to the eye in the glaring sun; and as the walls inclosed about thirteen acres, and water could not be seen, I instinctively lost the feeling of being so far from the mainland.

The walk, hard as cement and white as snow, partly shaded by the evergreen trees, led past the lighthouse and cottage of the keeper to the opposite side of the fort, where we were taken into a large, cool and pleasant house, and given a warm welcome by Captain Woodbury and his charming wife and family, who soon made us feel that a home does not depend upon locality, but in the hearts of people.

It had been very difficult in our hurried departure from home to learn just what was necessary for living in such an out-of-the-way place; and, as we only looked forward to a stay of one winter, we took nothing for housekeeping purposes, thinking we should probably board at some hotel perhaps—suggestive of the idea we had of the Dry Tortugas.

We soon concluded that, however primitive it might be, a home of our own would be preferable, so went shopping at the one store outside the walls. The winds had blown up sand until there was an acre perhaps stretched along the moat outside of the seawall; and on this atom of land was the store, mess-hall for the workmen, carpenter-shop and a long building where the men slept, and farther along on the edge of the sand stood the Engineer Hospital, where it was always cool and breezy.

The store was for the accommodation of the men, and contained a medley of things. Here we bought a stove and enough of the necessities to start our primitive housekeeping.

We had some tables made by the island carpenter, a bedstead, also a rocking-chair, that must be in existence now judging from its strength and durability. There was always a mystery about its rocking power, which my kindly feeling for the carpenter prevented questioning. It was not a frisky piece of furniture that made one feel in danger of tipping over, but tall, staid and dignified, requiring some effort to tilt it. The length of the rockers suggested the long swing of a hammock, so that one started off with anticipations of a restful enjoyment; but these anticipations were soon dispelled by its little tilt forward and very sudden termination in the backward swing, causing the occupant to look around for the obstruction, when, seeing nothing, the impetus would be given again with a little more energy. After several such unsuccessful attempts we came to the conclusion that it was its own peculiar way of rocking; and the mystery was never solved why such a wonderful length of rockers produced so few rocks; but we managed to obtain unqualified comfort from it, and some quiet amusement when strangers attempted it.

We finally began housekeeping with an old colored woman as cook and a boy as waiter. The former was a character, a slave of a Mrs. Fogarty, who kept the mess-hall and who loaned her to me until my cook, a certain Aunt Rachel, could come from her master at Key West.

The latter was evidently held in great veneration by the colored people; and I was considered very fortunate in securing her. She was a famous cook and the wife of Bill King, the cook of the schooner *Tortugas*.

Aunt Eliza was so black that in the dark I could see nothing but the whites of her eyes, under a huge yellow turban, from which two little black braids the size of pipestems stood at right angles behind each ear, from which hung enormous gilt hoops. Her front teeth had long since disappeared; and I found that the strong odor of a pipe, which, she said, came from Jack's smoking in the kitchen, was from her own, which I found in all sorts of improper and inconceivable places.

She stooped so that I asked her the cause, when she replied: "Why, honey, dat's from workin' in de cotton field. I'se so ugly dey couldn't keep me in de house; and after Mr. Phillips [the overseer] bought my gal Clarssy I dun took on so, and was dat bad, my master glad nuf to sell me down yer."

But I said where was your husband? "Oh, I lef him and got Jack." Jack was a good-looking colored boy about thirty, while she confessed to fifty. He was one of the workmen owned in Key West, and lived with Aunt Eliza over our kitchen, which was a separate house with a chamber over it in the rear of the larger one. She showed none of her ugliness to me, but one day I heard an outcry and ran to the dining-room window just in time to see Jack flying out of the back gate, with Aunt Eliza in close pursuit swinging an axe, threatening to "split his head open if he ever came there again."

I called her in to remonstrate, and at first she said she really meant it, but after awhile confessed she did it to frighten him, as he was so lazy he would not wait upon her. "I'se boss, Missus," was her explanation.

For several days she had supreme control of the kitchen, with little Lewis, and smoked her pipe in peace; then she asked me if Jack might come back; she was lonesome. I consented upon the condition that if there were any more disturbances he must stay away entirely.

She evidently wanted to please, and was anxious to remain in my service; yet without being openly disloyal to Aunt Rachel, she never lost an opportunity to give a good reason for her delay in coming.

The fort on the inside showed long stretches on each curtain of arches, making pleasant places for walking, cool and shady; and in the moonlight the effect was really beautiful. Looking

not unlike some grand old ruin with its lights and shadows, one could invest it with all sorts of romance. Cooper laid the scene of "Jack Tier" here, in a cottage by the lighthouse which had given place to the one now standing.

The seawall around the moat was our favorite walk, making nearly a mile. The atmosphere was so clear that the space between the sky and the earth seemed interminable. The sun was dazzling in its brightness.

The wind coming in through the embrasures kept the shiny leaves of the mangrove constantly quivering; and the rattling among the cocoanut branches sounded not unlike gentle rain. Outside the deep blue water was covered with whitecaps, which broke into waves wherever the coral approached the surface.

Such was our winter weather, except when a norther came scurrying over the gulf; then, as the children say, we played that it was cold, and built a fire in one of the big fireplaces, listened to the wind blowing the sand against the windows, and said, "Doesn't that sound like snow?"

The northers lasted three or four days; then we would have another two or three weeks of lovely summer days again, and my husband would spend part of each day collecting specimens. He had built on the water's edge a little house with a wall extending fifteen feet square out into the water, so that it flowed in and out through the interstices; and here he kept all kinds of specimens and watched their growth and development.

It was most interesting even to those who did not claim to be naturalists; and, as all our outside pleasures were necessarily aquatic, one learned without an effort from the familiarity of natural objects; and as our resources were necessarily limited we took advantage of everything that presented itself, and so found amusement and entertainment.

On Sundays Captain Woodbury, who with his family were Episcopalians, read the lessons and afterwards a sermon. Mrs. Woodbury had organized a choir, some among the white workmen, in fact any one who could sing; and everybody was invited to attend the service, oftentimes filling the large parlor.

Rowing and trips to the adjacent keys for shells, especially after a norther, were our frequent pastimes.

The water was so clear we could distinguish objects clearly at the depth of sixty feet; and it was like rowing over a garden when it was calm, to drift along watching the fish darting in and out among the huge heads of coral, and sea-fans that gently waved back and forth in the current.

Often there would be large schools of harmless sharks close in shore. As there were acres of shoal water only a few feet deep, where all this could be seen, and as there were always boats ready we went rowing or sailing as the people on the mainland went to drive.

The event of this first winter was a visit to Key West, which, in its palmiest days, was a lovely place with charming society, though the war cloud changed it utterly and hopelessly later on.

We arrived at night, going to the hotel, but before breakfast the next morning Captain Curtis, to whom we had letters of introduction, came and took us to his lovely home sheltered in a grove of cocoanut trees. It seemed a bit of fairy land, so purely tropical was it with all the luxury and taste of a Northern home. I shall never forget the first impression it made upon me.

We were given the quaintest, cosiest little house they called the cabin to sleep in; it was in the yard, embowered in trees and flowering shrubs, and was really a ship's cabin taken from a wreck, brought there and arranged as a guest-room, or two rooms rather, and a dressing-room, with a little piazza in front.

The very romance of the surroundings kept me awake listening to the gentle sound of the wind among the trees, when to add to all this we were suddenly roused by a serenade of

stringed instruments, sweet and soft, carrying out the fairy idea of it all.

The next day we dined at Fort Taylor, meeting Captain Hunt and Professor Trowbridge. The former was the engineer in charge,—a most agreeable gentleman, full of life and good humor. His wife, who after his sad death became the favorite author "H. H.," was in the North. I remember Captain Hunt took us to ride in a huge carriage drawn by a very small mule that was wise enough to understand that, when the whip dropped through the drawbridge, he was master of the situation; and nothing short of the prods of the Captain's umbrella, after a cane had been sacrificed, would arouse him to a sense of duty; but he carried us safely to all the points of interest.

The following night a party was given us at the fort, where we met many delightful people,—Judge Marvin, Judge Douglass, the officers of the steamship *Corwin*, and a number who were to leave the next day; and as Captain Hunt was to return with us on a visit at Captain Woodbury's, and Judge Douglass and Professor Trowbridge were going to Havana, we were invited to go down on the steamer *Corwin* with them.

My memories of Key West, as it was then, are delightful, standing out clear and bright; every one was happy and contented in their island home.

So many names come into my mind as I write,—Mr. Herrick the rector and his hospitable wife, the Bethels, the Browns, who had the most beautiful home on the island, and many others who showed us many kind attentions.

Judge Douglass was an inimitable story-teller; and it was a merry party that reluctantly separated at eleven, when the steamer reached the entrance of Tortugas harbor on the return, sending us ashore in a cutter in charge of an officer, a son of Bishop Odenheimer of New Jersey.

Captain Hunt remained a week, and Mrs. Woodbury gave a dinner party for him; and, finally, two days before he left, I extended the same hospitality, wondering if he would notice the similarity in china and table equipments, for our "things" were yet *en route;* even the chairs had not reached Key West.

Calling in Sophy Benners, the chief cook of the island, who belonged to the lighthouse keeper, and deposing old Eliza, who looked rather mournful over the downfall, we planned a dinner that must have been a surprise; there were fruits and flowers and borrowed china, even to the chairs, which I feared encountered the guests going into the back door as they entered the front, as the hall passed through from front to rear.

My guests were kind enough to pronounce the dinner a success, and I enjoyed the novelty of the whole thing extremely, perhaps more than I should if my ingenuity had been less taxed.

A few days later Sophy Benners (for the slaves all took the name of their masters) and Peter Philor proposed entering the married state with more than ordinary pomp and splendor. The master, Mr. Philor, lived in Key West, owning a large number of slaves who worked on the fort, there being four Johns alone, the last one always giving his name as "John de fofe, sah," in answer to the overseer's call.

Peter had obtained permission from his master to marry Sophy, and so came to Captain Woodbury to ask if he would marry them. The latter replied, "Certainly, where are you going to be married?"

"In your parlor, sah," said Peter. And we heard that Sophy had given out invitations to this effect:

"Sophy will be agreeable to her friends at seben o'clock in Captain Woodbury's parlor; after dat comes de ball."

Aunt Eliza soon came up to tell me what was going to happen, and I asked her if she was going to the ball.

"Sartinly, ma'am, and I must go and wash my skin, now I'se got de kettle on."

The wedding was an affair to be remembered. All the white people assembeled in the front parlor; and at the supreme moment the folding doors were thrown open, and the bridal party came forward: two bridesmaids all in white, and two groomsmen. The bride wore a white veil with flowers; and she was married with a ring, her mistress giving her away (in theory only).

The boys (all the black men were called boys) had had their hair braided for a week; and some of their heads were large enough to fill a bushel basket.

After the couple were pronounced man and wife they adjourned to the mess-hall, the guests following in about an hour, as every one had been formally invited.

We saw them dance a while; then they passed us cake and wine, and we started to go home, when some one said we ought to stay and see Aunt Eliza dance a jig; and to my amazement my old cook with a young man took the floor. She looked rather shy, saying, "de Lor', I cyant dance;" but the music soon took possession of her poor old feet, and she gradually straightened up, swaying back and forth with the music, evidently forgetting everything else. She danced away until I could scarcely believe that the jubilant figure was the old slave that groaned and grumbled about the little work demanded of her. She outdanced the boy and left him far behind. They are as a race music-loving; and I saw in a dark corner of the ballroom my incorrigible servant Lewis dancing all by himself happy as a king.

We learned that the colored people knew old Eliza's gift and had coaxed her to come and dance a jig, with the promise that one of the boys should do all her scrubbing on Friday; and we certainly came near being flooded the following day. He was as good as his word, as the house shone from top to bottom.

Old Eliza was such a character I cannot refrain from recounting some of her amusing, yet at the time rather perplexing, acts.

The dignity of cook was not easily adjusted, and rather overpowering, but she improved as time went on. In the early days of her new position, installed in a house the same as the cook of the commanding officer, she felt her importance and showed it, not unlike wiser and older people. Such differences vary only in degree; and in her case it was very amusing.

Fresh beef was a luxury only indulged in occasionally; but turtles were kept in the moat and killed whenever we wanted them.

As I was not accustomed to the methods of preparation in vogue on the reef, and not wishing to unnecessarily expose my ignorance, I concluded "that discretion was the better part of valor," and pretended to be very busy in the house, so that on those days Eliza was mistress of the kitchen.

The first time she prepared green turtle a very fine soup was served, followed by what she called turtle balls.

After dinner Eliza asked me how I liked it.

I replied very much, only the next time we would try it without onions.

They had brought me a quantity and I had told her to partly cook what was left, to be sure that it would keep.

The following forenoon she came upstairs and said, "What shall we hab for dinner, Missis?"

"Why, the turtle balls that were left yesterday," I replied, "and whatever vegetables we can get, with a pineapple tart."

She looked at me with a queer expression, finally bursting into an embarrassed laugh, and said: "De Lor', de Lor', how funny. Yo' 'spect to hab dem balls for dinner, and I and Jack and Lewis dun eat 'em all up las' night. De Lor', de Lor', I eat five, like to kill me, and Jack say he neber eat sech balls on dis yer key fore."

"But," I said, "you told me you did not like them, never ate them, and I gave you bacon for your dinner."

I suppose she saw a look of dismay on my face, for she stopped laughing and said:

"I'se sorry, Missis; I tout you didn't like 'em wid de onions, so we dun eat um. De Lor', want dey good."

"Well," I said, as a dinner without meat seemed to be the prospect, "make an ochre soup and we will do without fresh meat to-day," and she left me, as I thought, with rather a woe begone expression.

When the soup was served at dinner, the ochre was certainly not in sufficient quantity to warrant its name, and I said, "Why didn't you put in more ochre?"

"Why," she replied, with a toss of her head that endangered the foundation of the yellow turban, "want time, Miss, want time, guess ise made soup afore."

"But," I said, "it would not take any longer to cook all you had than a few."

Seeing there was no help for it, the confession very awkwardly followed, that they had eaten the ochres too.

I then learned that I must treat her like a child, giving her what she was to have, and telling her what to serve us.

I had learned that planning one's meals at the Dry Tortugas depended, in a great measure, upon one's wits and ingenuity.

The plan was to bring us fresh beef from the mainland once a month; but the best of intentions fail sometimes, and our supply was no exception to that rule.

Time sped very rapidly notwithstanding our necessarily monotonous life, the greatest events of interest consisting in our mails; and the delight with which we hailed the sight of the mail schooner *Tortugas* over the top of the fort when we looked out in the morning never abated.

No orders of removal had yet arrived for Captain Woodbury, although they had spent their four years there, so they decided to go North for the summer.

Our intercourse had been so delightful that the prospect of living there without them was appalling; for my husband had become so interested in his scientific labors he had planned to remain another year. Our household goods had arrived from the North some time before, so that the home began to look cheerful; yet Mrs. Woodbury's piano and large family nearly always attracted us there in the evenings.

The mornings were devoted to lessons for the young folks, but the afternoons invariably found us on the water or wandering over some of the adjacent keys, where the boys became apt pupils in the study of natural objects.

Our evenings after the little folks were asleep we spent together, reading aloud or with music and conversation; and the peaceful happy life we led I think was often, by all of us, looked back upon in the sorrowful years that followed, if not with longing, with great pleasure.

They were sad days before and after Captain Woodbury's family left, for it took some time to adjust ourselves to the loneliness that followed; and I never shall forget the peculiar sensation with which I watched the schooner *Tortugas* float away with them all one bright moonlight night, leaving us almost alone upon this sand bank on the borders of the great Gulf Stream.

(To be continued.)

THOUGHTS OF THE POPPY-FIELDS.

By Grace Ellery Channing.

I KNOW how just this morning light will trace
Each golden face;
And how this self-same beam strike boldly up
Each glittering cup!
And how this breeze lift the wide quivering sea
Up bodily,
And then in golden waves on the broad plain
Let fall again!
The mountains will be palest amethyst
Through a purple mist.
The valley will be blossoming white and pink,
More than I think!
Almonds and peaches will have decked their hair
With garlands rare;
And birds will be on every blossomed bough,
Caroling now;
Now will the lark his dropping music fling,—
I'm listening!—
Heaven will stretch down two tender arms, and earth
Laugh low for mirth!
And where there was desire will be peace,
And then increase
The summer long of heaven upon earth,
And new heaven's birth,
And songful silences and silent song
The summer long!
But just to-day all that joy will be holden
In poppies golden.
It will be brimming o'er their cups aglow
In a way I know,
And shining up the mountains goldenly
In mists,—Ah me!
I've seen it,—and I shall not see for years!
These are the mists—not tears!

THE OREGON NATIONAL GUARD.

THE FIRST REGIMENT.

By Harry L. Wells.

MUCH interest is felt in National Guard circles everywhere in the proposed mobilization and grand encampment of all the State troops in the country in Chicago in 1893, as a feature of the World's Columbian Exposition. We have in the United States about one hundred and five thousand men, regularly enlisted into the service of the various States, and organized into regiments, brigades and divisions.

In numbers this is an army of respectable proportions, and were it properly equipped for field service, well officered and thoroughly instructed in field maneuvers and camp duty, would be a strong arm upon which the Nation could rely in time of need; but its condition and probable efficiency in an emergency are unknown quantities. No man is competent to speak of either its merits or defects; for there has been no opportunity to fully investigate either. That the guard of some States is better organized and equipped than others, has had more practical instruction, is well known; but the general merits of the entire body, and what it could accomplish as a whole, are yet to be ascertained. It is for the purpose of learning this and of discovering what is necessary to be done to perfect the National Guard system and make the organization more efficient, that the mobilization proposed is chiefly desirable and would be of benefit to the nation. The country can well afford the cost of acquiring such important information and reaping the benefits that must flow from it.

In view of this probable assembly of citizen soldiery, the question naturally arises on the Pacific Coast of how its National Guard will compare with the troops from older and more populous States. In the States immediately bordering the ocean there are about six thousand troops, of which California has thirty-five hundred, Oregon fifteen hundred and Washington one thousand. Of these Oregon is maintaining the greatest number in proportion to its population. California spends the most money per man, and Oregon the least, in equipping and maintaining the service. California troops have the most complete equipment, and Oregon the most defective, as a whole, as would naturally be expected in view of the comparative cost of maintaining the service in the three States mentioned; yet all of them require considerable addition to their equipment before they can pass the inspection proposed to be given them in Chicago, and be pronounced prepared for campaign duty. Yet, notwithstanding this, in looking over the three States to find the regiment the best able to represent them in the comparison that will inevitably be made between the troops of the Pacific Coast and those of such States as New York, Pennsylvania and Massachusetts, it will be found that the choice must rest upon the First Regiment of Oregon. In drill, discipline and general effectiveness, this regiment stands at the head of the National Guard of the Pacific Coast. In the high character of its rank and file, and the superior qualifications of its line and field officers, this regiment is peculiarly fortunate; and to these is due its high state of discipline and drill.

The First Regiment of Oregon was organized in Portland in 1886, as the successor of a previous crude battalion organization; but it was not until the following year that a proper military law was passed, and a tax levied for the support of the service. It was then

that the troops ceased to be "Malishy," and became a regularly organized National Guard. The regiment now consists of six companies, occupying a superb armory in Portland, and two companies in different towns a few miles distant; but the remarks upon its drill and discipline are based upon the six urban companies, which, occupying rooms in the same armory, using the same excellent drill-hall, and meeting together frequently in battalion drill, vie with each other in striving for excellence in all that pertains to the soldier individually and to a company as a military organization. It was of them that President Harrison remarked, when they marched before him in review, like veterans, with the rain pouring down upon them in torrents and the mud covering their feet, their eyes straight to the front and their lines perfectly dressed, that it was the finest body of troops he had seen during his entire tour of the country. Not only upon this occasion, but upon many others, military men of high rank and long army experience have paid the regiment the highest compliments upon its appearance and condition.

The armory in Portland is the finest and largest west of Chicago. It was built by the county of Multnomah at a cost of $90,000 for the structure alone, and was furnished and equipped for use by the regiment itself at a cost of nearly $10,000 more. It is a massive stone and brick edifice, two stories high, covering an entire block of ground 200 feet square. The windows are protected by iron bars, and provision is made for defense of the walls by bastions on the corners, with port holes, or embrasures, commanding all four sides. The south half is the administrative portion, in which are the headquarters rooms, field and staff room, non-commissioned staff room, band room, quartermaster's room, library, board of officers' room and a room for each company. Through its center runs a wide assembly hall, upon the walls of which are the gun-racks, with each piece numbered and in its place, and the racks securely locked. All rooms are suitably and beautifully furnished, but the company rooms are especially so.

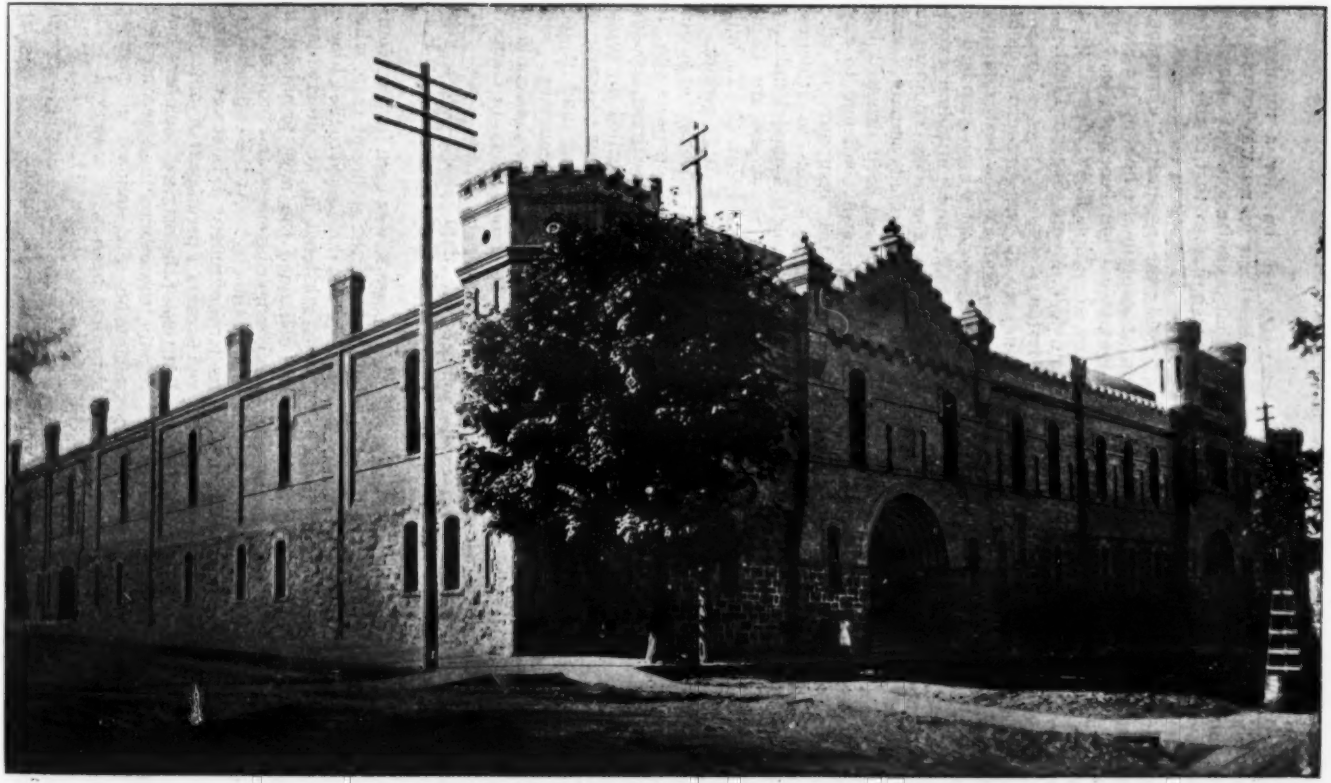
The walls are tastefully and expressively decorated, the furniture is elegant, the lockers are finely finished in walnut, mahogany, oak, etc., each room having a different tone and finish. Pictures, statuettes, busts, pianos, library cases, center tables, rugs, etc., give the rooms a most attractive appearance. The second floor consists of one large room 100 x 200 feet, with a truss roof, which was formerly used as a drill-hall, but will soon be equipped with gymnastic apparatus.

The north half of the armory consists of one large drill hall 100 x 200 feet, two stories high, with a truss roof and skylight, and equipped with electric lights. The floor is solid asphaltum. Surrounding it is a gallery capable of seating comfortably one thousand people, with a bandstand at the east end. In this room are held the company and battalion drills and the athletic games given frequently by the regimental athletic club. In the foundation of this portion is a brick and stone tunnel 200 feet long, equipped as a rifle range at a cost of $7,000, where regular indoor rifle practice is had.

The target is reduced to represent the regulation target at 200 yards, and reduced ammunition, carefully calculated for the distance, is used. The range is perfect in all its features. In addition to this the regiment has a fine outdoor range at Riverside, four miles from the city, on the bank of the Willamette River.

Battery A, O. N. G., occupies the rear end of the south half of the armory, and uses the large hall for drill saturday nights. The battery has two field pieces and two gatling guns, and is under the able command of Capt. E. L. Anderson, an artillery officer of experience in the Civil War.

Capt. Anderson has had command but a few months, but the improve-



Armory First Regiment, Oregon National Guard.

ment in the battery is very marked. His subordinate officers are Senior First Lieut. George Thing, Junior First Lieut. William Iliff, Second Lieut. H. W. Williams.

Although occupying quarters in the armory, the battery is not officially attached to the regiment, but reports direct to brigade headquarters. Entrance to the battery's quarters is had through the large door on the side, shown in the engraving. The locker and meeting room of the battery is handsomely furnished. This is the only battery in the State service.

The regiment is hard at work upon the new drill regulations, and hopes soon to reach as high a state of perfection in battalion drill and the movements in extended order as it has attained in the Upton tactics. That it will do this, if the present officers remain in command, can not be doubted; for they are all able instructors and capable of speedily mastering the details of the new regulations. The present aim of the organization is to go to Chicago in 1893 with full ranks and a perfection of drill that will reflect credit upon the National Guard of the Pacific Coast when compared with that of any State in the Union. The companies occupying the armory are A, C, E, G, I and K.

Company A is the oldest militia organization in the State now in existence. It dates back to the troublous times of the Civil War, and has had upon its rolls many of the leading business men of the city. It is the only survivor of the old "Malishy," but resembles its former self in nothing, being now a worthy member of the National Guard. Its officers are Capt. F. D. Kelsey, First Lieut. J. C. Rutenic, Second Lieut. H. C. Spear.

Company C has been organized a little more than two years, and is the youngest of the Portland companies. It is a well-drilled and enthusiastic company. Its officers are Capt. J. H. Porter, Second Lieut. Chas. Hand.

Company E was originally organized by the Grand Army posts about ten years ago, but for a number of years has been in no way connected with that organization. Its membership is similar to that of the others. Company E excels in target practice, and holds the regimental championship, its captain also holding the State badge for individual competition. Its officers are Capt. E. W. Moore, First Lieut. J. T. Moore, Second Lieut. C. C. Merton.

Company G was organized eight years ago, and was the first company in the State to set a high standard of drill, discipline and individual excellence. It has won several competitive drills from well-drilled companies, and not only has never been defeated but has issued an open challenge to any National Guard company on the Coast. It also excels in athletics, and in every way is a model military organization. Its officers are Capt. L. C. Farrar, First Lieut. G. T. Willett, Second Lieut. J. W. Newkirk.

Company I was originally organized in the High School four years ago. It has always been filled with enthusiasm, and is a splendidly drilled organization. Its members now average of older age than at first, and it has ceased to be the "kid company," and is as solid and substantial as could be wished. It stands ready to compete with any company on the Coast. Its officers are Capt. J. C. Coffee, First Lieut. R. K. Lee, Second Lieut. F. E. Coogur.

Company K was born in the troublous times of the spring of 1886, when violence was threatened to the Chinese. It was mustered in for ninety days, and contained the most prominent of the younger business and professional men of the city. At the expiration of its term of ninety days it veteranized and became a permanent organization. But two of the original members now remain, the captain and second lieutenant, but the standard of membership has been well preserved. The officers are Capt. Harry L. Wells, First Lieut. T. N. Strong, Second Lieut. C. K. Cranston.

In its field and staff the regiment is peculiarly fortunate in having officers of great ability and zeal. Col. Chas. F. Beebe, the commandant, has no superior as an executive officer, disciplinarian and drill instructor in the entire National Guard of the United States; and chiefly from him come the impulse and influence that have raised the regiment to its high state of efficiency. Added to zeal and a strong military instinct, he has the advantage of a course of instruction in the Seventh Regiment, N. G. S. N. Y., and experience as a staff officer and inspector in the New York service. He is now temporarily in command of the brigade, while the regiment is under the command of Lieut.-Col. O. Summers. Col. Summers is a veteran of the war, is Department Commander of the G. A. R. of Oregon, and is an able and devoted officer. Major B. B. Tuttle is a graduate of the cavalry service of the war, in which he rose to the rank of captain, and was with Sheridan in the Shenandoah. The staff consists of First Lieut. Geo. F. Telfer, a model adjutant; Capt. H. F. Stevens, surgeon; Capt. A. J. Brown, chaplain; First Lieut. C. E. Macrum, assist. surgeon; First Lieut. E. Bernheim, quartermaster; First Lieut. E. W. Leland, commissary; First Lieut. D. J. Moore, signal officer; First Lieut. L. C. Jones, inspector of small arms practice; First Lieut. W. F. McCaw, engineer officer, who was the architect of the armory.

Each company drills regularly one night each week, and as much oftener as it may desire. Tuesday is headquarters' night, when the staff and non-commissioned staff are busy transacting official business. Besides this, schools of instruction and squad drills give the armory a lively appearance every night. Battalion drills are frequent in the spring, the company work not being interfered with any more than necessary during the fall and winter. This enables the companies to get themselves into good condition after the summer vacation, drill up their recruits, and be thoroughly prepared for battalion drill when that branch of instruction is undertaken. This system has given the most gratifying results, the regiment thus being evenly developed from the foundation upward. In learning the new regulations, company and regimental schools for officers and non-commissioned officers will precede battalion instruction; so that both officers and guides will be thoroughly competent to perform their duties when battalion evolutions are undertaken, and perfection in battalion drill will be easily acquired.

THE VOYAGE OF CABRILLO.

[Some years ago a collection of papers was found in one of the libraries of Madrid that proved to be the diary of the discoveries of Cabrillo kept by his pilot Ferrel, in the famous voyage along the California coast in 1542, in which the natives of California were first seen and described by white men. The book was translated for this Government by Mr. Richard Stuart Evans, the title of the volume being, "Coleccion de various documentos, para la historia de la Florida y tierras adyacentes (Tomo I.), en la casa de Trübner y Compañia, Núm.— Paternoster Row, Londres." The following is the literal translation as given in the report of the geographical survey, and is of great interest, as it mentions and describes many of the locations, as Santa Barbara, San Diego and others that are now flourishing American cities, which then were the homes of unnumbered tribes.]

JUAN Rodriguez set out from the port of Navidad [a port on the Mexican coast about 315 miles north of Acapulco] to discover the coast of New Spain on the 27th day of June, 1542.

He was delayed from the port of Navidad to Cape Corriente a day and a night, 40 leagues, with a southeast wind.

From Wednesday to the following Thursday they held their course along the coast 35 leagues.

Sunday, the 2d day of July, they had sight of California; they were delayed in crossing over by the weather, which was not very favorable, almost four days; they anchored the following Monday, on the third of the same, off the Point of California, and were here two days, and from this place they reached the port of San Lucas [San Lucas Bay] the following Thursday, and took in water; they saw these days no Indian; they say that this port is in 23 degrees, and from the point to the port it is clear and soundable, and the land is bare and rugged [as at present].

They departed from the port of San Lucas Thursday, in the night, and the following Saturday, on the eighth of the said month, they cast anchor on the Point of Trinidad [Cape Tosco], which is in 25 degrees; it is from San Lucas 5 [doubtless intended for 35, the actual distance] leagues; it is a clean coast, without any deviation; within, on the land, appear high and bare and rugged ridges [a description which applies to this day]; they were at anchor here on account of contrary winds from west-northwest until the following Wednesday.

Wednesday, the twelfth day of said month, they departed from this place. In Puerto de le Trinidad [Santa Marina Bay, which adjoins on the south Magdalena and Almejas bays], an island [Margarita Island] forms the port which is here, and it is a good port, sheltered from the west-northwest winds. The port of the island is at the head of the island on the southeast side, and the port is clear and soundable; it has not water nor wood [nor has it now]. The island has 10 leagues of length and 2 leagues of breadth; they anchored that night.

They departed the Thursday following, and passed by Puerto de San Pedro [Magdalena Bay], which is in 25½ degrees. In this port there is no water nor wood; its direction is southeast [and northwest]; it had a good shelter from the west winds. They continued sailing along the coast, which forms a large creek, the head of which is in 26 degrees [creek indicated on present maps, but without name]; the land is low and covered with sandbanks, the coast white and clear [as at present]. They proceeded sailing along this coast with fair winds as far as 27 degrees, and Wednesday, the nineteenth of the said month, they landed at a port which they found, and going on shore they found a path used by Indians and followed it the distance of an arquebuse shot, where they found a fountain of water; the land is level within and bare and very dry; they gave it the name of Puerto de la Mada-

lena [Pequeña Bay]; it is 40 leagues from the Bay of San Martin to this port.

The following Thursday, on the twentieth of the said month, they departed from this port and proceeded, sailing along the coast with bad winds; and about 6 leagues from that place they found an anchorage behind a point, which they called Punta de Santa Catalina [noted, but not named, on present maps]; and so they continued sailing along the coast. And the Tuesday following, on the 25th of the said month of July, they discovered a large bay in 27½ degrees. They made very little progress these days on account of the bad weather. They cast anchor in this port and gave it the name of Puerto de Santiago [Abreojos Bay]; it is distant from Puerto de Madalena 23 leagues. There are from Punta de Santiago for 5 leagues some very dangerous shoals and rocks, and they do not appear except when the sea breaks upon them [the present condition]; they are 1 league from the land and in a little over 27½ degrees; they are called Habre Ojo (Look Out) [Abreojos Shoals]. They proceeded, sailing on the same course along the coast as far as 28 degrees, and there anchored under shelter of a point [Hipolito Point, except the island. The close correspondence of the distances attests the correctness of this location. The island mentioned has doubtless been washed away, and a shoal is all that at present remains.] Here are groves of trees which they did not see from the Point of California; it is from this point to Puerto de Santiago at the northwest point 23 leagues. [Without doubt an error. From the distance given it would appear as though San Pedro Vincula (Port San Bartolome) was intended.] There are high and broken ridges with some woodland. We gave it the name of Santa Ana [anchorage behind Hipolito Point]; it has a little island about 1 league from the land.

Thursday, on the twenty-seventh of the same month, they departed from said Puerto de Santa Ana and cast anchor about 6 leagues from that place in a port which they named Puerto Fondo [bay east of Asuncion Island] on account of the great depth which it had, as near the land it had 30 fathoms; it is clear; and they departed the following day from the said port, and turned back three times to the said port with contrary winds; and they were in the said port until the following Monday.

Monday, the thirty-first of the same month, they departed from the said Puerto Fondo and anchored about 8 leagues thence that night, and the next day departed on their voyage.

Tuesday, the 1st day of August, they left that place, and they proceeded about 10 leagues [actually 13], where they anchored in a port to which they gave the name of San Pedro Vincula [Port San Bartolome]; this port is in sight of the Isle of Zedros (cedars). [Probably intended for Cedros; now known as Cerros Island. It was discovered by Ulboa and named Isla de Cedros,—not Cerros (hills). See Burney, vol. II, pp. 243, 244.] This port is in 28½ long degrees (a little over 28½ degrees); the land is high and rugged and bare. From California to this place we have seen no Indian.

Wednesday, on the second of the said month, they departed from this port; and the wind was contrary, and they proceeded beating. They cast anchor at an island which is 4 leagues [actually 3] distant from the southeast side of the island of Zedros; and they named this island San Esteban [Natividad]. With the extremity of the point of the mainland running east and west, the coast is northwest and southeast; it is a league from the mainland. From this point [Point Eugenio] the mainland turns the coast towards the northeast and makes a large creek, so that the land does not appear. Between the island and the mainland there is a good channel; and they had to pass close to the island, for there are shoals which extend in a

ridge from the point for a quarter of a league. There is much vegetation on the water which grows from the bottom and is tangled beneath the surface [kelp]. This island [*i. e.*, Natividad] runs with San Pedro Vincula northwest and southeast; this island has 3 leagues in compass. We were at this island with the wind contrary until the following Saturday, the 5th of the said month of August. It has a good port on the side of the southeast. There is much fishing with a hook, and many birds are found.

They departed from the island of San Esteban Saturday, the 5th of August, and anchored at the island of Zedros [Cerros Island], where they remained until Thursday, the tenth of the said month, taking in water and wood. They found no Indians, although they found some sign of them. The leeward point of this island on the south side is in 29 degrees; and it has on this south side good ports and water and wood; and it is on this part bare, as it has only some small shrubs [so at present]. The island is large and high and bare, and runs almost east and west [at present north and south], and is on this side of the south 12 leagues in length [the island is much smaller than is here given].

They departed from the island of Zedros on Thursday, the 10th day of the said month of August, to pursue their voyage, and proceeded on the side of the mainland, sailing to the north. They went this day about 10 leagues, and the following Friday cast anchor in a port which they called Puerto de Santa Clara [Playa Maria Bay]; it is a good port. They landed and found four Indians, who fled. This port is in 30 degrees scant; it runs with the island of Zedros northeast and southwest; and this coast runs from the port towards the creek north-northwest and south-southeast. The coast is clean and soundable; the land is bare and and is not rugged. It has plains and valleys. They were in this port until Sunday, the 13th of the said month, on account of foul winds.

Sunday, the thirteenth of the said month, they departed from this port and went sailing along the coast with slack winds, anchoring each night; and the following Tuesday they cast anchor on a point which forms an inlet, which is in 30½ degrees; it affords very little shelter; they called it Punta del Mal Abrigo (Point of Bad Protection) [Point Canoas].

The Wednesday following they were sailing along the coast and had a heavy northwest wind, which was contrary; and they lay by at night without making any progress; and the following Thursday they held on with heavy rains and adverse winds and calms, so that they made no headway; and this following night they had much wind from the west-northwest, and lay by. The following Friday they proceeded with fair winds, and they found themselves to windward of the Point of Mal Abrigo 6 leagues; and so they held on until the following Saturday, the nineteenth of the said month, when they cast anchor off a small island which is half a league from the mainland. It may be 10 leagues from the Point of Mal Abrigo; it is in 30½ degrees; it has good anchorage and good shelter; they called it San Bernardo [Geronimo Island]; it extends one league north and south [actually one mile]. The coast of the mainland runs north-northwest and south-southeast and is a clean coast. The land within is of very good appearance and level; and there are good valleys and some trees, and the rest is bare. They did not find these days a sign of Indians.

Sunday, the 20th of said month of August, they departed from the island of San Bernardo and approached Punta del Engaño (Point Deception), which is 7 leagues from this island, which point is in 31 degrees. [This point noted, but no name on present Coast Survey charts.]

The coast of the point toward the island runs north-northwest, south-southeast. On Punta del Engaño the

land is not high, and appears in itself a good and level land. The ridges are bare. We saw no sign of Indians; and so they continued sailing until the next Monday, following the coast to the north and the northeast; and about 10 leagues from Punta del Engaño they discovered a good port, in which they anchored and took in water and wood. It is in 31½ degrees. It is a port suitable for making some repairs for the ships, placing them under the mountain.

The following Tuesday the captain, Juan Rodriguez Cabrillo, went on shore and took possession of it in the name of his Majesty and of the most illustrious Señor D. Antonio de Mendoza, and gave it the name of Puerto de la Posesion [Port St. Quentin]. He found a lake which has three large* ——; and they found some Indian fishermen, who immediately fled. They took one of them, and giving him certain presents they released him, and he went off. The land in the interior is high and rugged and has good valleys, and appears to be a good country, although it is bare. They were on shore here until Sunday, the twenty-seventh of said month, repairina the sails and obtaining a supply of water; and Thursday they saw certain smokes and went there with the boat and found about thirty Indian fishermen, who were peaceable; and they brought to the ship a boy and two Indian women, to whom they gave clothing and presents and let them go; —from whom they could understand nothing by signs.

The following Friday, going to take in water, they found at the watering-place certain Indians who were peaceable, and these showed them a pond of water and a salt pit which contained much; and they said by signs that they had not their habitation there, but in the interior, and that there were many people. This same day in the evening five Indians came to the shore, whom they brought to the ships; and they appeared intelligent Indians; and entering in the ship they took note of the Spaniards who were there and counted them, and made signs that they had seen other men like them who had beards, and who brought dogs and crossbows and swords. The Indians came anointed with a white bitumen on the thighs and body and arms; and they had the bitumen applied in the manner of slashes, so that they appeared like men in slashed doublets and hose; and they made signs that five days' journey thence were the Spaniards. And they made signs that there were many Indians, and that they had much maize and many parrots. They came covered with deerskins, and some had the deerskins dressed in the manner in which the Mexicans dress the skins which they carry in the cutters. It is an advanced and well-disposed people. They carry bows and arrows like those of New Spain, the arrows tipped with flints. The captain gave them a letter, which they should carry to the Spaniards who they said were in the interior.

They departed from this Puerto de la Posesion Sunday, the 27th of the said month of August, and sailing on their course found an island 2 leagues from the mainland; it is uninhabited; there is a good port in it; they gave it the name of San Agustin [St. Martin]; it contains 2 leagues in circumference; and so they held on along the coast with slack winds, plying to windward until the following Wednesday, the thirtieth day of said month, which gave them much wind from the northwest, which made them put into the island of San Agustin. In this island they found some sign of people and two cow-horns, and very large trees which the sea had cast there, which had more than sixty feet in length, and were of such thickness that two men could not clasp one of them; these appeared to be cypresses, and there were cedars. There was a large quantity of this wood; it contains nothing else. If a good port, it

*An equal blank in the original. Reference probably made to "three large" villages.

is not a valuable island; they were in this island until the following Sunday.

On Sunday, the 3d day of the month of September, they departed from the said island of St. Agustin and proceeded, sailing on their course; and the following Monday they cast anchor about 7 leagues distant on the weather shore, on a coast running north and south; and immediately they set sail and held on their course with fair and light winds on a coast running north and south until Thursday, the 7th day of the said month of September, when they cast anchor in a creek which the land forms [Todos Santos Bay]; and here ends the coast, which runs north and south and turns to the northwest. On this creek there is a large valley; and the land is level on the coast; and within are high ridges and rugged land good in appearance. All the coast is bold and with a smooth bottom, as at half a league from land they were at anchor in 10 fathoms; here there is much vegetation on the water [kelp].

On the Friday following, on the 8th of the said month, they held on with slack winds, plying to windward; and they found here contrary currents. They cast anchor at a point which forms a cape, and affords a good shelter from the west-northwest; they gave it the name of Cabo de San Martin [apparently no name for this cape at present]; there is an edge of land on both sides; here some high sierras which come behind throw out spurs and begin other small sierras. There is a large valley and many others; in appearance it is good land; it is in 32½ degrees, and is a clean port and soundable; it runs with the island of San Agustin north and south.

Being at this Cabo de San Martin they went on shore for water, and found a small lagoon with sweet water, where they procured water; and at this watering-place came forty Indians with their bows and arrows; they could not understand each other; they came naked; they brought roasted agaves to eat [probably either Agave Shawii or Yucca Whipplei, both being indigenous to this region] and fish; it is an advanced race. Here they took possession; they were at this cape until the following Monday.

Monday, on the eighth of the said month, they departed from Cabo de San Martin and sailed about 4 leagues on a coast running from north-northeast to south-southwest; and thence the coast turns to the northwest. The land is lofty and bare; and the day following they sailed also with foul winds about 4 leagues on a coast running from northwest to southeast. On the land there are high and broken sierras; and the following Thursday they cast anchor at about 3 leagues in advance at a point which projects into the sea, which forms a cape on both sides; they called it Cabo de la Cruz; it is in 33 degrees; there is no water nor wood, nor did they find any signs of Indians.

Having departed from Cabo de la Cruz, they found themselves the following Saturday 2 leagues from Cabo de la Cruz on account of the foul winds on a coast from north-northwest to south-southeast; and on shore they saw Indians in some very small canoes. The land is very lofty and bare and dry. All the land from the extremity of California to this place is sandy like the sea-beach. Here begins land of another character, as it is a country of beautiful vegetation and better appearance, like orchards.

Sunday, on the seventeenth of the said month, they set sail to pursue their voyage; and about 6 leagues from Cabo de la Cruz they found a good port well inclosed; and to arrive there they passed by a small island which is near the mainland. In this port they obtained water in a little pond of rainwater; and there are groves resembling silk-cotton trees, except that it is a hard wood. They found thick and tall trees which the sea brought ashore. This port was called San Mateo [San Diego Bay]. It is a good country in appearance. There are large cabins, and the herbage like that of Spain,

and the land is high and rugged. They saw herds of animals like flocks of sheep, which went together by the hundred or more, which resembled in appearance and movement Peruvian sheep, and with long wool. They have small horns of a span in length and as thick as the thumb, and the tail is broad and round and of the length of a palm. It is in 33⅓ degrees. They took possession of it. They were in this port until the following Saturday.

Saturday, the twenty-third of the said month, they departed from the said port of San Mateo, and sailed along the coast until the following Monday, in which time they made about 18 leagues. They saw very beautiful valleys and groves, and a country flat and rough, and they did not see Indians.

On the Tuesday and Wednesday following they sailed along the coast about 8 leagues, and passed by some three uninhabited islands. One of them is larger than the others, and extends 2 entire leagues, and forms a shelter from the west winds. They are 3 leagues from the mainland; they are in 34 degrees. This day they saw on land great signal smokes. It is a good land in appearance, and there are great valleys, and in the interior there are high ridges. They called them Las Islas Desiertas (the Desert Isles.)

The Thursday following they proceeded about 6 leagues by a coast running north-northwest and discovered a port inclosed and very good, to which they gave the name of San Miguel [San Pedro Bay]. It is in 34⅓ degrees; and after anchoring in it they went on shore, which had people, three of whom remained and all the others fled. To these they gave some presents; and they said by signs that in the interior had passed people like the Spaniards. They manifested much fear. This same day at night they went on shore from the ships to fish with a net; and it appears that there were here some Indians, and they began to discharge arrows and wounded three men.

The next day in the morning they entered further within the port, which is large, with the boat, and brought away two boys, who understood nothing by signs; and they gave them both shirts and immediately sent them away.

And the following day in the morning there came to the ship three large Indians; and by signs they said that there were traveling in the interior men like us, with beards, and clothed and armed like those of the ships; and they made signs that they carried crossbows and swords, and made gestures with the right arm as if they were throwing lances, and went running in a posture as if riding on horseback, and made signs that they killed many of the native Indians, and that for this they were afraid. This people are well disposed and advanced; they go covered with the skins of animals. Being in this port there passed a very great tempest; but on account of the port's being good they suffered nothing. It was a violent storm from the west-southwest and south-southwest. This is the first storm which they have experienced. They were in this port until the following Tuesday. Here Christians were called Guacamal.

The following Tuesday, on the 3d day of the month of October, they departed from this port of San Miguel; and Wednesday and Thursday and Friday they proceeded on their course about eighteen leagues along the coast, on which they saw many valleys and much level ground and many large smokes, and, in the interior, sierras. They were at dusk near some islands, which are about seven leagues from the mainland; and because the wind was becalmed they could not reach them this night.

Saturday, the 7th day of the month of October, they arrived at the islands at daybreak, which they named San Salvador [Santa Cruz] and La Vittoria [Anacapa], and they anchored off one of them; and they went with the

boat on shore to see if there were people there; and as the boat came near there issued a great quantity of Indians from among the bushes and grass, yelling and dancing and making signs that they should come ashore; and they saw that the women were running away; and from the boats they made signs that they should have no fear; and immediately they assumed confidence and laid on the ground their bows and arrows; and they launched a good canoe in the water, which held eight or ten Indians, and they came to the ships. They gave them beads and little presents, with which they were delighted, and they presently went away. The Spaniards afterwards went ashore and were very secure, they and the Indian women and all. Here an old Indian made signs to them that on the mainland men were journeying, clothed and with beards like the Spaniards. They were in this island only until noon.

The following Sunday, on the eighth of the said month, they came near the mainland in a great bay, which they named La Bahia de los Fumos [Bahia Ona Bay; recently named Monica Bay] on account of the numerous smokes which they saw upon it. Here they held intercourse with some Indians, whom they took in a canoe, who made signs that towards the north there were Spaniards like them. This bay is in 35 degrees; and it is a good port; and the country is good, with many valleys and plains and trees.

The following Monday, on the 9th day of the said month of October, they departed from La Bahia de los Fumos, and proceeded this day about 6 leagues, and anchored in a large inlet [laguna near Point Mugu]; and they passed on thence the following day, Tuesday, and proceeded about 8 leagues on a coast northwest and southeast; and we saw on the land a village of Indians near the sea and the houses large in the manner of those of New Spain; and they anchored in front of a very large valley on the coast. Here came to the ships many very good canoes, which held in each one twelve or thirteen Indians; and they gave them notice of Christians who were journeying in the interior. The coast is from northwest to southeast. Here they gave them some presents, with which they were much pleased. They made signs that in seven days they could go where the Spaniards were traveling; and Juan Rodriguez was determined to send two Spaniards to the interior. They also made signs that there was a great river. With these Indians they sent a letter at a venture to the Christians. They gave name to this village of el Pueblo de las Canoas (the Village of Canoes). [Near Buenaventura. "Pueblo de las Canoas" has usually been identified with Santa Barbara, but the distance places it below that point, while the beautiful valley described certainly does not apply to the location of Santa Barbara, which can scarcely be said to be in a valley at all. The Santa Clara Valley and mountains agree exactly with the description.] They go covered with some skins of animals; they are fishers and eat the fish raw; they also eat agaves. This village is in 35⅓ degrees. The country within is a very beautiful valley; and they made signs that there was in that valley much maize and much food. There appear within this valley some sierras very high, and the land is very rugged. They call the Christians Taquimine. Here they took possession; here they remained until Friday, the thirteenth day of the said month.

Friday, the 13th day of the said month of October, they departed from Pueblo de las Canoas on their voyage, and proceeded this day 6 or 7 leagues, and passed two large islands which extend 4 leagues each one, and are 4 leagues from the continent. They are uninhabited, because there is no water in them [the account is doubtless in error here; these islands must be identical with others mentioned farther on as inhabited]; and they have good ports.

The coast of the mainland runs west-northwest; the country is level, with many cabins and trees; and the following Saturday they continued on their course, and proceeded 2 leagues, no more; and they anchored opposite a valley very beautiful and very populous, the land being level with many trees. Here came canoes with fish to barter; they remained great friends.

And the Sunday following, the fifteenth day of the said month, they held on their voyage along the coast about 10 leagues; and there were always many canoes, for all the coast is very populous; and many Indians were continually coming aboard the ships; and they pointed out to us the villages and named them by their names, which are Xucu, Bis, Sopono, Alloc, Xabaagua, Xotococ, Potoltuc, Nacbuc, Quelqueme, Misinagua, Misesopano, Elquis, Coloc, Mugu, Xagua, Anacbuc, Partocac, Susuquey, Quanmu, Gua, Asimu, Aguin, Casalic, Tucumu, Incpupu. All these villages extend from the first, Pueblo de las Canoas, which is called Xucu, as far as this place; they are in a very good country, with very good plains and many trees and cabins; they go clothed with skins; they said that inland there were many towns, and much maize at three days' distance; they call the maize oep; and also that there were many cows. They call the cows cae; they also gave us notice of some people with beards and clothed. They passed this day along the shore of a large island which is 15 leagues in length; and they said that it was very populous, and that it contained the following villages: Niquipos, Maxul, Xugua, Nitel, Macamo, Nimitopal. They named the island San Lucas [Santa Rosa]; it is from this place to Pueblo de las Canoas 18 leagues; the island is from the continent 6 leagues.

Monday, the sixteenth day of the said month, sailing along the coast they proceeded 4 leagues, and anchored in the evening opposite two villages [Dos Pueblos]; and also this day canoes were continually coming to the ships; and they made signs that further on there were canoes much larger.

The Tuesday following, the seventeenth day of the said month, they proceeded 3 leagues with fair weather; and there were with the ship from daybreak many canoes; and the Captain continually gave them many presents; and all this coast where they have passed is very populous; they brought them a large quantity of fresh sardines very good; they say that inland there are many villages and much food; these did not eat any maize; they went clothed with skins, and wear their hair very long and tied up with cords very long and placed within the hair; and these strings have many small daggers attached of flint and wood and bone [many of which were excavated by the survey party in 1875, from the graves]. The land is very excellent in appearance.

Wednesday, the eighteenth day of the said month, they went running along the coast until ten o'clock, and saw all the coast populous; and because a fresh wind sprung up canoes did not come. They came near a point which forms a cape like a galley, and they named it Cabo de Galera [Point Concepcion], and it is in a little over 36 degrees; and because there was a fresh northwest wind they stood off from the shore and discovered two islands, the one large, which has 8 leagues of coast running east and west [Santa Rosa, but with only 5 leagues of coast running as described]; the other has 4 leagues [San Miguel, with only 2 leagues]; and in this small one there is a good port [Cuyler's Harbor], and they are peopled; they are 10 leagues from the continent; they are called Las Islas de San Lucas. [The name is here applied to but two islands, but subsequently the whole group appears to have been thus designated.] From the mainland to Cabo de Galera it runs west by northeast; and from Pueblo de las Canoas to Cabo de Galera there is a very

populous province, and they call it Xexu; it has many languages different from each other; they have many great wars with each other; it is from El Pueblo de las Canoas to El Cabo de Galera 30 leagues; they were in these islands until the following Wednesday, because it was very stormy.

Wednesday, the twenty-fifth of the said month, they departed from the said islands, from the one which was more to the windward; it has a very good port, so that from all the storms of the sea no damage will be suffered by those within its shelter; they called it La Posesion [San Miguel previously with Santa Rosa called Las Islas de San Lucas]. This day they advanced little, as the wind was not favorable; and in the middle of the following night they had a wind south-southwest and west-southwest, with rain, so that they saw themselves in difficulty; for it was a side wind and they were near the land, and they could not double the cape on one side or the other [they were probably between Point Arguello and Concepcion]; and the following Thursday at vespers the wind sheered off to the south; and they proceeded on their course 10 leagues on a coast running north-northwest and south-southeast; all this coast is inhabited and in appearance good land. This night they kept out to sea, for they had a side wind; and the Friday and Saturday and Sunday following they were beating about from one side to the other with foul winds and could gain nothing; and they were in 36½ degrees, 10 leagues from Cabo de Galera [off San Luis Obispo]; and in the same manner they held on Monday and Tuesday to the thirty-first day of the said month, the eve of All Saints' Day, beating about on one side and the other; and they wished to approach the mainland in search of a great river of which they had notice, which was on the other side of Cabo de Galera, and because there were on land many marks of rivers, and they found no river. [The great river for which they were constantly on the watch, and of which they evidently received confused and perplexing accounts from the Indians, was probably the Colorado. Its proximity renders certain the supposition that the Indians were well aware of the wonderful river, its whereabouts being evidently wholly misinterpreted by the Spaniards.] Nor did they anchor here, for the coast was very bold. They found during this month on this coast the weather as in Spain, from 34 degrees and upwards, and with much cold mornings and evenings, and with storms, dark and cloudy weather, and the air heavy.

(*To be continued.*)

Questions of the Day.

BELIEVING that the late President Balmaceda was a tyrant, the sympathies of the American people were with the Congressional party. This became well known to the latter, and it was the reason why by vigorous efforts they hoped to be recognized by our Government. A large class of our people would have been glad to have such a step taken, and there were not a few who felt that the Government had neglected to do what was a duty and an act in the interest of popular and good government.

Whatever may have been the personal sympathies of President Harrison and Secretary Blaine, they were bound to act in accordance with international law. Our Government was at peace with Chile and held diplomatic relations with the regularly and fairly constituted authorities. The Congressional party was governed by a Junta, not chosen by the people, but self-constituted in a sense. The Junta or Insurgent Government had no capital, and was in possession of but a part of the country. The regularly constituted Government was complete in organization, and exercised its functions at the capital of the nation. It was not the duty of our Government to institute an investigation into the merits of the controversy and decide which side was in the right; and, what is more, there are no precedents which would justify such a proceeding in such a case. While in sympathy with those who are struggling against oppression, and for good government, it cannot disregard regularity of government, nor the injury to general interests by encouraging or too quickly giving countenance to revolutions by force, and especially in countries whose citizens have the power to revolutionize through the agency of the peaceful ballot.

The late Confederacy in this country had an organized government in all branches; it was able to enforce obedience in one-third of the States in area; and for two years it had the best of the war: yet its independence was not recognized by the great nations of Europe, though the interests of two at least would have been promoted by the success of the Confederacy, and they gave to it their utmost moral support. Taking that case as a precedent, how futile were the arguments in favor of our Government granting recognition to the Chilean Congressional party until it became successful in overthrowing the government of Balmaceda. When that event happened recognition was speedily awarded; nothing else could be done because the Junta became the government *de facto*, and the only one that had any existence in that country. It is not impossible that a new revolutionary movement will be made against the existing government. Should it occur, the party in power will be able to see the propriety and justice of the course pursued by our Government. The anger of the Chileans is a spasm, and will pass away as soon as the rejoicing over the victory that has been achieved subsides. The talk of war is absurd. No threats from any source will cause our great and just Government to swerve from the path that international law points out; nor will it lower its dignity or yield any of its just rights under any circumstances whatever. This country will not provoke war, unless protecting our citizens has that effect. The disparity of numbers, resources and power between the two nations is immense,—a fact which suggests forbearance on our part; but generosity on that or any other account cannot go so far as to neglect the duty the Government owes to its own citizens. They must be protected whether an offending nation is great or small.

THE Results of the Labor Congress which sat in Germany in October were disappointing to the extreme element, but encouraging to the cause of rational progress. It is an impulse of the radical and revolutionary to go too fast and to resort to violence as a means of accomplishing an end. The governments in Europe are to a greater or less extent maintained by forces; and they are less influenced by popular opinion than in this country, and hence movements

towards the liberation and elevation of the masses are slower than here. The radical and impetuous do not stop to reflect upon the fact that they are in no position to hold contest with large and disciplined armies. In England discussion is tolerated to any extent short of the displacement of the hereditary sovereign, but in Germany it is much more restricted. Respect for popular opinion, however, is increasing in that country, and in fact in most of the European States. The moderates in the late Labor Congress seemed to be fully aware that unsuccessful revolution results in the imposition of greater restraints, and that progress is surer if gradual. The course pursued by the majority in that congress was wise, because it will not provoke the adoption of repressive measures. While labor agitation is growing more and more extensive throughout the civilized world it is conducted on more conservative lines; and for that reason the rights of labor will be more generally respected, and all that labor deserves will be more quickly conceded. The power of the labor element in this country is greater than ever before, because methods of enforcing rights are more in conformity to just principles. These methods assure success, but a resort to violent and indefensible methods would bring disrepute and failure. Popular opinion in the United States is the governing power; and the labor element is able to control to any just extent if defensible means only are resorted to in pressing its demands. The best and most durable revolutions are wrought through discussion in which all classes may freely participate.

The article in the present issue of THE CALIFORNIAN,—the first in a series on the Chinese,—is a notable one in several respects. It is the first complete exposé of the secret societies of the Chinese ever made; and the publication, two years ago, when the highbinders were in power in San Francisco, would, undoubtedly, have been followed by the murder of the author upon his first appearance on the streets of the Chinese quarter. The secrets of the highbinders are exposed, not to satisfy public curiosity, but to enable the Government, State municipal and national, to deal more intelligently with the question.

Chinese questions are just now absorbing a large share of public interest. In China events are transpiring of momentous importance. The riots and massacres of the last six months have now culminated in a rebellion that may result in the greatest upheaval of modern times.

In San Francisco Chinatown the condition of affairs is very serious. A deadly highbinder feud has been raging for several weeks, in which a number of Chinese have been killed. It is well known that the disturbances in China and in San Francisco are the work of secret societies. The publication of the paper referred to at this time is therefore most opportune: first, in giving the public the most authentic and exhaustive account of Chinese secret societies yet published; and, second, in showing the relationship between the highbinder societies of California and those great revolutionary societies of China that have thrown the whole empire into a ferment.

These secret societies in California have grown of late years to gigantic proportions. Twenty or more societies have established a reign of terror in San Francisco that has become insufferable. Many respectable Chinese have become enforced members. Despairing of seeing the societies suppressed by law they have found it safer to make terms of peace. Assassination and acts of violence are occurring with a frequency that startles even California. Men are shot down in broad daylight, and the murderer usually escapes. It is well for both races that the highbinder prudently avoids making targets of white men, and that nearly all his victims are bloody men who would, in nine cases out of ten, never meet their deserts in a court of law. A singular circumstance of the recent feud is that neither party will give information to the police to incriminate a foe. Like two quarrelsome schoolboys they want to be let alone to fight it out to the bitter end. Eye-witnesses of a murder are afraid of the Tongs; and they too are silent. The Chinese Consulate and the Six Companies want to see the Tongs crushed; and the great majority of Chinese in the settlement long for emancipation from a tyranny so galling. If the Consul-General had extra territorial powers such as our Consuls have in China many hundreds would, no doubt, be deported for execution in China, and the trouble would end. The present condition of affairs must not be allowed; and yet how the police are to suppress the societies under our laws is a problem. If the Chinese Government, with despotic power, has been unable to cope with secret societies in China, it is hardly to be expected that the police of San Francisco, ignorant of the Chinese language, and with their hands tied by constitutional law, should meet with better success here. It was hoped that after the vigorous action of the police in breaking up their halls of meeting last February the power of highbinderism would be checked. It is evident, however, from recent events that no permanent results have been achieved. In Singapore, after long years of struggle with the secret societies of that colony, the British Government have enacted legislation that deals with them very

effectually. We are informed that a specially appointed official who understands the Chinese language ferrets the criminals out; and they are immediately deported. The attention of our local grand jury should be directed to this monstrous iniquity in our midst; and, if our present laws are inadequate, for Heaven's sake let us have laws that will reach them and courts that will punish them as they deserve. That three trials should have been necessary to send the notorious highbinder Lee Chuck to San Quentin reveals a state of corruption that is a disgrace to a civilized State.

ONE of the important questions which the next Congress will in all probability consider will be the protection of the forests which constitute the charm of the upper Sierra of California and have so important a bearing upon the water supply of the Pacific Slope. California is conceded to be one of the most productive States in the Union. Nature has been most prodigal in this respect; yet it is within the power of man to seriously interfere with this. Water is king in this State, and the source of supply cannot be too safely watched. In the past the forests have been cut down with unsparing hand. Giants which have been growing for centuries have been burnt and destroyed in wanton sport by vandals. Entire forests covering miles have been consumed by the careless act of the hunter or camper, all this in spite of the watchful care of the State guardians and those in authority. The importance of the forests of the upper range to the farmer of the lowland cannot be overestimated; the rancher depends upon the water supply, and the water in turn depends upon the forests. To the Californian ranchman the question of irrigation is all important; and if the National Government is to discuss the question of the preservation of the forests it should be the duty of every citizen to look up the subject and watch well the action of Congress and influence it in the right direction. The ranchman will be called upon to answer whether he is satisfied with the present water supply. As one of the questions which will be brought up in Congress is whether the Government should increase its forest reservations and have a larger control over the forest land,—opinions differ upon this point; but there can be but one outcome. The question of irrigation is all important. Water is needed in greater quantity and at cheaper rates. It has been shown that the Government can protect the forests; and undoubtedly it is better equipped to afford such protection than the State; and few having the real interests of the commonwealth at heart will object to any movement tending to the preservation of the forests. The development of water and the formation of irrigation companies all over the State is suggestive of the interest taken in the question at this time; and it is the object of the writer not to express opinions upon the subject, but to urge the people of the State to give the topic the attention it deserves. In the next issue of THE CALIFORNIAN will appear an illustrated article on the forests of California, by a member of the Forestry Commission of the State, which will throw some light upon the subject.

NEW BOOKS

THE most important work of recent issues is a compilation and digest by Dr. Karl Schuchardt, treating of Dr. Schliemann's excavations in Greece. In the San Francisco *Bulletin* not long since it stated that Dr. Schliemann was a resident of California at the time of its admission into the Union, and that it was in California that the foundation was laid for the fortune that enabled Schliemann to carry on his great archæological explorations.

Certain it is that no man of the present century has done as much as Dr. Schliemann to aid history to pick up its broken and lost threads, while to the compiler of this last and most comprehensive work on the subject we owe the tribute of having given the world the interpretation to many discoveries for which Schliemann simply provided the data.

Archæology has taken a marvelously strong hold upon the interest of the people within the past few years. Even in California, where the newness has effectually shut us off from the influences that are the result of constant contact with the man-made monuments of countless past centuries,—even here we find men and women gone mad over Indian relics, fossil remains, rock inscriptions and geologic formations. But it is a promising madness, for it feeds the sentiment and at the same time takes the miserable and dwarfing egotism out of the common heart.

Theodore Child's many delightful papers on art and criticism that have been appearing in *Harper's Magazine* during the past year have been bound and amplified somewhat for permanent library use. The author's disregard for fixed mechanical "schools" and his incisive style in writing make him not only a forcible critic but an agreeable and instructive one as well. Any one who has ever frequented the studios of America and Europe, and watched the painful struggles of hundreds of young people of both sexes who were valiantly trying to learn to "do" heads, or flowers, or landscapes, while the frantic master of art wasted his vitality in ineffectual and uncomprehended explanations, will appreciate Child's statement that "No one can ever be taught to see nature, to feel nature, and to express it. The painter of genius will show you how he applies the brush, saying, 'see how I do it; go and do likewise, and may God help you!' And if God does not help you, your painting will not be worth talking about. The really great painters are their own masters. They are men of rare and special temperament; and through this temper they look at nature and see beautiful personal visions such as none have ever before beheld."

The author then takes up at length the great masters of art of all periods and subjects their work to the most subtle analysis. Taken all in all, the book is one that should find a prominent place in the library of every lover of art.

Sometime during the coming year we shall present to our readers a new writer, fresh from the very heart of Maryland. As a writer she is as magnetic in thought as Olive Schreiner, and as unique in style as Emily Dickinson. She is poetic, undisciplined, a lover of nature in all its moods, outspoken, and wholly untrammeled by any other canons of art than those determined by real creative power. She is a writer; she paints with both water colors and oils; she models quaint types in clay, and carves in wood with the touch of genius. Some of the editors of the leading American periodicals have written to her acknowledging the vigor of her work, and expressing a sincere regret that some pioneer precedent did not give them the courage to present her to their readers.

Porter & Coates have just issued a most beautiful *edition de luxe* of Carlyle's "French Revolution," illustrated with sixty photogravures. This is a grateful change from the era of holiday booklets and souvenirs. If one is disposed to gather together an expensive library he will ignore the ephemeral booklet, and turn with delight to the *edition de luxe* of the standard works. Almost every one enjoys reading a well-bound, clearly printed and attractively illustrated book. We are, unfortunately, creatures of such insufficient and dwarfish imagination that we demand the supplementary

aid of pictures galore to fully round out the contour of any story in our minds. And how many good books poor cuts have killed!

Who does not recall with a shock of horror the red and gold editions of Meredith's "Lucille," in which the illustrations represent the heroine as a lean, cadaverous spinster with a sour face; the Duke as the worst kind of a third-rate heavy villain; and poor Matilda standing before a mirror, looking as though a buzz-saw had planed off the back of her head and waist, leaving a sort of paper doll, plane figure, without any appreciable dimension save those of flat surface, height and raw edge? This year the Frederick Stokes Company has issued an edition of standard poets, Meredith being represented by Lucille. The series is printed on heavy calendered paper, and embellished with hundreds of exquisite wash drawings reproduced in half-tone in the Frenchiest style. The binding has a white vellum back, and covers of delicate silk the motif of which is the pink and the lavender cyclamen.

Binding does make such a deep impression upon the public mind! I have often heard people speak of our own Jerry Lynch's "Egyptian Sketches" and say that it was a real delight, a sensuous pleasure, to feel its smooth, rich, heavy London binding.

Mrs. Flora Haines Loughead is perhaps one of the best known among the California writers of short stories. She is a member of the London Society of Authors, being admitted on the strength of her story, "The Man Who Was Guilty," which had such a run in England. She is an indefatigable worker, and so closely does she devote herself to her writing and to her happy domestic life that she may be said to live the life of a recluse, as far as society and the public are concerned. Mrs. Loughead has a pleasant face, gray eyes that are always dreamy with thought, a low, broad and full brow, a firm chin and mouth, and an ivory complexion, seldom tinged with even the faintest pink. Just at present she is living in Santa Barbara, where she hopes to find the soft, equable climate beneficial to her invalid husband. Houghton, Mifflin and Company of Boston have recently issued a story from her pen called "The Abandoned Claim," which seems to be meeting with much favor. C. A. Murdock and Company of San Francisco have also issued one of her stories for the holidays called "The Man From Nowhere." This little book is the first of a series of short stories by the same author, to be issued regularly every month, in uniform style and averaging about the same length.

The title of "Atlantis Arisen," a new book by Frances Fuller Victor, gives no clue to the text until one reaches the concluding paragraph of the work. In reality it is a handsomely illustrated volume on the history, resources, growth and possibilities of the State of Oregon, written by a woman who thoroughly appreciates the necessity of accuracy and incisiveness when picturing the superior advantages of a new country to a prospective homeseeker. Mrs. Victor has a poetic sentiment which enables her to clothe the dryest facts, of such a work as this, with a most alluring and picturesque garment.

The element of wholesome comedy is so seldom found in current literature that one turns with real rest and delight to Frank Stockton's stories, not the least interesting one of which is "The Squirrel Inn," and its curious but altogether lovable *dramatis personæ*. Unlike the tantalizing plot of "The Lady or the Tiger," this one is evolved as all proper plots should be: The right people marry and the wrong ones meet their just deserts.

We are glad to read the announcement of another book by the author of "Standish of Standish." The new one is entitled "Betty Alden," and, like its predecessor, treats of the charming side of early Puritan life in New England.

"The Warwickshire Avon" is another of the year's holiday issues that deserves special mention. Arthur T. Quiller Couch has furnished the delightful reading matter, and Alfred Parsons has made the beautiful illustrations. Parsons has a peculiar talent for reproducing these quiet English scenes with a depth of sentiment and a simple vigor of touch that no other artist of the present time can equal.

A correspondent sends us an anecdote concerning the name and fame of Edward Bellamy that may not come amiss in this department. Not long since, a certain gentleman, not unknown to fame, went to the door of a little summer hotel on the shores of Long Island Sound and made some inquiries regarding some cottages that were for rent. He also requested that supper might be served to him immediately, as he was famishing. The landlady of the house is notorious for the impulsiveness of her speech and for the eccentricities of her manner, and is

as much of a character in her way as is Stockton's Stephen Petter. She was very noncommittal about her husband's cottages, and absolutely refused to get the guest any supper. Supperless and not a little incensed, the gentleman took his hat and his departure, and in the deepening twilight sought a more hospitable haven. No sooner had he gone, however, than the landlady flung a shawl over her head, and running to her next door neighbor's, breathlessly said, "You can't guess who has just been to see me!" "Who was it?" asked the neighbor. "Oh," replied the landlady "one of them big bugs that writes books and things;—that man that everybody has been talking about lately. You know— What's his name! He wrote a book, 'Out and Back, by Belladonna!'"

Ella Sterling Cummins is furnishing the San Francisco *Wasp* with a series of articles on the writers of California. She is including not only the writers known to fame, but those who, perhaps, produced but one or two good pieces of work. She says that in collecting her data one fatal lack has been noticeable in the work of almost all of the writers, and that is the lack of local color. The thoughts expressed are those belonging to common humanity, and not those developed by any peculiar or striking local environments. Some few writers have caught the spirit of the impressive Sierra, the long stretches of fog-kissed sand dunes along the coast, the hot, arid San Joaquin and Sacramento Valley plains, the desolated Missions, the deserted mining camps, the curious fellowship of pine and palm, and all that; but too many have been content to dedicate sonnets to ideal goddesses, to write of dukes and duchesses, or to describe heather patches and English uplands or lowlands that they have never seen. It is so inherent in the human race to imitate; perhaps it is because imitation is so much easier than original investigation or than creation!

"Zanthon," a novel by James Doran, recently published by the Bancroft Company, is a case in point. The author has laid his scenes in a country of which he knows almost nothing; he has not even made a study of the period of which he writes; and his characters show him to be but a superficial observer of the common life about him. Yet his work indicates an inborn talent, that, properly developed, might have become a real power. In a vague, nebulous way he sees many of the weaknesses of man and society, with a vision not corroded with bitterness but barbed with good-humored wit. He has deep sentiment too, but it loses strength by being diverted to unfamiliar objects.

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1. "Dr. Schliemann's Excavations at Troy, Tyrns, Mycenæ, Orchomenos and Ithaca." Dr. Karl Schuchardt. McMillan. $4 00.

2. "Art and Criticism." Theodore Child. Harper & Brothers. $6.00.

3. "Carlyle's French Revolution." Porter & Coates.

4. "Lucille." Owen Meredith. Frederick A. Stokes Company. $1.50.

5. "The Abandoned Claim." Flora Haines Loughead. Houghton, Mifflin & Company. $1.25.

6. "The Man from Nowhere." Flora Haines Loughead. C. A. Murdock & Co. 25 cents.

7. "Atlantis Arisen." Frances Fuller Victor. Lippincott. $1.50.

8. "The Squirrel Inn." Frank Stockton. Century Company. $1.25.

9. "Betty Alden." Jane Austen. Houghton, Mifflin & Company. $1.25.

10. "The Warwickshire Avon." A. T. Quiller Couch. Harper & Brothers. $2.50.

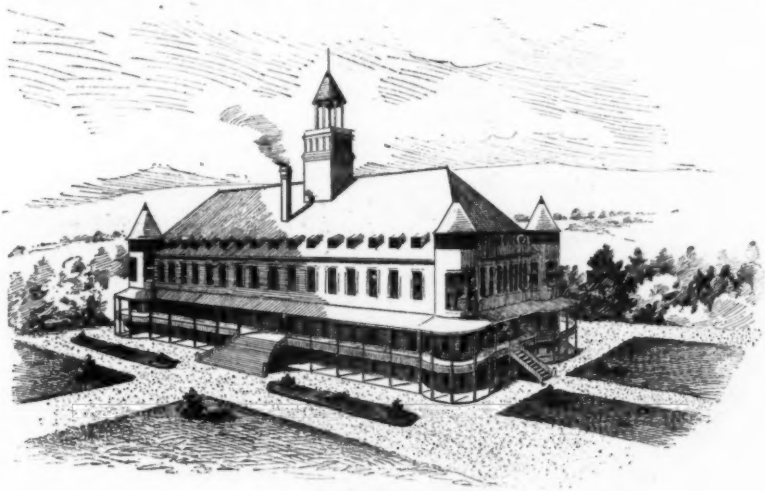
11. "Zanthon." James Doran. Bancroft Company. $1.25.

AROUND SOUTH SAN FRANCISCO.

By James R. Randolph.

TO THOSE who are familiar with the southern portion of San Francisco, the famous Miller and Lux Ranch needs no description. It is one of the choice sections of the great water front, embracing facilities for business of all kinds, and in its sanitary and other features being particularly adapted as the site of a city or town which will need room for expansion and growth. This ranch, embracing, with other tracts adjoining, 3,400 acres, with a frontage of about seven miles, has been selected as the site of the works of the South San Francisco Land and Improvement Company, where they propose to carry on manufacturing and other industries. The nature of the buildings are well shown by the accompanying cuts, and are to be of an elaborate and costly nature. A large portion of the land is set apart for resident purposes, and is particularly attractive, being rolling and attractive in every way. It is particularly adapted for perfect sanitary arrangements, free from a suggestion of malaria, its water being perfectly pure, coming from artesian wells sunk on the ranch,—a feature which in itself is of the greatest importance.

The company has left nothing undone for the best development of the land, and among the works already commenced are an extensive abattoir, fertilizing works, stock yards, horse sale stables; which will be followed by packing-houses, and an exchange building, which is to be the basis of inaugurating a much-needed institution,—a permanent live-stock market, where ranchers and farmers of the Pacific Slope can find a market and sale for their stock of all kinds, from horses and mules to hogs and sheep.



Exchange Building.

Besides the foregoing the company is constructing a ship canal intended to be

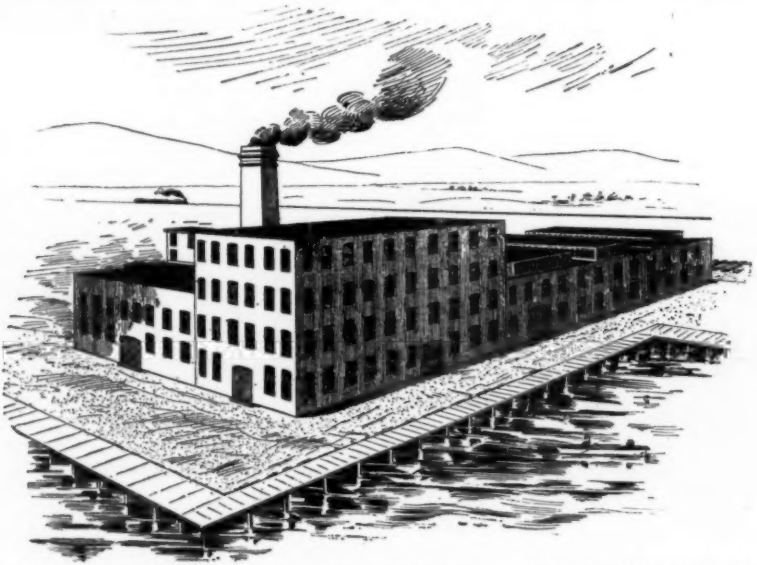
sufficient to accommodate the commerce of the place, thus making South San Francisco accessible by water as well as by rail. All manufacturing industries locating here will be provided with side-track facilities, as well as with first-class wharf accommodations.

The company is also erecting a first-class water plant, which, it is expected, will be completed by the 1st of January next, ready to supply any and all property owners with an abundance of pure artesian water, not only for culinary and and lawn purposes, but for protection against fire as well. Water pipes will be put in at the expense of the company, extending to the lot line, where connection can be made by the owner of the lot.

The company will also, at its own expense, put in a system of sewerage as soon as it is deemed advisable to do so, with which each lot owner can connect; thus, so far as hygienic conditions are concerned, all lots will be placed upon a metropolitan basis.

It is also the purpose of the company to construct, at its own expense, concrete sidewalks in front of each lot sold, which on Grand Avenue will be made five feet in width, on cross streets three feet wide.

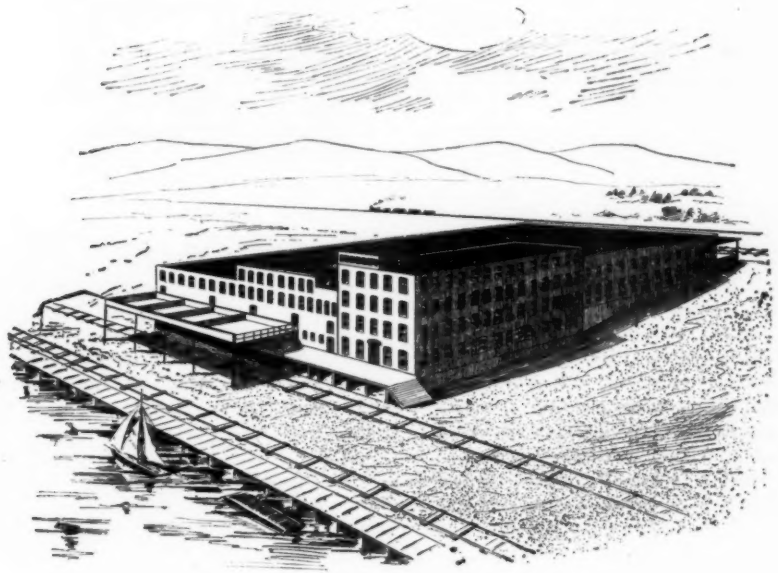
The company has issued a descriptive pamphlet containing a schedule of prices at which the lots are offered for sale. Any and all parties wishing to invest in its property can feel assured that they will be treated with perfect frankness, and with as great liberality as is consistent with fair and equitable dealing.



S. E. View of Fertilizer and Dryer Buildings, Tank-house, Engine and Ice Machine, and Boiler-room Buildings.

Of especial interest to horsemen is the racetrack to be made here, the association having set aside a large tract for the purpose. This land is perfectly level, and there are 100 acres that can be procured for a track that would be unequaled; they propose that in case an

association will purchase this tract, and erect suitable buildings for club-houses, etc., to sell the land at a low price and on long time. The site for a track will be about eight miles from the city, a pleasant drive, the county road and the other roads merging into it all being macadamized and nicely graded. The cars of the Southern Pacific Railroad run within a quarter of a mile of the gate; and the electric roads, of which one is be able to come, which will ply between the city and South San Francisco (Baden), as well as across the bay to Oakland. The railroad and water transportation facilities give this point an advantage that must be apparent to all who wish to attend the races. The time required to reach the track by either steam or boat will not exceed twenty-five minutes, the boat landing being but a short walk from the track.



Abattoir Buildings.

almost constructed, will also be accessible to the grounds.

Large packing establishments and an abattoir will be here, and hundreds of men will be employed. The location of the land belonging to this company is admirably situated, being protected from the trade winds by high hills on the west; and it will soon become a fashionable and important suburb of the metropolis.

Dredgers are now employed constructing a ship canal with a large basin or small lake into which the ferry boats will

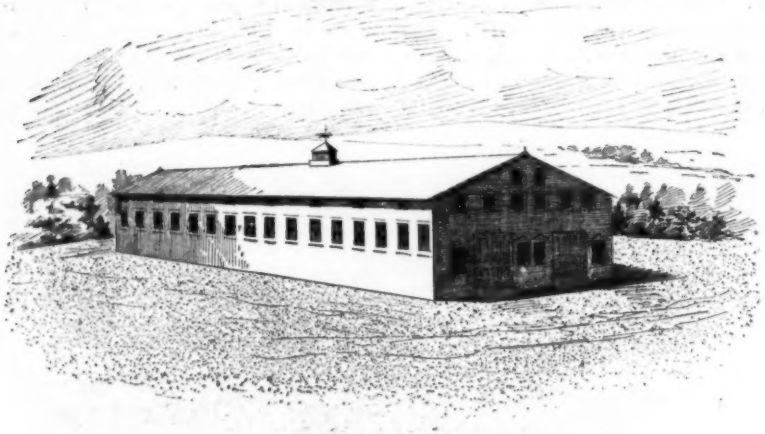
It is claimed that this section is almost free from fogs, and, being sheltered from the westerly winds, it will be a place where no one need fear to bring horses. A kite-shaped track, as well as an elliptital course, can be kept in perfect order.

The company is sparing no expense in improving the streets, which will be sewered, macadamized, planted with trees and kept in park-like order.

This is really the first and best opportunity the horsemen and breeders have had to secure a really desirable tract on

which to erect first-class buildings and to build a first-class racetrack, one that will be a credit to the State. Races can be given here that will attract the leading horsemen of America; sales can be held that will forever check the shipment of horses to an Eastern market, and Eastern horsemen will be induced to bring their great horses there to take advantage of our salubrious climate during the winter months.

The first great races at South San Francisco (Baden), next fall, would attract immense crowds from all parts of the country and revive the interest in horse-racing. The grounds would be placed in perfect order for the fall events of next year by the association. A better winter track than this would be could not be found in the State.



Horse Sale Stable.

Cliff House in the Cañon de Chelle, New Mexico. "Some American Ruins."